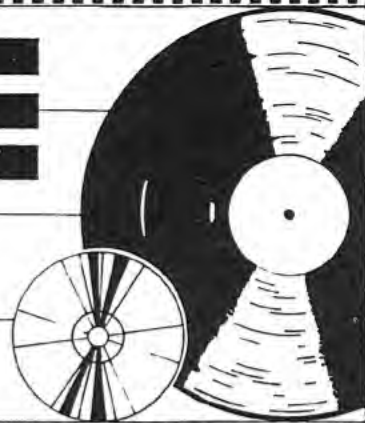


FILM SCORE MONTHLY



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GREAT SEXY
ALBUM COVERS**

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MAIL BAG

Angry Letters

SCORE: CD Reviews

Summer Postmortem

MAURICE JARRE

A Walk in the Clouds

THE CONCERT HALL

Can Film Music Cut It?

#59/60, July/August 1995 \$3.95

FILM SCORE MONTHLY

Issue #59/60, July/August 1995

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Graphics: William Smith

Somebody Please Make Him Go Away
Award: Tommy Lee Jones

The Soundtrack Handbook: Is a free six page listing of mail order dealers, books, societies, radio shows, etc., as well as FSM submission and backissue info. It is sent automatically to all subscribers or to anyone upon request. Please write.

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Welcome again to *Film Score Monthly*. I just spent a summer on Martha's Vineyard, I worked constantly on this, and I still couldn't get it out on time! I'm a college student doing this mag on the side (or vice versa), so bear with me. In the spring, I usually get way behind, then I spend the summer catching up, and make it through the fall relatively on schedule. I think before every issue, people assume I've (finally) gone under.

I'd like to thank everyone who has contributed, subscribed to or assisted FSM in any way. I couldn't do it without your constant support. This issue happens to be top heavy with letters and reviews of the in-your-face, controversial nature; at this point I'm too fried to judge, but I pray I haven't crossed that line where people are legitimately disgusted with some of the things that are said, and particularly some of the things that I say. I don't really think the readership is an underclass of industrial wage earners when I title a review section "Voice of the Proletariat," I just thought it was funny. I also don't mean to put down the efforts of people like John Waxman—who has been so helpful for over four years now, and to whom I owe so much for his tireless assistance—when I examine the artistic implications of film music in concert. And in case it ever looks otherwise, let me say that I love film music, and I have a great deal of respect for anyone willing to shell out money to read a magazine about it. So stay tuned, there is great stuff to come in the next couple of issues: Elliot Goldenthal on *Batman*, more Michael Kamen, Robert Townson of Varèse, Mark Banning of GNP/Crescendo, Christopher Young on *Species*, Michel Convertino, an essay on the Top Ten Influential Scores, much more. It'll be soundtrackaniffic!

This month, in the titles of our news columns, we pay tribute to the many corporate sponsors which continue to make possible most of our college bowl games, as well as the many fascinating half time shows which grace the major media coverage of our important sporting events.

Miklós Rózsa 1907-1995: Legendary composer Miklós Rózsa passed away July 27, 1995 of pneumonia, at the age of 88. He had been ill for several years. A private Lutheran service was held a few days later in Los Angeles, attended by friends and family. Dr. Rózsa's accomplishments are well known to soundtrack fans; he worked on over 100 films from 1937-1982, winning Oscars for *Spellbound*, *A Double Life* and *Ben-Hur*, and also had a successful concert career. An outpouring of affection came out on the Internet after news of his death, probably to be repeated in FSM's "Mail Bag." Rózsa was one of the best ever. See Tony Thomas's remembrance on p. 6.

Events: I hope this issue is out in time: The Society for the Preservation of Film Music will hold their Fourth Annual International Film Music Conference Sept 14-17 at UCLA. There will be a preservation awards dinner, screenings of film music documentaries, panel discussions, a silent auction, lectures, concerts, more. Hang out with fellow film music fans! Call Jeannie Pool at 818-248-5775 ASAP if interested. See you there.

Print Watch: *Music Box* is a French quarterly (in French) with interviews, CD reviews, etc. Issue #7 featured composer Jean-Claude Petit and director Alexandre Arcady, a report of a concert with Petit and Vladimir Cosma, and a James Bond overview. The next issue will feature a new interview with Lalo Schiffrin. Subscriptions are 80 French francs (France only), \$18 (rest of world, U.S. funds, payment in cash); individual issues are 20 FF. Send to Music Box, 72 Chemin Carrosse, Apt 2, 31400 Toulouse, France. • *Ben-Hur: The Miklós Rózsa Film Music Society* is preparing a 20th anniversary journal, "pertaining

to the greatest film composer of all time: Miklós Rózsa!!!!" Write to John M. Stevens, Flat 11, 436 Macauley St, Albury, NSW 2640, Australia. • The 7/31/95 *New Yorker* had an article on film music in live performances (*Alexander Nevsky*, *La Belle et la Bête*, etc.). • The 8/20/95 Sunday *New York Times* had an article on how film composers are weathering the storm of pop-soundtrack albums; James Newton Howard, Michael Kamen and Elliot Goldenthal were among the quoted. *Movieline's* Steve Pond was the writer. • Vincent Jacquet Francillon is hard at work at a third edition of Lone Eagle's *Film Composers Guide*. It will hopefully be out in October.

Disney Book: Mike Murray, aka "Recordman," is nearing completion of the first-ever Disney music/discography/price guide. The records, U.S. vinyl only, run from 1933 into the 1980s, all formats: 78rpm, 45rpm, LPs and EPs.; Disney, Buena Vista, and non-Disney labels with Disney music. He still has a few "holes" in the lists and requests anyone with interest in contributing to completing the list to contact him by either land mail at 8555 Lamp Post Circle, Manlius NY 13104, or by E-mail at RecordmanFSM@aol.com. He will send a list of fillers he needs for completion, or you may send any and all Disney record information directly to him. All contributors will be acknowledged in the completed book.

1994-95 Emmy Nominations: Best Series Score: *Murder, She Wrote*, "Murder in High C" (Bruce Babcock), *seaQuest DSV*, "Daggers" (Don Davis), *The Simpsons*, "Tree House of Horror V" (Alf Clausen), *Star Trek: Voyager*, "Heroes and Demons" (Dennis McCarthy), *Star Trek: Voyager*, "Caretaker" (Jay Chattaway). Best Miniseries Special Score: *Buffalo Girls* (Lee Holdridge), *Children of the Dust* (Mark Snow), *Kingfish: The Story of Huey P. Long* (Patrick Williams), *30 Years of National Geographic Specials* (Jay Chattaway), *Young Indiana Jones and the Hollywood Follies* (Laurence Rosenthal). Best Song: *Barbra Streisand: The Concert*, "Ordinary Miracles" (Marvin Hamlisch, Alan and Marilyn Bergman), *Cagney & Lacey: Together Again*, "All the Days" (Nan Schwartz Mishkin), *Robbie Robertson: Going Home*, "Pray" (Robbie Robertson), *A Season of Hope*, "For a Love Like You" (Ken Thome/Dennis Spiegel), *The Simpsons*, "The Stonecutters Song" (Alf Clausen, John Swartzwelder). Best Main Title Theme: *Chicago Hope* (Mark Isham), *ER* (James Newton Howard), *Friends* (Michael Skloff, Alan Willis), *My So-Called Life* (W.G. Snuffy Walden), *Star Trek: Voyager* (Jerry Goldsmith). Best Music Direction: *The 67th Academy Awards* (Bill Conti), *Barbra Streisand: The Concert* (Marvin Hamlisch), *The Kennedy Center Honors* (Elliot Lawrence), *The 38th Annual Pablo Casals Festival* (Krzysztof Penderecki), *The American Teacher Awards* (Ian Fraser). I think it's hilarious Penderecki got an Emmy nomination—the crowning achievement to his career!

Music from the Movies on Bravo: Four of the *Music from the Movies* documentaries will soon make their U.S. television premieres, the installments on Bernard Herrmann, Toru Takemitsu, Georges Delerue and "The Hollywood Sound" (Waxman, Korngold, Newman, Steiner, Young, Raksin, etc.). On Bravo cable. The Herrmann film airs on Oct. 17, Takemitsu on Oct. 18, Delerue on Oct. 19, each at 10PM. Re-runs are Oct. 22 for Herrmann, Oct. 29 for Takemitsu, and Nov. 5 for Delerue, each at 7PM. "The Hollywood Sound" will air from 9 to 10:30PM on Nov. 8, on *Great Performances*. Foreign broadcasts are planned of "The Hollywood Sound," too: on NHK in Japan, Nov. 25, and in Germany, France, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg on Oct. 4. No dates are set for England, Italy, etc.

TV/Radio Watch: *Filmkitt* is a German film music radio show by Bodo Bott and Lefty Wolf, broadcast from Bürgerfunk on Radio 91.2. It airs every other Tuesday night from 6-7PM. • Jerry Goldsmith was on *The Today Show* 7/5/95. (One of the *Today* producers is a huge Goldsmith fan.)

The Soundtrack Collector: Phil Nohl, 5824 W Galena, Milwaukee WI 53208 has started this bimonthly newsletter all about soundtrack LPs—it's a collector-oriented publication full of information and photos. Promos, 45s, 78s, casts and other rarities are featured (but no CDs). Subscriptions are \$15/year to the above address, or send \$2 for a copy; issue #2 is now available.

Hey Power Rangers Fans: If you saw clips from the *Mighty Morphin'* movie on *Siskel & Ebert* and were alarmed to hear Jerry Goldsmith's *Supergirl* as the score, that's because it was the temp track. Graeme Revell finished recording his original score so late that the "electronic presskits" sent to movie reviewers were done with the early cut of the film which still had the temp score. In case you were wondering.

Mail Order Dealers: If you're looking for CDs from many of the obscure and/or overseas labels mentioned in FSM, as well as the elusive promotional CDs, you'll have to go through the specialty dealers. Try Screen Archives (202-328-1434), Intrada (415-776-1333), STAR (717-656-0121), Footlight Records (212-533-1572) and Super Collector (714-839-3693). Happy gouging.

Promos: MCA pressed a special radio promo CD of James Horner's *Apollo 13* without the dialogue and songs, and with some extra music cues. Good luck getting this one.

Incoming: Circa, a new label, will release *The Best of Witchcraft 2-7* (Miriam Cutler, low budget movies) probably in October. • **John Barry:** *The EMI Years Vol. 3* is scheduled for release in the UK on Sept. 25, featuring recordings by The John Barry Seven and Orchestra done for EMI, 1962-1964. • Prometheus will release *Ken Wanneberg, Vol. 3* in September, with *The Amateur, Of Unknown Origin* and *The Late Show*. • Label X has repressed *Star Trek Vol. 2* (original series TV music). • Innersound in Atlanta has recorded two more Bill Broughton-conducted compilations, *Heart Strings* and *Fine Romance*, probably due this fall. • Richard Kaufman has done a recording for Colosseum with the Nuremberg Symphony of various classic film pieces, titled *Play It Again, Vol. 1*, to be out on Varese in the U.S. • Randy Newman's stage musical *Faust* premieres in L.A. at the La Jolla Playhouse Sept. 24; the album is scheduled for release by Reprise on Sept. 19. There will also be a multimedia "enhanced CD," Reprise's first, featuring the complete audio album as well as interview and rehearsal footage, demos, written information and more which can be accessed by computer.

Dow Chemical Record Label Round-Up

BMG: These guys are still waffling as to when to start releasing their new "100 Years of Film Music" recordings. CDs being prepped for release include a Tiomkin album, a Waxman album, a *Mark Twain* album (Steiner and Korngold's respective *Twain* scores), and many others.

Citadel: Due early October are two CDs: *Midas Run* (1968, Bernstein), also with music from *The House* (1955, Bernstein) and *The Night Visitor* (1971, Mancini), on one CD; and *Wunderkind: The Earliest Compositions of Erich Wolfgang Korngold* (part reissue of Citadel LP, part reissue of Genesis LP, on one CD), early classical piano works by the legendary composer.

DCC Compact Classics: *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (1981, John Williams, expanded 75 minute edition) is now scheduled for September release

as a regular CD release—the "gold" idea has been scrapped. There will be a 2LP vinyl edition, 3000 copies only, released at the same time.

DRG: Due October: *An Ennio Morricone/Dario Argento Trilogy* (2CDs, *Cat o' Nine Tails*, *Bird with the Crystal Plumage*, *Four Flies on Gray Velvet*) and *An Ennio Morricone Anthology* (2CDs, main titles and rare tracks from over 40 movies). Due November: *Spaghetti Westerns Vol. 2* (2CDs), a Bernardo Bertolucci double bill (Delerue's *The Conformist* and Morricone's *A Man's Tragedy*, on one CD), *Ennio Morricone with Love* (compilation), *Shoot Loud, Louder... I Don't Understand* (unreleased Nino Rota score).

edel America: This label has popped up again with a U.S. release of *The Terminator: The "Definite" Edition* (as they put it, Brad Fiedel). Forthcoming is a 2CD set of Edmund Meisel's music to silent films *Battleship Potemkin* and *The Holy Mountain*, as re-recorded in 1990.

Epic Soundtrax: Due Oct. 3: *Strange Days* (Graeme Revell, plus cuts by Deep Forest). October 17 is John Barry Day from Epic; due are *Across the Sea of Time* (IMAX film), *Moviola 2* (new recording, action-adventure themes), and *The Scarlet Letter* (new film, replacing an Elmer Bernstein score). The next week, October 24, Barry's score for *Cry the Beloved Country* will be out. Due Nov. 7 is *Jumanji* (James Horner).

Fox: There are plans for the following to come out by the end of the year: 1) *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir/A Hatful of Rain* (1947/1957, Bernard Herrmann). 2) *Journey to the Center of the Earth* (1959, Herrmann). 3) *Forever Amber* (1947, David Raksin). 4) *The Mephisto Waltz/The Other* (1970/1971, Goldsmith). 5) *Beneath the 12 Mile Reef/Garden of Evil* (1953/1954, Herrmann).

GNP/Crescendo: Imminent is a CD single to *Star Trek: Voyager*, the original version of Jerry Goldsmith's theme coupled with a pop remix by Joel Goldsmith. Due in October or November, to accompany a Sci-Fi Channel special, is what TV junkies have been waiting for: a 6CD Irwin Allen box set—music from *Lost in Space*, *The Time Tunnel*, *Land of the Giants*, *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, etc. This will include a number of efforts by "Johnny" Williams, Jerry Goldsmith's *Voyage* score, music by Paul Sawtell and Alexander Courage, others. Also expected by the end of the year is an expanded edition of *Ladyhawke*, with better sound than the bootleg.

Intrada: Due September 19 is *Dr. Jeckyll and Ms. Hyde* (Mark McKenzie, new film). Intrada is a label and mail order outlet, write for free catalog to 1488 Vallejo St, San Francisco CA 94109; ph: 415-776-1333.

Koch: Due October is a Malcolm Arnold chamber CD including film score *Hobson's Choice*. Due February is a new recording of Miklós Rózsa's *El Cid* (1961, James Sedares conducting the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra).

Marco Polo: Due this November are *The House of Frankenstein* (Salter, Dessau) and *Son of Frankenstein/The Wolfman/The Invisible Man Returns* (Salter, Skinner, C. Previn). Recording in October in Moscow for release next year are an Erich Wolfgang Korngold album (*Another Dawn, Between Two Worlds, Escape Me Never*) and a Max Steiner album (*The Lost Patrol, The Beast with Five Fingers, Virginia City*), reconstructed by John Morgan and conducted by Bill Stromberg. Recording in Ireland (Philip Lane/RTE Concert Orchestra) is a piano concerti CD, with Herrmann's "Concerto Macabre" from *Hangover Square*, Addinsell's "Warsaw Concerto" and "Comish Rhapsody," and more.

Milan: Due August 29 was *Arabian Knight* (Robert Folk). Due September 26: *Steal Big,*

Steal Little (William Olvis, various). Due October 10: *Copycat* (Christopher Young).

PolyGram: *Carrington* (Michael Nyman, new film) is due October 10. *Get Shorty* (various funky jazz) is due October 24.

Rhino: Now out is *A Fistful of Film Music: The Ennio Morricone Anthology*, a 2CD set of the Maestro's greatest hits, including unreleased music like *The Exorcist II*. Only musicals are lined up in the next few months for Rhino's reissue series from the Turner vaults, but score album reissues planned for 1996 include: *Gone with the Wind*, *Ben-Hur*, *The Bad and the Beautiful*, *King of Kings*, *Ryan's Daughter*, *How the West Was Won*, 2001, a Korngold compilation and many more. More Hanna-Barbera stuff is also planned.

Silva Screen: Due Sept. from Silva America: a new Bernard Herrmann recording (*Torn Curtain, Man Who Knew Too Much*, others) and a new Jerome Moross one (w/ *Valley of Gwangi*); also a reissue of the *Big Country* re-recording. Due Oct.: another Schwarzenegger collection and *The Great Greeks* (film music by Greek composers). Due Nov.: *Dream Music Vol. 2* (Tangerine Dream collection). The newly recorded compilations are by Paul Bateman with the City of Prague Philharmonic. The U.K. branch will issue these albums as well, as well as a new recording of Victor Young's *The Quiet Man* (Kenneth Alwyn/Dublin Screen Orchestra), due Sept. *A Classic TV Themes* album is also in the can, no release date set yet. To be recorded for release in 1996: Miklós Rózsa: *Historical Film Scores, The Classic John Barry 2, Classic Western Themes, The Devil Rides Out: Classic British Horror Scores, She: Music for Hammer Horror Films*, and a classical album with Rózsa's Cello Concerto and Gerard Schumann's "The Gardens of Exile."

SLC: Due July 21 from Japan's finest were: *Soleil trompeur (Burnt by the Sun)*, Edward Artemev, 7 *Winchester per un massacro* (Francesco De Masi, 1966), *Mothra* (Yuji Koseki, complete stereo version), *Film Works by Akira Ifukube Vol. 9*. Due August 21 were: *Red Sun* (Maurice Jarre), *Akira Ifukube 10*, Matango (Sadao Bekku, complete score), *Sweet Smell of Cine-Jazz* (aka Varèse's *Sax & Violence*). Due Sept. 21: *Dolores Claiborne* (Danny Elfman), *Quick and the Dead* (Alan Silvestri), *Secret of the Telegian* (Shigeru Ikeno), *Travolti da un insolito destino nell'azzurro mare d'agosto* (aka *Swept Away*, Piero Piccioni), *Lucky Luciano* (Piero Piccioni, swing jazz score). Due Oct. 21: *While You Were Sleeping* (Randy Edelman), *The Human Vapor* (Kunio Miyachi), *Un Uomo da rispettare* (Ennio Morricone), *Un Genio, due compari, un pollo* (Morricone), *Un Homme et une femme* (Francis Lai, first stereo CD), *Vivre pour vivre* (Lai, stereo).

Super Tracks: Due late October: *The Scarlet Letter* (John Morris, late '80s PBS mini-series, orchestral) and *Night of the Running Man* (Christopher Franke, cable movie).

Varèse Sarabande: Due Aug. 29 were: *Something to Talk About* (Hans Zimmer), *Magic in the Water* (David Schwartz), *Voyages: The Film Music Journeys of Alan Silvestri* (compilation, orig. tracks, with 5-6 min. *Romancing the Stone*). Due Sept. 12: *The Stars Fell on Henrietta* (David Benoit). Due Sept. 26: *To Die For* (Danny Elfman), *Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers* (Graeme Revell, the long awaited score album), *Hercules* (TV, Joe LoDuca), Alex North's *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1951, cond. Jerry Goldsmith, National Philharmonic, 47 min.). Due Oct. 10: *Sudden Death* (John Debney). Now recording for an October release is *Hollywood '95* (Joel McNeely/Seattle Symphony), hopefully to include unreleased music such as an orchestral version of Jerry Goldsmith's *Judge Dredd* trailer. •

THE GATORADE UPCOMING MOVIE/ COMPOSER LIST

Elmer Bernstein's score to *The Scarlet Letter* has been rejected; John Barry was given two weeks to write the replacement. Ennio Morricone had initially toiled on the picture; this is big-shot composer #3 they're on. • Recently recorded scores with the Munich Symphony include *Alien Empire* (Martin Kisko, BBC TV documentary) and *Rainbow* (Alan Reeves, Bob Hoskins film). • *Everything is subject to change! Scores are being tossed left and right! Don't believe anything you read!*

DAVID ARNOLD: *Independence Day*, *Last of the Dog Men*.
BABY FACE: *Waiting to Exhale*.
JOHN BARRY: *Bliss*, *Cry the Beloved Country*, *The Juror*, *The Scarlet Letter*.
STEVE BARTEK: *National Lampoon's Senior Trip*.
ELMER BERNSTEIN: *Canadian Bacon* (co-composer w/ son Peter B.), *Devil in a Blue Dress*, *Dork of Cork*, *Run of the Country*.
SIMON BOSWELL: *Hackers*.
BRUCE BROUGHTON: *The Shadow Program* (d. George Cosmatos), *House Arrest*, *As of Love, Infinity* (d. M. Broderick).
CARTER BURWELL: *Joe's Apartment*,

Two Bits, *Journey of the August King*, *No Fear*.
BILL CONTI: *Napoleon*, *Dorothy Day* (replacing Elmer Bernstein).
MICHAEL CONVERTINO: *Amelia and the King of Plants*, *Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead*.
STEWART COPELAND: *Boys* (w/ Winona Ryder).
JOHN DEBNEY: *Sudden Death*, *Getting Away w/ Murder*, *Cuthroat Island*.
PATRICK DOYLE: *Sense and Sensibility*.
JOHN DUPREZ: *Death Fish* (sequel to *A Fish Called Wanda*).
RANDY EDELMAN: *Dragon Heart*, *The Big Green*, *Diabolique* (w/ Sharon Stone), *Down Periscope*.
CLIFF EIDELMAN: *Now and Then*.
DANNY ELFMAN: *Dead Presidents*.
STEPHEN ENDELMAN: *Così*, *Reckless*, *Keys to Tulsa*.
GEORGE FENTON: *Land and Freedom*, *Mary Reilly*, *Heaven's Prisoner*. Fenton is off *12 Monkeys*.
BRAD FIEDEL: *Money Train*, *Sgt. Bilko* (Silvestri had a scheduling conflict).
ROBERT FOLK: *Ace in Africa*, *Lawn-mower Man 2*, *T-Rex* (w/ Whoopi Goldberg).
ELLIOT GOLDENTHAL: *Voices*, *Michael Collins*, *A Time to Kill* (d. Joel Schumacher).
JERRY GOLDSMITH: *City Hall* (w/ Al Pacino), *Executive Decision* (w/ Kurt Russell), *Powder* (quirky art movie), *Two Days in the Valley* (Pulp Fiction type film). *The Thief of Always* has been canceled.

MILES GOODMAN: *For Better or for Worse*.
DAVE GRUSIN: *Mudholland Falls*.
JAMES HORNER: *Balto*, *Jumanji*, *Jade*, *White Squall* (replacing Vangelis).
JAMES NEWTON HOWARD: *Eye for an Eye*, *Restoration*.
ALAN HOWARTH: *Halloween 6*.
MARK ISHAM: *Home for the Holidays* (d. Jodie Foster), *Last Dance*.
TREVOR JONES: *Loch Ness*.
MICHAEL KAMEN: *Mr. Harrick's Opus*, *Assassins*, *Fat Tuesday*.
WOJCIECH KILAR: *The Quest* (w/ Jean-Claude Van Damme).
JOHN LURIE: *Blue in the Face*.
HUMMIE MANN: *Dracula Dead and Liking It* (d. Mel Brooks).
MARK MANCINI: *Fair Game*, *The Money Train*, *Twister* (d. Jan DeBont).
JOEL MCNEELY: *Gold Diggers*.
ALAN MENKEN: *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *Hercules* (animated).
CYNTHIA MILLAR: *Three Wishes* (d. Martha Coolidge).
DAVID NEWMAN: *Fat Chance*, *The Nutty Professor* (w/ Eddie Murphy), *Big Bully* (w/ Tom Arnold), *Matilda* (d. Danny DeVito), *Faithful*.
RANDY NEWMAN: *James and the Giant Peach*, *Cats Can't Dance*, *Toy Story*.
THOMAS NEWMAN: *Unstrung Heroes*, *How to Make an American Quilt*, *Up Close and Personal*, *The Craft*, *Primal Fear*.
JACK NITZSCHE: *The Crossing Guard*.
M. NYMAN: *Mesmer*, *Portrait of a Lady*.
VAN DYKE PARKS: *Wild Bill*.

BASIL POLEDORIS: *It's My Party* (d. Randall Kleiser).
RACHEL PORTMAN: *Palookaville*.
J.A.C. REDFORD: *Mighty Ducks 3*.
GRAEME REVELL: *Killer*, *Strange Days*, *Race the Sun*, *The Crow 2*.
J. PETER ROBINSON: *Vampire in Brooklyn* (w/ Eddie Murphy).
CRAIG SAFAN: *Mr. Wrong* (d. Nick Castle, w/ Ellen DeGeneres).
JOHN SCOTT: *Walking Thunder*, *The Lucona Affair*, *Night Watch*, *The North Star* (d. Nils Gaup).
ERIC SERRA: *Goldeneye* (James Bond).
MARC SHAIMAN: *American President*, *Bogus*.
DAVID SHIRE: *One-Night Stand*.
HOWARD SHORE: *Moonlight and Valentino*, *Seven*, *White Man's Burden*, *Before and After*, *Strip Tease*, *The Truth About Cats and Dogs*.
ALAN SILVESTRI: *Father of the Bride 2*, *Mission: Impossible* (w/ Tom Cruise, d. Brian DePalma), *Eraser* (Schwarzenegger action movie).
MARK SNOW: *Katie*.
STEPHEN SONDHEIM: *La cage aux folles* (d. Nichols, songs and score).
DAVID STEWART: *Show Girls*.
JOHN WILLIAMS: *Sabrina* (Sydney Pollack remake of 1954 film, w/ Harrison Ford), *Nixon* (d. Oliver Stone, w/ Anthony Hopkins).
PATRICK WILLIAMS: *The Great Harp*.
CHRISTOPHER YOUNG: *Copycat*.
HANS ZIMMER: *Muppet Treasure Island*, *Broken Arrow* (d. John Woo), *Prince of Egypt*.

THE GOODYEAR FILM MUSIC CONCERTS LIST

California: Oct. 27, 28—San Jose Sym.; *Psycho*, *Bride of Frankenstein*. Oct. 31—Orange County Youth Sym.; *The Raiders March* (Williams).
Illinois: Oct. 6, 7—Lake Forest s.o.; *Prince Valiant* (Waxman), *Psycho* (Herrmann), *The Mission* (Morricone), *Schindler's List* (Williams), *Carmen Fantasy* (Waxman).
Indiana: Oct. 29—Indianapolis s.o.; *Bride of Frankenstein* (Waxman), *Psycho* (Herrmann), *Addams Family* (Mizzy/Shaiman), *Twilight Zone*. Oct. 31—Butler Sym., Indianapolis; *Raiders March* (Williams).
Massachusetts: Oct. 28—Springfield s.o.; *Psycho* (Herrmann).
Michigan: Oct. 28—Southwest Michigan s.o., St. Joseph; *Addams Family* (Mizzy/Shaiman), *Ghostbusters* (Bernstein), *Murder, She Wrote* (Addison), *Bride of Frankenstein* (Waxman).
Nebraska: Oct. 27, 28—Lincoln s.o.; *Psycho*, *Bride of Frankenstein*.
New Mexico: Oct. 28, 29—New Mexico s.o., Albuquerque; "Sinfonietta for Strings and Timpani" (Waxman).
New York: Oct. 31—Brooklyn Heights s.o.; *Psycho* (Herrmann).

Oklahoma: Sept. 16—Tulsa s.o.; *Star Trek: TNG* (Courage/Goldsmith).
Pennsylvania: Oct. 20, 21—NE Penn. s.o., Scranton; *Bride of Frankenstein*, *The Twilight Zone* (Constant), *Vertigo* (Herrmann), *Hellraiser* (Young).
South Dakota: Oct. 21—South Dakota s.o., Sioux Falls; *Psycho* (Herrmann), *MGM Fanfare* (Waxman).
Texas: Sept. 30—Marshall s.o.; *Gettysburg* (Randy Edelman, world concert premiere). Sept. 30—Abilene s.o.; *East of Eden* (Holdridge). Oct. 20—Garland s.o.; *Prince Valiant* (Waxman). The Fort Worth s.o. will include "Gabriel's Horn" from *The Mission* (Morricone) in many concerts through December.
Virginia: Sept. 24—Lynchburg s.o.; *A President's Country Medley* (Tiomkin). Oct. 28, 29, 30—Concerto Macabre from *Hangover Square* (Herrmann).
Washington: Oct. 28—Yakima s.o.; *Psycho* (Herrmann), *Bride of Frankenstein* (Waxman). Nov. 11—Spokane s.o.; *Lost Weekend* (Rózsa).
West Virginia: Sept. 30—Wheeling s.o.; *Lonesome Dove* (Poledouris).
Canada: Oct. 6, 7—Edmonton s.o., Alberta; *Magnificent Seven* (Bernstein),

How the West Was Won (Newman).
England: Nov. 26—Bournemouth s.o.; *Moon River* (Mancini), *Gigi* (Previn).
Germany: Nov. 4, 5—Hamburg s.o.; Film Noir Concert: *Strangers on a Train* (Tiomkin), *Taxi Driver*, *Psycho*, *Bride Wore Black* (Herrmann), *Last Weekend* (Rózsa), *Dark City*, *Sorry, Wrong Number* (Waxman). Nov. 5—Munich s.o.; *Moon River* (Mancini), *Gigi* (Previn), cond. Carl Davis.
Sweden: Sept. 21-23—Malmö s.o.; *Sunset Blvd.*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *A Place in the Sun* (Waxman), *The Omen* (Goldsmith), *Hollywood Messiah* (Newman, Rózsa).
Gillian Anderson will conduct *Nosferatu* (1922) live to film in Berlin, Sept. 16.
Don Davis had a non-film piece, "Of the Illuminated," performed at Breckinridge Music Festival, Colorado, Aug. 19.
The New York Phil. will present "A Symphonic Night at the Movies" on Oct. 19, 20, 21, cond. John Mauceri: *Symphonic Serenade*, *Robin Hood* (Korngold), *Theme, Variations and Finale*, *Madame Bovary*, *Ben-Hur* (Rózsa), most to film. A film music exhibit will

from JOHN WAXMAN

run at Avery Fisher Hall in New York from Sept. 20 to Oct. 22, with Korngold and Rózsa memorabilia.

Look for Philip Glass's opera-to-film *La Belle et la Bête* on tour across the country. He's taken Cocteau's 1946 classic, stricken the soundtrack, and written a new score (minimalist, of course) which plays continuously throughout the film, incorporating singing for the dialogue. This he performs live with a small ensemble as the film is projected. It's pretty neat; the music is scheduled for CD release by Elektra Nonesuch.

A memorial concert for Christopher Palmer is being scheduled for fall '95 at the Royal Festival Hall, London. Elmer Bernstein will be the music director.

For a list of silent film music concerts, write to Tom Murray, 440 Davis Ct #1312, San Francisco CA 94111. • This is a list of concerts with film music pieces in their programs. Contact the respective orchestra's box office for more info. Thanks go to John Waxman for the majority of this list, as he provides the scores and parts to the orchestras. (Note: "s.o." stands for "symphony orchestra.")

TWO QUICK REVIEWS OF INVALUABLE REFERENCE BOOKS

1995 Film/TV Music Guide is a comprehensive spiral-bound reference book, primarily for industry use, from SRS Publishing, the company behind two other music-industry "bibles," the *A&R 411* (Artists and Repertoire) and *Music Publisher 411*. It's simply a 60-page directory of music publishers, studio/TV music departments, film/TV music agents, music clearance companies, film/TV performance rights societies (ASCAP, BMI) and music libraries. For each company, there is an up-to-date address and phone number(s), with information on the employees, their positions, direct lines and fax numbers, even the names of their assistants. I've already found this to be the first thing I grab when I need to get a hold of someone at a studio or record label. It's use to the casual soundtrack collector isn't as apparent (except for those who need to know who to bug to get a promo CD), but I can't imagine people in the industry living without it. Alas, the price is also industry-oriented: \$75. Send to SRS Publishing, 8491 Sunset Blvd #771, Los Angeles CA 90069-1911; ph: 213-850-8946, fax: 310-987-1602. Production values are slick, too. For those interested, the *A&R 411* is \$175/year (six issues) or \$45 a copy, and the *Music Publisher 411* is \$50.

Cinema Sheet Music: A Comprehensive List of Published Film Music from Squaw Man (1914) to Batman (1989) is equally single-minded, extensive and impressive. It's a massive, 628-page hardcover listing of every film theme that has ever seen life as sheet music, most culled from the collection of the author, Donald J. Stubblebine—over 6,200 films and 15,000 songs! *Land of the Giants*, *Islands in the Stream*, *Grand Prix*, *Moriturus*, *The Towering Inferno*, *Spacehunter*—these aren't the full orchestral scores, just commercial piano reductions, I assume, but I never would have guessed they existed. I'd love to see what the chords are on some of these. (Now, the question is where to get them...) The individual listings detail composer, year of release, song/cue titles, publisher, even what was on the cover, composer and song indexes are included. Kudos to Mr. Stubblebine for compiling this; I can't begin to imagine just typing in all the information. I wish I was him so I could go into my sheet music collection, prop some of this up on the piano and noodle away. The book can be ordered directly from the publisher, McFarland & Co., Box 611, Jefferson NC 28640; ph: 919-246-4460. A must for sheet music collectors.



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Miklós Rózsa Remembered

by Tony Thomas

Miklós Rózsa spent the final 55 of his 88 years living in Los Angeles and acquiring fame and fortune as a master composer of film scores. From this it might be assumed that he was a man of Hollywood. He was not. Fate led him to settle in Los Angeles in 1940 and his talent for writing richly descriptive music opened the doors of the film studios to him with an ease that other composers could only envy. He wrote 90 film scores between 1937 and 1981, many of them for distinguished and memorable pictures, but that was not the side of his life that interested him or pleased him the most. In the 36 years I knew him I don't recall him ever mentioning having been to see a film. And he never watched television. Instead he studied art and literature, he collected paintings and sculpture, and buried his mind in writing music that had nothing to do with the movies.

He titled his 1982 autobiography *Double Life*, taking his cue from the fact that he had won an Oscar for writing the score for *A Double Life* in 1947. It was of course the perfect title. No other composer resident in America had been able to lead such a life, writing for films while also writing concert and chamber works, almost all of which have been recorded, from his Opus 17 *Concerto for Strings* in 1943 to his Opus 38 *String Quartet No. 2* in 1981. Rózsa could hardly complain about not being successful, not with the likes of Jascha Heifetz, Lennard Pennario, Janos Starker and Pinkus Zukerman sweeping their ways through his concerti for violin, piano, cello

and viola, respectively. The only flies in Rózsa's ointment were the music critics, who could never resist pointing out that the concerti were clearly the work of someone who also wrote movie music. Did it bother him? "No, not after a while. Not after they made the same comment on my *Theme, Variations and Finale*, which I wrote in 1933."

By 1933 Miklós Rózsa had reason to feel fairly confident. He was only 26 but he had graduated from the prestigious Leipzig Conservatory with a degree in Musicology and his first 12 compositions had been published by the also prestigious company of Breitkopf and Härtel. His 13th work, the *Theme, Variations and Finale*, met with applause and approval under the baton of Charles Munch, soon leading to other performances. In fact it would always be his most performed work. With that success he decided to take up residence in Paris, where he learned there wasn't much money to be made in serious modern works, so he adopted a pseudonym (Nic Tomay) and paid his way turning out fox trots and novel-ties. He went to London in 1937 to attend the Covent Garden performance of his ballet *Hungaria* and while there was offered the job of scoring a film (*Knight Without Armor*). What happened after that barely needs any further comment.

It was difficult to get Rózsa to talk about his film scores. I always had the feeling that he regarded most of them somewhat as step-children. Perhaps he felt a little uneasy about the ease with which he composed them. He came to the job with a grounding in music education that few composers have anymore. It was a classic education that required him to know everything there was to know about musical structure and history. To that he brought an innate understanding of drama, plus—and this is the key factor—a fantastic gift for melody. Think of the theme for the Princess in *The Thief of Bagdad*, that simple four-note motif that is the basis of *Spellbound*, the seductive waltz in *Madame Bovary* and the heart-rending setting of the 23rd Psalm in *King of Kings*. And anyone who doesn't think that *Ben-Hur* is a major composition simply has never heard it. Even Rózsa allowed that *Ben-Hur* was probably his best score, with *El Cid* not far behind. As for the others... they were fine, but he would rather talk about his piano sonata or his *Sinfonia Concertante*. In the last few months of his life the recording he listened to many times was his *Sonata for Solo Violin*, Opus 40, played by Isabella Lippi.

He spoke five languages fluently—his native Hungarian, German, French, English and Italian. It wasn't a matter of being a linguist, the languages were simply a part of his culture. When

he worked in Germany he had no trouble in communicating; he loved to go to London and Paris but not as much as he loved to go to Italy. He felt at home in Rome, which is why *Quo Vadis*, *Julius Caesar* and *Ben-Hur* sound as good as they do. He knew Italian culture, hence the Roman sculptures in his home—that big house up in the Hollywood Hills that really looked as if it belonged on the Italian Riviera. And yet, with it all he was always Hungarian. His music was imbedded in Hungary and whether he was writing for films or the concert hall the style is easily recognizable. That darkly textured, polyphonic sound, that inbuilt, exotic quality native to Hungarian music. "We stand alone in a Slavic sea. Hungarian peasant music is unique, it has no connection with other musical cultures just as the Hungarian language is unconnected with other languages. Our gypsy music is especially valuable, as Brahms discovered long ago and as Bartók and Kodály made apparent with their marvelous treatments. There is a certain oriental color in the gypsy scale, and it is a very useful palette to have in one's heritage."

They are all gone now, those musical titans of Hollywood's Golden Age—Erich Korngold, Max Steiner, Franz Waxman, Dimitri Tiomkin, Alfred Newman, Bernard Herrmann, and finally Miklós Rózsa. Over the period of a quarter century they created a body of work that we now realize was extraordinary, certainly so in the case of Rózsa. The titles speak for themselves: *The Thief of Bagdad*, *The Jungle Book*, *Double Indemnity*, *The Lost Weekend*, *Ivanhoe*, *Ben-Hur*, *El Cid*... all those in addition to an opus listing of 45 non-film compositions. I don't know if the thought ever crossed his mind that he was a tremendously successful man. It would not have occurred to him that he was an extraordinary man—that assessment could only come from others.

It was my great good fortune to have been his friend. It sounds trite when put into words but I am never again likely to know a man like that. Rózsa was deeply European, a cultured gentleman, vastly knowledgeable and courtly of manner. The world that produced him is long gone, which is what made visiting him a little like a step back in time, sitting there midst his paintings, etchings, art books, bronze artifacts and marble statues. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about him was that despite a dozen years of physical infirmity he was lucid to the end. He never lost his memories or his humor. About two weeks before he died I noticed on his desk a CD someone had sent him of modern string quartets. He thought they were deathly dull. Curious, I asked if I could borrow the CD. "Yes, but only if you promise not to bring it back."

THE GENERAL MOTORS CURRENT FILMS, COMPOSERS AND ALBUMS LIST

<i>Amazing Panda Adventure</i>	William Ross	Silva Screen	<i>Judge Dredd</i>	Alan Silvestri	Epic Soundtrax
<i>An Awfully Big Adventure</i>	Richard Hanley	MCA	<i>A Kid in King Arthur's Court</i>	J.A.C. Redford	Walt Disney
<i>Apollo 13</i>	James Homer	Milan	<i>Kids</i>	Lou Barlow, John Davis	
<i>Arabian Knight</i>	Robert Folk	Varèse Sarabande	<i>A Little Princess</i>	Patrick Doyle	Varèse Sarabande
<i>Babe</i>	Nigel Westlake	Sony Wonder	<i>Lord of Illusions</i>	Simon Boswell	Mute
<i>The Babysitters Club</i>	David Michael Frank	Atlantic (2 albums)	<i>Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers</i>	Graeme Revell	Atlantic (songs), Varèse
<i>Batman Forever</i>	Elliot Goldenthal	Milan	<i>Mortal Kombat</i>	George S. Clinton	TVT (noise)
<i>Beyond Rangoon</i>	Hans Zimmer	Malpaso	<i>The Net</i>	Mark Isham	Varèse Sarabande
<i>Bridges of Madison County</i>	Lennie Niehaus	Arista	<i>Nine Months</i>	Hans Zimmer	Milan
<i>The Brothers McMullen</i>	Seamus Egan		<i>Operation Dumbo Drop</i>	David Newman	Hollywood
<i>Bushwhacked</i>	Bill Conti	Capitol (songs)	<i>Pocahontas</i>	Alan Menken	Walt Disney
<i>Clueless</i>	David Kitay		<i>The Prophecy</i>	David C. Williams	
<i>Country Life</i>	Peter Best	MCA	<i>Smoke</i>	Rachel Portman	Hollywood
<i>Dangerous Minds</i>	Wendy & Lisa	Epic (songs)	<i>Something to Talk About</i>	Hans Zimmer	Varèse Sarabande
<i>Desperado</i>	Los Lobos	Intrada	<i>Species</i>	Christopher Young	
<i>Dr. Jeckyll and Ms. Hyde</i>	Mark McKenzie	Epic Soundtrax	<i>The Tie That Binds</i>	Graeme "Revel"	
<i>First Knight</i>	Jerry Goldsmith	Epic (10 min. score)	<i>Under Siege 2: Dark Territory</i>	Basil Poledouris	Varèse (it's seagallarific!)
<i>Free Willy 2</i>	Basil Poledouris	Sony Classical	<i>The Usual Suspects</i>	John Ottman	Milan
<i>Indian in the Cupboard</i>	Randy Edelman	Milan	<i>Virtuosity</i>	Christopher Young	Radioactive (songs)
<i>The Innocent</i>	Gerard Gouret	Varèse Sarabande	<i>A Walk in the Clouds</i>	Maurice Jarre	A Walk in the Clouds
<i>Jeffrey</i>	Stephen Endelman		<i>Waterworld</i>	James Newton Howard	MCA

MAIL BAG

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For heaven's sake, the opinions presented in the letters below sure aren't necessarily those of Film Score Monthly. Oy!

...I have to wonder what future film music fans and historians will think, 25 years from now, when they read old issues of *Film Score Monthly* and see what sort of "discussion" took up space in the letters section back in 1995. I wonder if they will be surprised that the most pressing thing on many people's minds was defending second-rate film scores for third-rate films by first-rate composers in the autumn of their careers, creating artificial rivalries between various prominent composers of the day, and spewing personal abuse and condescending physical violence.

I know that I never had the chance to experience the work of Bernard Herrmann and Miklós Rózsa the way it was meant to be experienced—in the movie palaces of the '40s, '50s and '60s—because I was born too late. I can only read the film and music literature about them, listen to recordings, and gain insight on that lost experience in those ways.

So I wonder if future fans will be confused and disappointed that few or none back in 1995 were at least arguing the relative merits of the early work of those composers whose names they will find more immediately familiar, since those names may very well be appearing still on film credits in 2020. Do we really believe that in 25 years, film music enthusiasts will recall the 1990s as the decade of Goldsmith's *Bad Girls* and *Congo*, Horner's alleged/proven rip-offs or the stifled music for Rick Berman's washed-out vision of *Star Trek*?

I think not. I hope not.

Instead, they might very well reminisce about the 1990s as the decade when Christopher Young was just about to break into mainstream films... when Thomas Newman received two Oscar nominations in one year... when Rachel Portman was on her way to becoming the first really well-known female film composer regularly to work in Hollywood... when Patrick Doyle was turning out distinctive and classy scores several times a year... when Elliot Goldenthal was bringing a challenging alternative sensibility to the Hollywood sound.

I wonder if film music fans of the future are going to scratch their heads and wonder what sort of rock the readers of FSM were living under in 1995 that compelled them to engage in myopic squabbling about minor footnotes, when all the while they ignored the glorious early notes in the careers of the greats of the next 25 years.

A sense of perspective seems sorely needed here. Let's not let the real history of film music pass us by, in our enthusiasm for those who have already left their own high water marks. It really is high time discussion moved on.

Ellen Edgerton
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Syracuse NY 13219

If you look at the early soundtrack articles and publications from the 1970s (see the collecting history article this

issue), they lavish attention on Steiner, Tiomkin, Waxman, Rózsa, Newman, etc., the Golden Age greats whose careers were at that time virtually over. They ignore the then-current scores, by such everyday guys as Goldsmith, Williams, Barry, etc.—the same people now getting all the attention. I think in 25 years few will care about James Horner's music for *Apollo 13* just as I don't see people writing in about this or that Michel Legrand score to a popular film from the early '70s. I don't know who they will be writing about—perhaps Doyle, Isham, Young, Thomas Newman, etc.—but that is worthy of speculation.

For that matter, what will film music be like in 25 years? Orchestral? Synthesized? Pop/rock? Still 19th century Romantic? This is an impossible question, of course, but take your best postmodern crack at it.

...To add to Michael Rhonemus's report on the backstage farces at the Toledo Goldsmith concert (FSM #58): I last saw Goldsmith in concert in January 1994 in Nottingham, England. Because I was, at the time, the editor of *Legend*, the Goldsmith Society journal, I was invited backstage, where I had the chance to present the man himself with a framed original portrait I'd painted of him. That was great, because he was genuinely touched (hence, I later received invites to the sessions of *Bad Girls* and the Varese *Streetcar Named Desire* album). Goldsmith was, because I tried (and evidently succeeded) not to get on his nerves with a barrage of demands and questions, a perfect gentleman. Jerry Goldsmith is a nice guy, a dedicated professional who does enjoy the attention of his real fans (as opposed to obsessive nutters) and takes time to talk and sign albums if he can. However, certain sad elements spoil it for the rest of us, and this letter is aimed primarily at them. (Please forgive the gratuitous name-dropping—if Lukas can do it all the time, why not me?)

So, here are some pointers for anyone who ever suddenly finds himself face to face with Jerry Goldsmith:

1. Ask him to sign only one album, if you have to at all. Do not make it a bootleg (he doesn't like those, oh no...) and, in the case of one chap at Nottingham, absolutely do not ask him to sign a James Horner album!
2. Do not attempt a "We have met before, Jerry—you signed my copy of *The Blue Max* at Miklós Rózsa's birthday concert—remember?" He will not remember you; he will think you're an imbecile (and on certain days maybe even tell you this).
3. If you ever have lunch with him (yes, I have) and the conversation is going well (at the time we were talking about his favorite artists and authors), do not let another person at the table lean over and say, "So, Jerry... what exactly happened with *The Vanishing* CD?" He will stop talking and stare at said foolishness, thus ending what was a rather special conversation.
4. Unless you have been invited to do so personally, do not attempt to impress your friends (if you have any) by calling him "Jerry" in a vain attempt to make people think he knows you (this applies to all composers, actually).
5. Never, ever burst into his dressing room with a video camera reeling off a tome of questions, and then chase him down the street after his car doing the same—this really happened in London a

few years ago! No wonder he looks so nervous in pictures with fans—he might be constantly expecting to get stabbed, or shot, or worse.

6. If you have traveled to see his concert, do not say something like, "Hi, I've come from Chickencoop, Nebraska—any chance of a concert there sometime?" (actual population: 27, of which 12 are expected to die the day before Thanksgiving; town's holiday, annual "Marry Your Cousin Day").

Enough sarcasm? Okay, but the basic points are valid. The chance to meet a composer is something most people regard as special. We would all like to think that, because we're such big fans, these guys will actually remember us (as Lukas will testify, the work you have to do to ensure that can be rather tiring), but I guarantee this: if you feel obliged to ask Jerry Goldsmith if he'd care to walk across the nearest pond, he will remember you—for about as many seconds as it takes his mind to think "asshole...."

Gary Kester
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I guess I can't argue with this. It's fun to create an "Other" and then point out all the ways in which we're better than them. Damn those Others!

...I knew this would happen. I knew that my letter in FSM #53/54 would get a response by some member of the Goldsmith fan club (you're right, Mr. Kester, fan is not a dirty word, but it's not a very grown up one either). What I didn't expect was that Mr. Kester wouldn't even bother to react to my specific points. If he would have read and understood my letter, he would have realized that I don't have a problem with people who love all music of Goldsmith (although I can't really comprehend it). I wrote that I have a problem with people who can't accept a different opinion—and that was my reaction to the statement of Mr. Eastman, who was "annoyed by recent Goldsmith bashing." I can't help it, Mr. Kester, but if someone is annoyed by a different opinion, it has to do with accepting or not accepting free speech.

It is also interesting that Mr. Kester seems to know me and "my kind" so well, that he comes to the conclusion that we manifest our energies in negative and ridiculous statements. You're right Mr. Kester, every day I try to use all my energies to say and write as many stupid and ridiculous things as possible.

In order to avoid such remarks I clearly recognized the lifetime achievement of Jerry Goldsmith. But it probably was too ridiculous of me to think that Mr. Kester would read that as well.

By the way, Mr. Kester, I didn't find your article about the *Bad Girls* recording sessions distasteful, I just didn't find it to be very journalistic. But the article was probably that way because you "had been almost knocked dizzy by the amount of cabling and relays in the studio" (sorry, your own words).

The reason why I call *Legend* a fanzine and not a journalistic magazine is its total lack of any criticism towards Jerry Goldsmith. The "I am much less than the big star and everything he does and says is pure magic" attitude, so prominent in your *Bad Girls* scoring article, has nothing to do with journalism. Nobody is objective, but anybody who works as a journalist (and when you write articles, you have certain journalistic responsibilities)

ities) should try to maintain a certain emotional distance to the people or the things he or she is writing about.

That's why *Newsweek* isn't called *The Official Bill Clinton Journal*. And that's why *Newsweek* is a journalistic publication and *Legend* is a fanzine.

My main argument against recent Goldsmith scores, by the way, is not his inclusion of synthesizers, but the fact that he has been using the same synthesizer sounds over and over again in the last couple of years, and that his output had been much more diverse in the past. You can't praise an artist's period where he used new sounds all the time and was eager to experiment with new ideas, and at the same time love his other period where he uses the same elements over and over again.

Mr. Kester mentioned that I didn't write about Goldsmith's music. But that's exactly what I did. I detailed the repetition of styles and elements and also wrote some specific things about *The Shadow* and why I thought they didn't work. By the way, that's only my opinion. (Mr. Kester, please allow me that. Keyword: Democracy.)

I never would have thought that Mr. Kester would trust the judgment of me and the other 999 of myself over the judgment of Jerry Goldsmith. (That's probably because Gary Kester is the "General Dogsbody"—his own words—of the Jerry Goldsmith fan club and not the chairman of the Jörg Kremer society.) But does that mean I'm not entitled to my own opinion? In each issue of *Variety*, Todd McCarthy, for example, dares to review films. Some of them he likes and some of them he doesn't. Sometimes I agree and sometimes I disagree. But he has the right to criticize films, if he wishes to.

Coming back to *The Shadow* for a moment: just because it's a "comic film, aimed at youngsters," doesn't mean the composer shouldn't react to the developments and evolutions of the characters.

I would also like to thank Mr. Kester for telling me why I should like or dislike some scores.

I don't care if a certain attitude is hip or not. By the way, whenever I read *Legend*, I don't get the feeling that it is very common to "have a go at Goldsmith."

Last but not least, why not let the editor decide when to call a debate in his magazine to an end?

Jörg Kremer
c/o 104.6 RTL
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Germany

Thanks. This one's getting close.

...For years I have read your magazine from cover to cover, including those letters where people tear into each other. Little did I know I would be pulled into the fray—my sensibilities have finally been sufficiently offended to commit pen to paper.

Issue #57 had a review by Sue D'Onim of the Varese compilation *Sax & Violence*. To quote, "great tunes... reworked as easy listening, as if someone went back in time and supplied lame cover versions to the original albums. (No need for that with *Taxi Driver*.)" Is she saying what I think she's saying? Rather than indulging my initial outrage, I would instead hope she comes to appreciate the deep appropriateness, sensitivity and sophistication of this score. I'm sad for the young fans unfamiliar



with *Taxi Driver* who might accept her opinion blindly. I shake my head in wonder—how better to illustrate Travis Bickle's insular, desperate world, the artifice of his Romanticism, than the choices Herrmann made? How can someone not "get it"?

Lois Dilivio
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Thank you for the opportunity to clarify a muddled point made by the writer in question (Sue D'Onim = pseudonym, get it?). Both Sue and I love Herrmann's *Taxi Driver*; that comment in the review was referring to the fact that no one need make a crappy cover version of *Taxi Driver* since the original *Taxi Driver* album itself was half Herrmann's score and half crappy cover versions.

...I do not agree with Mark G. So's assessment of James Horner. He obviously has such a high and blind regard of the composer that he does not realize just how "original" Horner really is. If you look at the long history of film scores that came before him, you will realize that simply inadequate music comes from Horner's "true" creativity. Everything that So says is good about Horner is old hat to me. People before him did it first, but did it better, too. Like a wise man once said, "Imitation is the sincerest form of thievery." Horner wonders why he has rarely gotten Oscar nominations. Shouldn't it be obvious?

Oh, I realize you said no more top ten lists, but I couldn't resist. This is my "bottom ten list." In other words, a list of ten composers I would to see stranded on a desert island:

John Barry, Patrick Doyle, James Horner, Maurice Jarre, Michael Kamen, Alan Menken, Ennio Morricone, Basil Poledouris, Leonard Rosenman, Hans Zimmer.

Jeffrey Graebner
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I can't wait to see who writes a 2000 word essay on why this is a poor form of criticism (1000 words once I'm done editing it). I think we all have bottom ten lists; I have a much larger list of people who I like but who I think need to hang out on a desert island for a while to recharge. Too bad Hollywood makes it so that you have to keep working to stay viable as someone to hire; take three months off and you might as well be stranded on a desert island. Take a year off and you're a leper.

...I have a question to the readers: What do you think of Michael Kamen? In my humble opinion *Don Juan DeMarco* was a piece of genius, as was *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen* and *Brazil*. I have

a feeling that the public perceives him as the action-only guy (not to say that he is not the best at doing action—he fills the scenes with suspenseful atmospheres and knows exactly when to cue the instruments to speak), but I wish he would get more imaginative projects like the ones above.

Here's a little story to show what a wonderful human being the K-man is. Being one of his biggest fans, I wrote him a letter asking for his autograph as a birthday gift. I never thought I had a chance of getting a response, but then one day I get this phone call and the voice sounds familiar. "Hi, Amin?" "Yes?" "This is Michael Kamen." Now put yourself in my shoes. Try to imagine the shock. I considered him one of my best friends. He was like John Williams to me. And there he is calling me (I never gave him my phone number either) and asking me about myself and where I study and all that stuff. I was in total shock. Blackout. I went nuts. We talked for a while and then he gave me his number and told me to keep in touch. That was the greatest birthday gift ever. Now we talk once a month. I just want to thank the K-man for his wonderful kindness and excellent music. You have to admit that his music is very original in style. He is a genius.

In response to Eric Wemmer's response to what I said ("Wyatt Earp is better than anything that Goldsmith has done"), let me explain. What I stated is that Howard's *Wyatt Earp* is my personal favorite score, and yes I adore it more than Goldsmith's scores put together. I do not see how Eric Wemmer or John Walsh have any right to tell me that my opinion is wrong.

I did not mean to put Goldsmith down. I think *Total Recall* is a work of genius, and I even loved the simplicity of *Angie*. But *Wyatt Earp* is one of my favorite scores because it is so complete and full of emotions. I love the way that James Newton Howard layers his music. Okay, so the theme sounds like *Lionheart*, but I don't love a score just because of its main theme. James Newton Howard put his heart and soul in that score and it is better than many of Goldsmith's scores. To me it is better because it is so personal. It has that epic quality, and then it has the elements of innocence, romance, love, tragedy, action, honor, plus the West. You can't beat that. It may not be revolutionary, but it is one hell of a score. It is true that we are all prejudiced in the sense that if a score has Goldsmith or Williams tagged to it then it has to be a masterpiece. But come on, *Planet of the Apes* (in my humble opinion) is not so good on its own. It may have been excellent in the film, but it's not as good as *Wyatt Earp* on its own. That's what I'm saying.

Moving on, please do not attempt to attack John Williams. Yes, he does have a similar style in his scores, but what is so amazing is that just about every one of them will move you in a different way. Whoever said that Williams can't write an *Alien* better take a second listen to the terrifying stuff in *Close Encounters*, and whoever said he's not original forgot the assassination piece in *JFK*. Everybody's been imitating it. How about that whacked-out orchestration in *The Witch of Eastwick*? The excellent stuff in *Superman* is not the brassy theme, but the haunting "Fortress of Solitude" and "Planet Krypton." Williams digs deeply into every detail of the movies he scores. Just watch *Far and Away*. Appreciate the excellence of this master.

Another thing I want to write about is that many scores are heightened to a totally different level when they are put in the right atmosphere. Examples: Compare *Drop Zone* in your room to *Drop Zone* in your car on the freeway. Interview with *The Vampire* is excellent in the dark, but it's out of place during the day. Try Poledouris's *Jungle Book* while hiking in the woods vs. *Jungle Book* in your room. Same thing with *Lonesome Dove*. In my opinion a score could be ruined if you're listening to it in the wrong place. *Schindler's List* doesn't work if you're listening to it on your headphones in the city, whereas Randy Newman's *The Paper* is perfect in such an atmosphere. *Legends of the Fall* sucks indoors, but take it outside and see the difference. It's what I call scoring real life.

Finally, we should all remember that we are not even worthy to judge these composers. They create magic that we will never have the talent even to think of.

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I remember the first time I heard the *Planet of the Apes* album (the old one, without "The Hunt," the best cue)—I was 15, hadn't seen the film for a while, and had sent away for the CD because I heard it was so special. I hated it. It was boring, noisy, hard to follow—a mess. Of course, I eventually grew to learn its twists and turns, to like its unusual sounds, and appreciate it as the milestone score it is—solid atonal composition on Goldsmith's part that serves the film brilliantly and breaks new ground. I would hate to think that people new to soundtracks dismiss it out of hand because it's not tonal like Wyatt Earp. Atonal music does take a while to warm up to and you should not expect to like it right away, but if you put effort into listening to it, the rewards are tremendous. Eventually, you can make judgments of "good" and "bad" based on more than just "tonal" and "not tonal."

An aside: In a non-music class I took last semester, we had a brief lecture on Schoenberg and atonality, which fit into the historical perspective of what we were doing. I had heard atonal music before, but most of the class hadn't—predictably, they couldn't understand it, didn't like it, and couldn't articulate why. Later, however, I was talking to one fellow, and he said, "I don't know, it was kind of cool... sounded like some old movies I've seen, like *Planet of the Apes*." This was without him knowing I do this magazine, without hearing the *Apes* album, or being a soundtrack fan at all. He was just someone who had seen various movies like *Planet of the Apes* and found otherwise ear-splitting atonal music perfectly acceptable in that context. So it's true: movies are the only place most people will ever hear, accept and even come to like the vast majority of modern classical music. That's great.

...Aren't people taking these Horner and Goldsmith debates just a little too personally? It's not like you know them, first of all. Second of all, I doubt that when hired their first thought is, "Oh, I want to see if I can make a good album." The composer's first priority is to meet the needs of the film and the demands put on by the producer, director, or whoever else. Can anyone deny that, for example, Horner's synth scores like *Class Action*, *Thunderheart*, *Unlawful Entry*, etc. have not served their purpose? I had bought the CD of *Class Action* several years ago and had gotten rid of it shortly thereafter. I later saw the movie and had to give credit where it was due. The score really added to the ambiance. Having an album that people want to buy doesn't hurt, what a bonus! However, once again, that is not the priority.

I bought *Legends of the Fall* on CD. I have to admit there is some repetition and a little plagiarism, but I find that the CD is enjoyable, and at least Horner is back to using the orchestra. It seems people are never satisfied. I know that if I were a film composer and I read some of FSM's mail, I would tell these people to stick it in no uncertain terms.

In issue #56/56, Mr. Arndt Holzmeier mentions that Horner "ran out of ideas in 1985," and as opposed to Goldsmith's 30, Horner "had only three successful years." According to whom? Let's see, that would mean the *American Tails*, *Field of Dreams*, *The Land Before Time*, *Glory*, *Where the River Runs Black*, *Man Without a Face*, *Searching for Bobby Fischer*, *Aliens* and *Willow*, just to name a few, were less than successful? Yeah, right! I'll bet almost everyone, including these Horner bashers, has several if not all of these scores in their collection. Yes, I agree, Horner includes pieces from his earlier works into others.



The *Pagemaster* I returned because even though it sounded good, I literally could not find something on the album that I had not heard before. But, even in all this, I remember and know how revered a lot of these scores are. So yes, I can sit there and nitpick and analyze to death, but the bottom line is, do you like how it sounds? If so, buy it and enjoy it.

Now, this Goldsmith issue. With all due respect to certain people, and this goes for the Horner debate as well: Get a life! Reality check! How is Goldsmith going to produce a *ST:TMP* or *Wind* or the *Lion* or *Omen* sound or whatever into something like *Russia House*, *Mr. Baseball*, *Matinee* or *I.Q.*? We all ought to thank our lucky stars that Goldsmith is still working at all. He's not getting any younger. He's earned his respect and has set standards yet to be surpassed. We can compare works, but once again, does the score fit the movie? Nine out of ten times easily, the answer is yes. Bottom line, the composer has done his job. The score should complement, enhance, and round out the film. Every one of Goldsmith's scores (mostly) has done this, even the ones hated by certain people. Maybe Mr. Goldsmith ought to take a year or two sabbatical, just kick back and relax. Then, while he's gone, his absence can be felt (and it will), and all these people that complain will sit there and realize what is missing.

I understand everyone has their own musical preference. I couldn't respect that more. My message is: get what you like. But, to Lukas and whomever else it may concern, I would recommend a little stricter editing on the letters that are so juvenile. A debate is good, but let's not get counter-productive. Some of us, if not all of us, need to grow up. What really is amusing is that most of us, including myself, could do jack with notes or music or anything else. From now on, consider this rule of thumb: the day any of us can do better, then we can talk.

Eric Wemmer
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If that last argument were true, there might as well not be any criticism on anything, ever. Should movies only be reviewed by directors? Also, I understand the argument that we can't fault certain lackluster scores because they do work in the movies—but does that mean they're not lackluster? And if they are, why do we care about them?

...There have been numerous discussions generated by the opinions expressed in the letters column. I find these interesting, sometimes amusing and infrequently annoyingly petty. It's fascinating to see the diversity within a group generally accepted to be very small.

I've been an avid reader for several years now. Having been a soundtrack buff for some 20 years I'd like to share a few of my thoughts from the perspective of an "older" listener/collector.

I'm amazed at the criticism people write about composers and their music. I can understand not being impressed with a score that is derivative of a previous one or another source. I personally find it difficult to say that a score is poor, that it does match that particular composer's best work. I don't know of many people in any field who constantly produce great work. Everybody has off days. It also seems that most creative people do not want to keep repeating themselves. They want to try new things which sometimes lead to great works but also may become "learning experiences."

There are a lot of soundtracks that are considered "classic" that I don't especially enjoy, but I realize that I don't like everything nor do I care to. However, just because I don't like "it" does not in any way lessen its quality. I happen to like impressionistic paintings but I definitely do not like everything classified as such. I appreciate that describing music is not an easy thing to do or I'd try it more. However, descriptions should give the reader an idea of what the music is like. Belittling the composer does not accomplish this for me.

It seems there are a lot of readers under 30 years old, so being over 40 this is going to sound like one of those "when I was your age we used to walk to school five miles through three feet of snow" stories. We soundtrack collectors have become very spoiled. 20 years ago there were not many opportunities to read reviews or articles about composers, or communicate as we have become accustomed to. Acquiring film music was far more difficult both in the limited number of new releases and tracking down used albums. [See "History" article this ish!]

Elmer Bernstein's Film Music Society and the Max Steiner Society were rare opportunities to obtain film music not otherwise available. When Varese Sarabande came along it was one of the most exciting events. Japanese reissues started to become available but at around \$20 for records (and this in the late '70s).

Star Wars is commonly used as a starting point in the resurgence of symphonic film music. The older collectors had already obtained the RCA Classic Film Scores series by Charles Gerhardt. *Star Wars* generated interest for younger listeners and more producers and directors began using orchestral scores.

The introduction of CDs a decade ago allowed record companies to reissue music from their vaults. Historically we have a glut of recorded film music.

From this perspective we have gone from being grateful that we could get an occasional gem reissued such as *Rain-tree County* or a new recording of a classic like *The Best Years of Our Lives*, to John Barry (or Jerry Goldsmith or whoever) has another ho-hum soundtrack out that shows how much talent this guy has lost. We complain about the lack of eight page booklets when we used to be grateful just to get the music. There are complaints about themed collections because the original music was or sounded better.

How many readers remember being glad to find an album by LeRoy Holmes to get a recording of *100 Rifles* by Goldsmith? (I have an album by Sammy Kaye just for a recording of *The Rare Breed* by John Williams.)

I'm not suggesting it's wrong to complain, I do it myself. I do think we can complain in a more positive manner and be more appreciative of what is provided. Some people seem to believe that they are "entitled" to whatever release they desire. Fox has no more obligation to release *The Other* than Kellogg's has to produce Corn Flakes. Both are in business to make money.

I didn't mean to stay on the soapbox so long but I appreciate the opportunity to express my opinion and stimulate some thoughts about how we express our criticism, and to remember that we haven't always had the abundance of film music so readily available.

David McKissick
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...So far I've been reluctant to respond to any of the ongoing debates, but I will offer this re: Williams and Goldsmith...

John and Jerry are my favorites, and I don't care why. I will not "defend" my enjoyment of their music, and will not argue for, or against, their talents. As living artists, they are *creating*. Their work is liked by some, worshipped unconditionally by others, criticized and analyzed by a discerning few, and completely overlooked by millions. Great. So what? Any artist is as prone to mediocrity as to inspiration, whether they're a composer, a writer, a painter or a puppeteer. We all have ups and downs, working at our crafts, toiling to bring something into the world that didn't exist before. That the "muse" is being tapped at all, and expressed through sculpture, prose, film music or whatever, is a subtle miracle anyway. Have your own trip. Like what you want. On scores I say: "Listen and let listen!"

John Williams has achieved such celebrity, even in the mainstream (you know, household name and all that),

because he creates accessible music that listeners can relate to. The music works. What the hell is "an" anyway, unless it's something that speaks to the masses?

Jerry Goldsmith is still working in Hollywood, even after so many of the films he has scored have been box-office disappointments (almost without fail, have you noticed?), because he is a reliable craftsman and probably a lot of fun to work with.

They're both gifted if you ask me. I say we give them a break and let them do their jobs. It's not our business to have expectations of them. Then again...

I recently saw *Amadeus* on video. Am I alone in thinking that John Williams and Jerry Goldsmith are spinning out a true, modern day Mozart/Salieri sort of thing, where Williams is achieving renown and coming up with tunes that "live" in our memories, while Goldsmith, though hard-working and respected by followers, is pretty much still unrecognized by the general public?

That's all. Thanks. I'm looking forward to your liner notes for the new expanded *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, Lukas. I do get a kick out of your writing....

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...I was disappointed to read your comments about "bootlegs" in #57. Please don't stop listing them as you are my only source for this information. I have read opinions on the ethics of bootleg CDs and I guess I can follow the intellectual arguments and even the hoary old chestnut that claims that a bootleg release with prohibit a kosher release later, sometime, never, but my heart remains unconvinced.

Courtesy of Tsunami, I now have CDs of music that I greatly admire and have desired since I first saw the eponymous movie which in some cases was a very long time ago. Examples are *The Sand Pebbles*, *Patton*, *A Patch of Blue* and *Land of the Pharaohs*. I am 54 and resent being told to wait until some "reputable" SOB's eventually get their act together to produce a legal version. For example, I have waited 40 years for *Land of the Pharaohs*.

There may be some "bootleg" CDs that have grossly inferior sound but so do some legal ones like *Inchon* and *55 Days of Peking*. I basically don't care and am prepared to tolerate that to listen to music I really care about. If someone gets around to producing a legal version then I would buy that also. I wish I had been able to get the bootleg of *Blade Runner* as I am not altogether pleased with the legit version with speech included on



some tracks. If Tsunami can get their hands on sources for *White Fang* (for example) I will gladly buy it.

It was much more helpful to be able to read in FSM about Tsunami's plans to release their CDs. I found the sound quality on the examples mentioned above quite acceptable. I have *Sand Pebbles* and *Patton* on vinyl but found it difficult to listen to them because of the typical snap, crackle and pop—what a stone-age medium—so I am very glad to have the music relatively noise-free! I cannot buy bootleg CDs in this deprived country but I was able to get all of them from Tarantula in Germany and I am delighted with their service.

Please reconsider your decision to stop telling your readers about bootlegs. I hope you have not also decided to prohibit reviews of these items. Perhaps you are thinking of becoming a censor when you graduate? (just joking)

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Fortunately, German copyright law has changed so as to deny Tsunami the legal loophole they were using to boot pre-1970 scores on CD. They are effectively out of business, but I stick by my condemnation of their lot and will not publicize any bootleg albums that pop up in the future. A CD only costs some \$3 to make; if Tsunami was wholesaling their discs at \$8 (or whatever the German equivalent is), sold 1000 copies of each album, and did 50 albums, they made around a quarter of a million dollars off of people like you who just want a CD of Patton, no matter where it came from or how bad it sounds. Tarantula also probably made as much. That makes me furious, to think of them stealing that kind of money from the composers, copyright holders and legitimate labels.

Let's say there's a well-off car company and they have a car you want, but they won't sell it to you. It's a drag, but that's their right. You wouldn't go and steal it, mostly because you don't have the means. But let's say someone who knows there is a market for it goes and steals it (banging it up in the process), and then sells it to you at an outrageous profit. Would you really be so elated to own this beat-up, stolen car? That's what bootlegging does, and one would hope that after blowing money on 20 to 30 stolen cars soundtrack collectors would realize the error of their ways. (Also, you can bet that that car company which sees its customers driving around in stolen, inferior versions of its cars is sure not going to be interested in selling the real thing to those people. If there never is a real, high quality CD of Patton, it serves collectors right.)

...I was most intrigued to read in the liner notes for Sony Legacy's reissue of *The Blue Max* CD that "...Goldsmith chose to work with the National Philharmonic Orchestra, led by Sidney Sax."

Mr. Goldsmith must have had foresight indeed back in 1966, because the National Philharmonic Orchestra (which is in reality a "pick-up" orchestra utilizing players from the other great London-based orchestras) didn't exactly exist back then, and in fact was not registered as a titled orchestra until 1971.

In addition, the leader (or "concertmaster") of the original *Blue Max* sessions orchestra was the late David McCallum who performed the intricate violin solos in the love theme with considerable dexterity. He also happened to be the father of the actor who played Ilya Kuryakin in *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*

James MacMillan
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...I'd like to venture a few opinions about the new *Pocahontas* soundtrack. Overall it is quite good—a natural evolution of the Ashman-Menken style of the past six years. While somewhat not as good as *Aladdin* or *The Lion King*, the score has its moments. The incorporation of Native American melodies and rhythms is to Menken's credit, and proves (as if he already didn't) that he can work with a wide variety of material. As the closing number builds, Native American melodies meld with familiar closing Western crescendos and create something almost totally new.

"Mine, Mine, Mine" and "Steady as the Beating Drum" are two of the best pieces. The first, with David Ogden Stiers, is an impressive and charismatic piece as Stiers hams it up as the movie's lead villain. Mel Gibson also performs and proves that his voice, at the very least, can get the job done. "Steady as the Beating Drum" is on the same function as "Belle" and "One Jump Ahead" as it helps introduce the characters and setting to the viewers.

"If I Never Knew You" is included in the pop ballad section, along with Vanessa Williams's version of "The Colors of the Wind." It's a pity "If I Never Knew You" couldn't be included in the regular score; it is a pretty ballad, and adds an emotional import to the characters of Pocahontas and John Smith.

Since *Aladdin*, Menken has changed partners. Tim Rice is now replaced by Stephen Schwartz doing the lyrics. One wonders how well Rice and Menken got along since Menken changed collaborators so quickly. Still, as good as it is, it doesn't measure up to its predecessors.

What it's lacking isn't exactly clear. Maybe it's the fact that *Pocahontas* takes itself a bit more seriously than previous Disney films, as it tackles more adult themes and issues.

Next up, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, with Meatloaf in the starring role.

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Darn it, I forget to get my collector's set of *Pocahontas* Burger King mugs.

...How come only Disney™&® animated movies win Best Score Oscars? While Hans Zimmer's *Lion King* was deserving, Alan Menken's *Little Mermaid*, *Beauty and the Beast* and *Aladdin* scores were serviceable at best, providing mere background filler between the big Broadway numbers. Due to lack of songs, Bruce Broughton's delightful *Rescuers Down Under* score was passed over, and Danny Elfman's wonderful score and songs to *The Nightmare Before Christmas* was omitted due to Disney's releasing the film under their more adult Touchstone Pictures label. And what about non-Disney fare? Great passed-over animated film scores include *Watership Down* (Angela Morley), *The Secret of NIMH* (Jerry Goldsmith), *Ferngully* (Alan Silvestri) and anything by James Horner (*An American Tail*, *The Land Before Time*, *The Pagemaster*, etc.). Of course, next year's Best Score statuette will join the other six on Menken's mantelpiece for *Pocahontas*.

I must agree with Gary Kester's comments about the Jerry Goldsmith/synth debate (#57). Goldsmith's use of electronics has been unfairly attacked by many FSM readers. He's used them to shimmeringly beautiful effect into two of my favorites, *Legend* and *Lionheart*. He's used them to create pulsing, propulsive suspense scores (*Leviathan*, *Total Recall*), and goony, amusing comedy scores (*Mr. Baseball*, *Gremlins 2*). Please stop slamming Jerry's synths just because they're there.

Regarding the new CD price guide: it occurs to me that people only want these rare CDs so they can then turn around and charge \$100+ to another collector. They obviously don't want the music. I recently acquired two of these "hot" soundtracks, *The Witches of Eastwick* and *Under Fire*, on cassette and love them both. If I tried to sell these, however, I wouldn't get more than \$20 for either. Pretty sad, huh?

Regarding John Walsh's rather venomous remarks about John Williams: True, Williams has made his mark scoring the gaudily enjoyable, bigger-than-life fantasies of Lucas and Spielberg. Also true, he has an eerie sixth sense for

selecting films that became immense box-office blockbusters that influence Hollywood for years afterward (*Star Wars* begot *Krull*, *Home Alone* begot *Dennis the Menace*, *Jurassic Park* begot *Congo*, etc.). Walsh blasts Williams for his repetitiveness in selecting movie projects and his musical style. While he may lean toward big special effects bonanzas, he has also provided wonderfully diverse scores for slapstick comedies (*Home Alone*), sweeping historical dramas (*Schindler's List*), and quiet courtroom thrillers (*Presumed Innocent*). John Williams has contributed more to the public awareness of film music than any other composer. His continued popularity almost 20 years after he hit "the big time" with *Star Wars* is well deserved due to his immense musical talents and his brilliant use of the Boston Pops to showcase his material. When *Sabrina* and *Nixon* hit music stores, I'll be eagerly waiting to experience them on my tape deck. Thank you John, for your wonderful music.

Lastly, a word of advice to Varèse. Please stop putting out these awful compilation discs (*Sax & Violence*, etc.). This is why they can only afford half-hour CDs?

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...Tell Mr. Brown [#58] I would have jumped up and yelled out, "King's Row by Korggold!" Oh yes, I wasn't even born when *King's Row* was released.

P.S. Taking points #1 and 2 from Mr. Brown's presentation seriously means that fans of Steiner, Tiomkin, etc. need not hang their heads when told to go stand in a corner while we discuss Prokofiev or Herrmann. And give Mr. Haupt a pat on the back for me ("When Things Changed," June '95).

A.J. Lehe
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...While I appreciate the comments made by John Walsh in FSM #58, what exactly is he trying to say?

I thought it was a fact that composers were influenced just like most other artists. What do we have to face about it? Isn't what he refers to as a "continuation" of Williams, a "residue" from Goldsmith or Barry's scores being "interchangeable" commonly called a style, a major factor in deciding whether or not we like a composer's music and something without which it would be unrecognizable? Why would Williams or Goldsmith need to grow? Haven't they achieved enough in their 30+ years of composing for film.

So Mr. Walsh, if you could choose an adjective other than "sucked," then



maybe I could appreciate your dismissal of scores like *Supergirl*, *King Solomon's Mines* and *Forever Young*, or understand what makes *The Black Hole* and *Dances with Wolves* so "depressing."

If it has become fashionable to bag anything new by Goldsmith regardless of the result then that's a *better* reason to "Wander through life without understanding why," but I'll still enjoy *River Wild* and *Congo*, which is another good score, and I don't think I or anyone else will care if Mr. Walsh finds that "oddly blissful" or not.

P.S. Thanks to Jeff Bond and his letter that I think speaks for all of us out there who just simply like Goldsmith's music.

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...Regarding #58: Royal Brown is awesome. I can't tell you how many times I've read his column while standing in the record store—I mean, after purchasing every issue of *Fanfare*—and been amazed at the things he's picked out of scores, such as the use of the fandango form in the climax of *The River Wild*. I may not always agree with him or the late, great Page Cook, but their writings have such knowledge and taste.

John S. Walsh
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...I find Royal S. Brown's contention that John Williams's *Star Wars* score set back the cause of genuine interest in film music ironic in the extreme (#58). How many of your subscribers were initially turned on to film music by that mega-selling album? It sparked my own 20-year appreciation for earlier film composers such as Herrmann, Waxman, Korngold, et al. Williams is directly, as well as indirectly, responsible for my education in the history of the field. He pays homage to his predecessors at every opportunity, citing their influence on his work in interviews and championing their classic scores in concert. It's true I'd presently fail to identify Korngold's music for *King's Row*... but that will soon change thanks to Williams and *Star Wars* having inevitably brought me around to the excellent book and articles of Royal S. Brown, and to *Film Score Monthly*.

As for John Walsh, he's just full of shit.

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I, too, was brought "into the fold" by *Star Wars*, but I interpreted Royal's argument as a belief that for every person like yourself, for whom *Star Wars* was a

point of departure, there are dozens of casual fans for whom it is an end unto itself. They don't go back and listen to Korngold's adventure music because *Star Wars*. Superman and Jurassic Park, which consciously evoke that style, are perfectly fine substitutes. In this respect *Star Wars* is detrimental in that it's a second generation substitute for an old-fashioned romantic score (albeit a great one—they don't come any better) that has only discouraged interest in the real thing (although the alternative is probably no interest at all).

I also suspect that Royal was critical of *Star Wars* stunting film music's growth in other, non-symphonic areas. *Star Wars* has definitely inspired third and fourth generation knock-offs on films where more modern, non-symphonic music might be more appropriate. It was supposed to be just a one-shot homage for a children's film—it's become a standard, instead. For most soundtrack collectors, *Star Wars* is an ideal and anything like it, past or present, is good, but if you view that style as passé, as I suspect Royal does, you can see how its widespread popularity could be viewed as detrimental.

About John Walsh's letter last issue, I can appreciate the desire to rebuke a controversial argument with a single, terse, damning phrase, but please don't.

...I write this letter because I disagree with two persons; first with Royal Brown when he says that John Williams set back the cause of genuine interest in film music. My friends who like film music (and probably hundreds, even thousands of other people) and I have all gotten interested in this art form mainly because of Mr. Williams's rousing scores (especially the *Star Wars* Trilogy). Getting that many people interested in this otherwise not-so-hugely-popular art form should not be considered a set back. Mr. Brown seems to think that "genuine" interest in film music concerns the scores of Korngold, Herrmann and other Golden Age composers, but not today's composers. I don't see why.

Mr. Brown certainly has an emotional connection with those movies and their music, and that's understandable. But I personally don't think that *Star Wars* is more overblown than a Korngold swashbuckling score. Anyway, I'd like Mr. Brown to explain his ideas on this matter with more details.

Secondly, I disagree with Mr. Walsh. Diversity does not make for superiority. Mr. Williams doesn't do many "not-big-romantic-sci-fi-fantasy" scores because he's not often asked to, but when he has, he has written wonderful things. Being "specialized" in one genre does not diminish the genius of a composer. Puccini

wrote mainly operas, not symphonies or concertos, but that doesn't lessen his stature and importance. And if you want to talk about diversity, I can push the argument a little further: John Williams has written symphonies and concertos (cello for Yo Yo Ma, bassoon for the New York Philharmonic and Kurt Masur, trumpet for the Cleveland Orchestra, etc.) and many concert pieces for almost all the major American orchestras (with more to come in the future). You'll probably tell me that this doesn't make him superior, and you'd be right, but you are the one who brought up the diversity thing. As for the "borrowing" thing, the main problem is not with borrowing but what you do with the material. John may have "borrowed" for *Schindler's List* but he made something unique with it as with all his scores. Gustav Mahler used the "Frere Jacques" theme in his first symphony, but he made it an integral part of his work, of its uniqueness. All the works of John Williams are inspired by many things but the sum total is purely John Williams. Jerry Goldsmith has borrowed a lot himself. In *Total Recall*, there's a lot of Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra (especially in the action scenes), but in his case also the totality of the work is signed Jerry Goldsmith and truly sounds like it.

You were right, Lukas, when you said that John Williams is absolutely not the composer most deserving of being bashed.

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...My first Goldsmith score was *Total Recall*, which I bought because I had seen the film and remembered two pieces of music: the main title and the scene where Cohagen shuts off the air and the ventilator fans stop whirling. Now, three years later, I have 23 Goldsmith CDs, more than any other composer in my collection. He is my favorite. However, the only albums of his that I can sit through from beginning to end are *Total Recall*, *Damien*, *Omen II* and *Lionheart*. My favorite cue of all time is by Basil Poledouris, and my favorite album is by James Horner—so how, then, can Goldsmith be my favorite? Due to his style of approaching a score ("Thematically there must be something that ties the score together"—something he once said) most of his scores are monothematic and comprise multitudinous cues that are simply varied treatments of the same material. This proves Goldsmith's skills as a composer, but it often makes for a dull listen. However, for every album I have by him there are one or two cues that are riveting, stunning, and just plain awesome treatments of that score's theme. If you take the sum total

of Goldsmith's best cues over his career, what you get is better than any other film composer's. You just have to keep in mind that his lows are just as low as his highs are high. (And listen up, Amin Matalqa: Goldsmith's highs are a hell of a lot higher than Wyatt Earp. I don't have anything against *Earp* or Howard, but let's be realistic here.)

Why do I like soundtracks? Before I can answer that, I have to point something out that most people seem to have overlooked. Classical music was, to the people of the 16th through the 19th centuries, the same thing that pop/rock/rap swill is to people of the late 20th century. Modern songwriters and classical composers both had the same goal in mind before committing a single note to paper: to cater to the masses. As a result, I find most classical to be just as emotionally empty and annoying as Collective Soul, Mariah Carey, Ice Cube, and whatever other garbage gets treated like music these days. So, to get back to the original question: If I hate popular, and I hate classical, but I still love the orchestra, then I really have only one option left: soundtracks. (I also loathe jazz, but that's another issue entirely.)

Another reason I like film music is because it makes my life a little more exciting, a little more cinematic. Nothing compares to the feeling of driving 80 mph on the winding back roads of Connecticut with "Hot Water" from *Outland* blasting. ("Futile Escape" from *Aliens* is also good.) The next time you're frantically searching for your car keys, put "The Ring" from *Sleeping with the Enemy* on repeat. The next time you log onto the Internet, give "Too Many Secrets" from *Sneakers* a whirl. And if you try really hard, you can probably think of an instance or two where *Basic Instinct* or *Body Heat* would be appropriate listening material.

About Horner: I'm getting tired of it, because the argument itself is dead. There are two points that everybody keeps making, and they keep making those points because at first glance they seem to be opposites. These are: 1) Horner is in a creative rut, and the originality of his present works compared to his previous ones is sorely lacking, and 2) it doesn't matter, because Horner is a film composer, so as long as his music serves its function in the film then originality is not an issue. The fact is, both of these points are right. Horner is in a creative rut; however, since there is no mandate saying that all film music has to be original, it doesn't matter. This doesn't change my attitude towards Horner's soundtrack albums, however. Most of them still suck.

A response to Steven Lloyd's overlong letter about *The Shadow*: To call for

album reviews to take the accompanying film into consideration is foolish. You can't compare an evaluation of music as it appears in the film with an evaluation of music as it appears on an album, because there is a lot more music in a film than there is on its album. The film and the album are two different bodies of music. To evaluate an album based on how its music works in a film is doing a half-assed job of album reviewing and film analysis. If you do it that way, you're not helping the film enthusiast (since most of the cues included in your analysis won't be on the album), and you're not helping the potential buyer (since you're entirely ignoring how the score works separated from the film). So I think Mr. Lloyd's approach can do nothing but harm soundtrack reviews.

An aside to Stéphane Michaud: I'm a "teenage collector," and John Barry has never done anything for me besides slow down my metabolism. His "clear textures" have a way of sucking the vitality right out of me. And I won't stop down-playing *Legend*. Nobody would even care about *Legend* if: 1) Jay Sheinberg hadn't tossed it, and 2) Goldsmith hadn't kept telling everybody it was his favorite. If he'd told everybody that *Angie* was his favorite, Lukas would be receiving mail with inanities like "Will you stop down-playing *Angie*? Its heartfelt accordion and pulsing electric bass, seething with raw power, are the Eighth Wonder of the World!"

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In reverse order: *Legend* did get a popularity boost due to its being discarded for the U.S. release; *The Secret of Nimh* is similar if not better, yet it receives far less attention. However, *Legend* would still be popular if it stayed in the film and Goldsmith said he hated it, it's just that kind of a big fantasy score. Goldsmith has called *Islands in the Stream* and *The Russia House* his favorites at various times and that didn't seem to affect their popularity one way or another.

For anyone who thinks John Barry is slow and dull, listen to the early Bond scores like Goldfinger, among others, and then come back and say that.

Pop music and classical music are bad because they were written with popular consumption in mind, but film music isn't! Film scores are written in three weeks to fit a movie, not meant to be heard apart from it, probably plagiarizing the temp track, then dubbed down, edited, rewritten or tossed entirely due to the opinions of teenagers at a free Pasadena test-screening, and that's not music written for popular consumption? I am baffled by the way film music fans dismiss classical music because they think it's a "boring cello wandering around for an hour," as someone put it on the Internet last year. Even at its most dumbed-down level, concert music is always written to be internally consistent and stand on its own—and classical composers of the past didn't have to contend with recordings and radio. Having a gigantic record industry is what has made music cater to the masses; it has become commerce, not art, whereas in the 16th to 19th centuries it still had various social functions in addition to being art, but was not nearly as co-opted by the tastes of teenagers with leisure money. If modern composers like Schoenberg, Bartók, Stravinsky, Debussy and Shostakovich were catering to the masses, it didn't show. You might even say the refusal of modern 20th century

music to cater to popular tastes helped to create the huge gulf between it and largely tonal pop music which record companies make millions selling. Is film music really the bridge between that gulf—accessible, popular orchestral music? Or is Yanni, when he plays dumb new age music with 65 strings? In any case, look for an article soon by Paul MacLean about good classical music which film music fans should enjoy.

...I'm not sure whether the emphasis in FSM lies on film or music, but the connection between these two independent art forms isn't clear.

In FSM, there's a lot of important information, but mainly for those people who are interested in a special kind of music. Most of the Mail Bag discussions are concerned with the quality of sounds, orchestras, productions, composers, etc.; only a few are talking about emotions or special effects which film music is able to create for cinemagoers. In my experience people are amazed at the enormous support film music is able to give, if they want to remember big emotional moments on the screen. If you ask them about the quality of music, most people say "I don't remember any music." But if you play some tracks and talk about the scene which belongs to them often there's a big sparkle in their eyes. We are dealing with very important criteria by which to come to a conclusion about the quality of film music—not the sparkle but the function of music and the way it works or doesn't.

For the most part it means that "good" films—films which provoke our intelligence through an extraordinary emotional experience—have and will have good music; it makes no difference whether they use scores, songs or any other kind of musical expression, inclusive of that kind of stuff which wasn't created especially for films. Sure, there are many examples where the individual musical notes are better than the pictures and vice versa—but it is much more difficult to communicate about this "crappy" stuff. If you don't only want to count dollars, the point of making films, composing music, publishing FSM or doing radio shows is to communicate with people as much as possible, isn't it?!

I don't understand the excitement about sound quality or illegal labels and editions in FSM. It seems to be like the fear of losing a game: the game about the improvement of soundtrack LPs and CDs. The more people get interested in film music the more it will be useful for all of us. Bootlegs or other dubious editions won't disturb new important releases, if there are possibilities for market expansion. But there won't be new prospects if there's just a congregation of fans who want to stay amongst themselves. I don't want to pay a high price for the latest "limited edition" which will be reissued and sold much more cheaply if there's a big increase in the demand for it. So I'm going to do all I can to interest people in film music, to help create that new market; FSM seems to do the same though it sometimes does what Romans do in Rome.

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If the above seems at all incoherent it's because it's excerpted from a longer letter. Bodo has been promoting film music through his Filmkitt radio show, see news section for details; I agree with him on the need for more discussions between film and music relationships.

...In response to Mr. Goulet's letter in the Around June Film Score Monthly...

I did list the wrong date for the release of *One-Eyed Jacks*... sorry, I hope that didn't cause a lot of discomfort in your life [53/54]. I also partially agree with Mr. Goulet's theory that composer "Hugo Friedhofer's vast experience as an orchestrator contributed mostly to his own style as a composer." I did not mention this because it is a "personal observation based on the ears of the individual" and also a rather obvious one. I strongly feel that there is a clean sense of melody within the music of Friedhofer. Melody does not (at least in my Chicago mind) exist devoid of dissonance. Dissonance is another tool of melody. A melody can have notes that play against each other in a hard way (like the notes B-flat and B). If these notes form a common melody or rhythmic part of the sequence of tones, they are also dissonant-melodic. Jerry Goldsmith makes use of this in films like *Planet of the Apes* and most recently in *The Shadow*. The dissonance within *One-Eyed Jacks* is very subtle. Mr. Goulet should check out the music of Bela Bartók or Arnold Schoenberg if he is into some hard anti-radio true modern stuff. Most film music does not stray into the realm of "modern dissonance" unless the leading lady or man is about to be torn apart and spattered into the harmonic heavens.

Also, I do not have an original copy of the album, so it might sound warmer, etc. than the Tsunami "rip off version." It was one of their better rips. Perhaps we can trade a cassette or two. Also, as a composer-pianist-writer and film fan I have "fun" with the review and appreciation of film music. Let's all have "fun" and not turn into a group of quasi-intellectual-emotionless fact-ridden morons.

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...Are there any Herbert Stothart fans out there? It seems that all film music aficionados would owe this man a great deal. If it hadn't been for his Oscar-winning score to an annual television event entitled *The Wizard of Oz*, baby boomer soundtrack collectors might never have come to love film music as we do.

I do not refer to the Harburg-Arlen score which stands as a masterpiece in its own right. Instead, Stothart's score itself gives this film the warmth, wonder and charm that people feel no matter how many times they've seen it.

Consider some of the competition for Best Original Score in 1939. There was Aaron Copland for *Of Mice and Men*, Alfred Newman for *Wuthering Heights*, and of course Max Steiner for *Gone with the Wind*, plus a host of others. Stothart won the Oscar over all of these. Yes, we can debate how "original" Stothart's score was. He uses the Harburg-Arlen numbers extensively in the background music, and borrows liberally from the masters: Schumann's "Happy Farmer" is used in the Kansas sequences; the Mendelssohn "Scherzo in E minor" is heard with Toto's escape from the witch's castle. Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" was played during Dorothy's rescue, and "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" and "Reuben and Rachel" were heard during the apple orchard and cyclone scenes.

In winning the Oscar he was saluted for his overall supervision of the underscoring and adaptation of the Arlen-Harburg

songs. Still he did give us the "Miss Gulch/Wicked Witch of the West" theme that made us cringe whenever Margaret Hamilton appeared. In recent years the theme was used to great comedic effect on episodes of *The Wonder Years* and *Murphy Brown*.

Stothart went on to score some other "crown jewel" films at MGM: *Mrs. Miniver* in 1942, *National Velvet* in 1944 (notice his use of "Greensleeves") and *The Yearling* in 1946 (where he borrowed so liberally from Delius that he gave him screen credit). Watching these films and hearing these scores is almost a religious experience!

So, Herbert Stothart, though much neglected in film music history, we salute you for launching many of us on a lifelong love affair with film music. Are there any other Stothart fans out there? Also, whatever happened to him? He seems to disappear after 1947.

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Stothart died February 1, 1949. He was 63. His last film was *Big Jack* for MGM.

...Everybody... take a valium! It seems you can't make a subjective statement anymore without the P.C. parade crawling up your ass to do inventory. All right, I did make a factual error concerning the director of *Alien Nation*. My apologies to Nick Castle for slighting his reputation through association. Mr. Merluzzi, on the other hand, can keep the merit points and tuck them under his pillow, or anywhere else he finds comfortable for safe keeping, because I'm not interested in keeping score.

I am, however, observant of the many soundtrack listeners who, more often than not, either deliberately or inadvertently create a false dynamic, e.g.: who's better, Williams or Goldsmith, and then proceed to defend ad nauseam their respective virtues (as if either one could give a damn what you or I have to opine about), or they advance mystical gleanings of creativity because they write for this or that fanzine, and then proceed to belittle others like myself who simply profess that Mr. Goldsmith has contributed more to the art of film music through his repertory than has Williams. Call it simplistic, call it anything you damn well please, but critical analysis will bear me out on this.

Therefore, allow me to reiterate: just because Williams revived, and made popular the Neo-Romantic style in the late '70s does not make him a de facto genius, nor render his product a revelation of that genius. He just happened to be working on the right film with the right director at the right time to capture the unprecedented attention that he did. *Jaws* is an effective film score, but hardly ground-breaking. And *Star Wars* was, after all, simply a glorious homage to both his and George Lucas's predecessors. But the films made him famous, not his music (and please, don't mistake, as so many probably will, that this comment is intended as a slight of his music), because, if it were the reverse, and quality actually spoke for itself, then Jerry Goldsmith would be a household name; did *Jane Eyre* or *The Cowboys* make John Williams famous?

Perhaps I was too flippant in my earlier letter, but I did not intend to suggest that Williams was without talent; rather, that his continued association with Steven Spielberg, a populist filmmaker, has transformed him into a one-note compo-

ser. Hence, the artistic malaise: for the past 15 years Williams has been confined to producing "product," not music. I don't personally blame him for this; after all, the mainstay of Hollywood since blockbuster mania took hold (see *Jaws* and *Star Wars*) has been a tedious reliance on the tried and tested (temp-tracks, anyone?)—hardly a welcome environment for innovation (which, by the way, makes Elliot Goldenthal's arrival on the scene all the more surprising).

Unfortunately, Hollywood would not make the same film over and over if there were not an audience out there prepared to pay and see it. Similarly, a good many of the soundtrack collectors who have bought into the hype-makes-right ideology are easily given to bandy about exhortations like "classic" and "masterpiece" when describing pabulum such as *Jurassic Park* because, out of their own bias, they deny themselves the opportunity to develop a more sophisticated ear to make critical comparisons. But, if you are a listener who gets off on just that, well, good for you, but don't presume, or imply my need for education, when, having heard a number of Williams concert works, I am no more impressed by yet another tepid impression of Americana (of which there seems an infinite appetite, and yes, a deliberate slight) than I am by a shallow, knee-jerk composition like *Schindler's List*.

While it may not seem the case, I do not consider my opinions superior to another's; however, I do think, and I have no hesitation stating so, that my opinions are guided by a more discerning "taste" (yes, another subjective no-no) than the masses (or, Mr. Merluzeau, specifically), because while I may be guilty of enjoying "popcorn," I can also smell a pedigree consisting of B scores for B movies for what it is: just a pedigree consisting of B scores for B movies. And if you can't tell the difference, keep your philistine opinions to yourself.

Anyway, I could have better explained myself in the beginning, but now that I see Mr. Kendall is publishing novels in the Letters to the Editor, I need not feel so guilty writing more than three paragraphs. (Yes, Lukas, it's all your fault... if it wasn't for you I would have been a productive citizen of society, and not a malevolent soundtrack collector with a *Supergirl* complex.)

But really boys and girls, I personally don't give two shits if you hate everything Goldsmith ever wrote, just accord the man due credit for having elevated the art/craft of film music in the '60s, '70s and '80s from the purgatory of commercialized schmaltz, to create a legacy of works that I firmly believe will go unrivaled in our lifetimes.

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And now on today's movies, Goldsmith and everybody else is carrying it back again! But seriously, these people don't work any less hard on a popular film. You have to separate judging the skill of a composer from judging the artistic worth of his output on various projects. Let's simplify, for the sake of me not getting long annoying letters which miss the point, Mr. Reid's argument, which I interpret as this: even if John Williams is a brilliant musician (which he is), and even if he wrote the best score possible for a film like *Jurassic Park* (which he probably did), and even if it and the film are enjoyable and well done (which they sort of are), it's still not that significant

a contribution to film music because it is a popular film primarily for children.

I welcome dissenting points of view but I ask that they please actually address Mr. Reid's arguments. The things most frequently (and stupidly) debated—the talent and skill of composers like John Williams and Jerry Goldsmith—are the only things which should be taken for granted. After 40 years in the industry, these people can write anything in any way and their capabilities are immeasurable. It is instead the circumstances they are put under which determine the popular and aesthetic merits of their output. It is those qualities which should be discussed, and as the poor sap typing all this, I beg letter-writers please not to resort to the usual non sequiturs. These are debates we're having; if you want to convince people of your point of view, you have to answer the questions. Don't be Michael Dukakis when asked what he would do if Kitty Dukakis was raped—it cost him the election, but it just makes all of us look like real losers.

P.S. To Mr. Reid's credit, he used the word "pabulum" in his letter. To his discredit, he initially spelled it wrong. To my discredit, I did not catch it until I ran a spell-check.

...I think "why we listen to film music" is an interesting question. Obviously much of it stems out of our being movie lovers (which I assume we all are). On a purely superficial level, soundtrack albums are a way of reliving a favorite film, but there's more to it than that. Were there not, home video would have killed off the soundtrack business some time ago. Few people get to the concert hall regularly, and movies are among the few places left where large numbers of people are exposed to good music in our MTV-smothered society.

However, a more pertinent question might be "why is listening to film music necessarily weird?" I am irked when people say to me, "How can you listen to that? It's background music." Much of this "subliminal background music" is far more complex and well-developed than the cacophonous, repetitive pop and rock music which pervades our society these days. Still, some people can't get past the inherent "weirdness" of listening to soundtracks, or that there can be anything good about the music from trashy movies like *The Swarm* or *Krull* (some friends have even gone so far as to chastise me for listening to "fascist" music like *Rambo* and *Red Dawn*!).

I admit my collection is mostly film music, and because of this I have been more than once charged with being narrow. Yet my soundtracks feature a broad spectrum of styles and performers—Izhak Perlman, James Galway, John Williams (the guitar one), Branford Marsalis, Pat Metheny, Incantation, The Chieftains, Shirley Bassey and Duran Duran. That's pretty inclusive, and I would say far more well-rounded than the collections of most "normal" people, with their top-40 albums and maybe the odd budget classical CD.

There is no reason one cannot enjoy scores from films one has never seen. If the music grabs you, that's all that matters. Bernstein's *Heavy Metal* has been a favorite since the day I bought it ten years ago, although I only first saw the film last year. Certainly seeing the film enlightened me to the score's dramatic strengths, but the record is neither more or less enjoyable as a result. While listening to film music away from the film may seem totally absurd to some people,

it is so different from listening to *The Rite of Spring* or *Daphnis et Chloe* without seeing the dancers? Bach composed his masses to be part of church worship, while Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is "incidental music" written to accompany a performance of the play—essentially the same as a film score. Nobody thinks it weird to listen to any of these works divorced from their intended venues. What makes film music any different? St. Louis Symphony conductor Leonard Slatkin once expressed the opinion that the film scores of Jerry Goldsmith and certain other composers are more forward-looking and adventurous than much recent concert music.

Some films call for interesting music (adventures, fantasies, romances) and some for more functional music (thrillers and "talky" movies). Not every score can make it on its own, and inevitably some are going to make awkward recordings because of programmatic quirks, but provided it's a good composer, more often than not you can extract a good album from a score. And even if the soundtrack cues don't quite work, they can be re-arranged and re-recorded (like *Capricorn One* or *Jaws*).

In the end, while I do find the audio-visual synergy of music and picture to be fascinating, as a listener I don't make much if any distinction between "film music" and "real music." Good music is good music to me, regardless of genre. I think we needn't worry about our listening to film music being "weird" or "unhealthy." We are simply open-minded and able to accept a piece of music as worthy regardless of why it was written. We should congratulate ourselves on finding our own taste rather than being lemmings who let MTV and critics tell us what to like.

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...Your cover for #58 clearly reflects the "white honkey/black nigger" consciousness which is the American culture. But why does it have to be a masthead for a film music magazine? Are you trying to make a political statement, be racial, controversial or just plain dumb and unimaginative? I can't stand Bruce Willis (or is it "Witless"?), at the best of times, nor the rest of his macho-American superhero types (Stallone, Schwarzenegger, Van Damme, Seagal, et al)—they are all a frightful bunch of creatures who would be best relegated to Ceti Alpha V, along with those who write their spewable scripts and manufacture and promote their immoral and un-godly movies! Hence, for this writer, an utter detestation of #58 and its seeming tribute to the American "death-cult" global education propaganda machine!

Unfortunately, a lot of good scores are in these horrible films, which makes it hard to evaluate and appreciate the work of such talented composers as Michael Kamen. It's a shame that the mecca of culture and fashion on this planet, Hollywood, seems forever in the gutter with the filth and deplorable ideologies it's churning out (or more accurately regurgitating) in its so-called entertainment. Miklós Rózsa once said, "When great movies return—then so will the great scores to go with them!" As far as I can see, there's often great scores around—but great movies? They are few and far between. In these times of world conflict, religious hatred and racial bigotry, war, killing, millions dying for want of shelter and food—do we really need movies about similar subjects? When is

Hollywood going to put its "gun" in the holster and leave it there? You don't achieve world peace by making movies of its exact antithesis. Movies about "real people" are what we all cry out for—not gun-happy super-studs who are in reality no better than the so-called villains they antagonize. When Rózsa referred to "great movies" he didn't mean other *Ben-Hurs*, *El Cid* or *Ivanhoe*s, etc.—he was hoping and praying for films about peace and love, whether made on a shoestring budget or a multi-million dollar one. According to a recent Australian newspaper [pre-*Waterworld*] the most expensive film ever made is *True Lies* (\$170 million)—I hated this film! (It also carries anti-Semitic and anti-Islam sympathies!) All presented in widescreen and Dolby surround by the high priest of mayhem and violence in Hollywood: "Big Arnie." Big on what? Surely not acting ability? And where have you ever been confronted by a more inarticulate speaking voice? Jesus, the man can't even pronounce "the" properly—it always comes out as "da"! Here we have the perfect example of the rise of the "non-actor commodity" pushed down our throats. But just look at the magnificent scores that have come from his movies: *Total Recall*, the *Conans*, *True Lies*...

It's good to see someone finally giving "Oscar" a good going over. Rich Up-ton's two-part article (#53/54, #55/56) was illuminating—it strived to bring into the limelight how some accolades were not deserved, when others were totally overlooked. Surely *High Noon* winged it on its song; *Breakfast at Tiffany's* was the same story. The Academy voters obviously were so confused between song and score they simply covered their ineptitude by giving two Oscars to one thing. It's astounding that songs like "Hooray for Hollywood" and "That's Entertainment" weren't even nominated! Surely these are almost unofficial national anthems of Hollywood? It's clear that Hollywood can't write songs like it used to. Every year the nominations are stretched to include the most unlyrical and totally forgettable monstrosities! I always suspected that "I Just Called to Say I Loved You" was a foreign body inserted into *Woman in Red* and that trite non-creative garbage in *Top Gun* was an Oscar travesty. The Johnny Mercers, Henry Mancinis, Sammy Cahn's, Paul Francis Websters, etc. are long gone. These were the real genuine creators, who knew how to write a song with a lyric to match. Today, this art is almost nonexistent. I think that the Academy should drop the "Best Song" category—or re-name it "Best Song from a Disney Film" for the year (and do the same for the score category as well!).

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About last issue's cover, I just thought it was a funny photo. I will be sending Mr. Stevens my entire videotape collection of Michael Landon's Highway to Heaven for Hanukkah next year; may a miracle transfer it to PAL in time.

From the Editor Bag...

Wow! Never before has this column been so large or heated. This is great, because no where else does this kind of dialogue on film music take place, except possibly the Internet ("rec.music.movies") where it's interspersed with a

dozen queries as to the release date of the *Waterworld* CD. The Mail Bag this month, however, is out of control. There are too many overlapping arguments and the same handful of people are writing in too frequently. I do print almost every letter I receive; the only thing I am not running this month is Silva Screen's David Wishart's response to an angry condemnation of Silva's compilations a few months ago—this because Geoff Leonard responded with almost the exact same points last month.

Somebody kidded to me that I should print people's ages with their letters. If I did, they would find that some of the most vociferous contributors, and those most preoccupied with James Horner, are under 25 and possibly under 18. These are the people who think Jerry Goldsmith's career started with *Total Recall*, and hang on the every move of James Newton Howard. I don't have a problem with that, it's great that people are interested. I'm in this age group myself; I used to write letters to sci-fi magazines. Go look in old *Starlogs*; you'll find my rantings about how the new *Star Trek* movie wasn't as good as the last one, or that of course it was as good and how dare anyone say differently. When you're 17, into discussing stuff you care about, but only have a frame of reference of *Star Trek* movies, it's easy to write passionate but limited things.

Thus we have a letter column full of angry 17-year-olds defending their favorite (only) composers against the occasional older fan who does have a wider frame of reference. It's dangerous because ill-informed and hurtful things can be said. Pretty quickly people forget what the actual points were, and the only attitude remembered is that *Film Score Monthly* is attacking John Williams and Jerry Goldsmith. Readers get left with a bad taste in their mouth. I'm aware that people don't like to see their favorites attacked like that; it's disrespectful to the artists, and also to the readership.

A permanent solution is to end the letters column or heavily censor the opinions. This I will never do. A temporary solution is to ask people please to chill out and, for example, not submit more letters than I have issues to print. This would be nice, but nobody ever listens. (Please write shorter letters, too!) The solution I am now attempting is more long-reaching but in danger of being insulting and paternalistic. Nevertheless, here is

The Big Mac Corollary to The McDonald's Theory

The McDonald's Theory was originally revealed in these pages by agent Richard Kraft in FSM #36/37. His words:

"In the past, if you drove into a strange town, there were no McDonald's. This is pre-McDonald's. You had to eat at the local diner. And you could end up with the worst hamburger you ever had in all your life and throw-up the rest of the car trip. Or, you could discover the best out-of-the-way diner you're going to tell your friends about for the rest of your life. Now, you drive into a strange town, you want to go McDonald's, because you know *exactly* what the burger is going to taste like. There's no risk of a bad experience, but there's also no reward of a new discovery. And we now have an entire generation, what they most want is a familiar experience."

Hence, the way movies today package and re-package the same things. The Big Mac Corollary has to do with film music, and why it's so difficult to criticize a score. What is the most frequent, all-en-

compassing excuse for an unambitious, uninteresting, even *bad* film score?

"It works."

That has been used to justify any soundtrack, no matter how dull. And it's true, there is a tendency of a certain kind of mood-oriented, not-too-anything music to work in a film, no matter what the film is, or how much better a different, more ambitious score might have been.

If you eat two Big Macs, or eat the greatest gourmet meal in the world, the result will still be the same: you'll be full. Each will have "worked." However, few will defend the aesthetic merits of a Big Mac against a gourmet meal specifically prepared by an expert chef. McDonald's is in the business of selling Big Macs to make money, but that gourmet chef is interested in providing an exquisite, unique dining experience.

Because movies today are the equivalents of Big Macs—although they must masquerade as gourmet meals—it's hypocritical to think that many film scores today aren't Big Macs, too. Sure, there is a certain amount of skill and competency that goes into making a successful Big Mac, and it's interesting to look at how people manage to crank them out under enormous time pressures. It's also unfair to say that all current film scores have the uniformity of Big Macs. I guess there are Whoppers and square Wendy's things too, and we can admire how people can come up with the appropriate item of fast food for every situation.

However, there is an entire generation of film music fans who have never known anything but Big Macs. They enjoy their Big Macs and are very defensive of them against more experienced diners who tend to regard Big Macs more for what they are. They also start to come to the realization that there is more to life than Big Macs, except their only answer for the time being is to say that McDonald's was making better Big Macs last year—what happened?

I was having a conversation recently with someone into Horner, Howard and Goldsmith, and it occurred to me that this person has never heard a single note by Herrmann, Morricone, Rózsa, et al. He knew the names, but has never actually heard the music. This threw me for a loop—and my guilty confession is that I wouldn't be familiar with these people either had I not edited FSM for four years, or seen the films at school. I threw together the following quick list of 12 great movies with great scores. This is by no means definitive or all-inclusive, just what I came up with off the top of my head for him. I'd be too embarrassed to mention the huge number of great films I haven't seen, by the way:

Citizen Kane (1941, Orson Welles) - Bernard Herrmann

Touch of Evil (1957, Orson Welles) - Henry Mancini

Vertigo, *North by Northwest* and *Psycho* (1958, 1959, 1960, Alfred Hitchcock) - Bernard Herrmann

Double Indemnity (1944, Billy Wilder) - Miklós Rózsa

To Kill a Mockingbird (1962, Robert Mulligan) - Elmer Bernstein

Planet of the Apes (1967, Franklin Schaffner) - Jerry Goldsmith

The Good, the Bad and the Ugly (1967, Sergio Leone) - Ennio Morricone

Midnight Cowboy (1969, John Schlesinger) - John Barry

The Wild Bunch (1969, Sam Peckinpah) - Jerry Fielding

On the Waterfront (1954, Elia Kazan) - Leonard Bernstein

In the interest of getting better letters, I absolutely insist that the people I'm talking about (you know who you are) familiarize themselves with the great music of the past, and I think these are good places to start. I don't recommend buying the albums, because it's asking way too much for people to spend \$15 a pop on music they may not necessarily like. However, there's a far better solution: rent the movies. You can get the videos for \$2 each, and experience the music in the way it was meant to be heard.

As these movies were made before MTV when people actually had attention spans, expect scenes to last more than 30 seconds. The movies might seem slow and boring at times, even "dated." Some are actually in black and white.

Mail Bag Suggestions

The above gave me an idea: In order to educate all of us as to good film music, it's time to restart one of our most popular features: the desert island discs (i.e. the ten movie scores you would want to have with you if you were stranded on a desert island).

This time, however, it is no longer going to be record albums, but *Desert Island Movies*. Name the top ten *movies* you wouldn't want to live without which also have great scores. (Forget about whether they are available on video or laserdisc, we're talking abstractly.) The music should be excellent first and foremost in the film, and the movies should generally be really good. In other words, you wouldn't want to list *The Birds*, because even though it is a sensational film it has no music score as such, and you probably wouldn't want to list *The Swarm*, because even though it has a kick-ass Jerry Goldsmith score, it's one of the worst pictures of all time. Many of the movies you list will probably be those which got you into film music—*Ben-Hur*, *Spartacus*, *Star Wars*, those kinds of landmarks.

If you are not too insulted, please also list your age, so we can verify certain theories. Or withhold your age and even your name, I don't care, although I'd rather have an age and no name for this sampling. This will be fun!

The whole point of this is that if we all expand our frames of reference, we will come to appreciate different things and have less ill-informed and hurtful debates. I want to know what people regard as the best movies with great music myself, so I can go watch them.

By the way, I'm not saying that older films and scores are necessarily better, although due to the sheer laws of averages there would have to be more worthwhile scores over the entire history of cinema than over a two-month period in 1995. It's just saying that having a wider base of knowledge can only lead to more informed opinions. If you like James Horner's music to *Apollo 13*, go listen to his score to *Brainstorm*, and then to various film scores by Sergei Prokofiev. There is so much good stuff out there waiting to be discovered. After that, come back and see if you view *Apollo 13* with a new perspective.

As for other topics of discussion, this is how most Mail Bag debates have gone over the past 12 months:

Butt-Head: Score X is boring.

Beavis: Yes, but it works in the film.

BH: We're not talking about whether or not it works in the film, dumbass. We're talking about whether or not it's boring.

B: But how can you fault the composer for writing it, because it fits the film?

BH: We're not casting judgment on the composer one way or another. We're just saying it's boring.

B: But I like the composer!

BH: I like the composer too, but the score he wrote for film X is still boring.

B: So how can you say it's boring? I mean, really.

BH: Dammit Beavis, do I have to explain everything? It's got barely one, unmemorable theme, the movie itself is a rip-off of three other bad, boring movies, the composer had no time and was locked into copying the temp track, and just wrote a lot of synth drones and orchestral noodling with nothing to say that he's already done much better in three other movies. You know what they say, Beavis. You can't polish a turd.

B: I don't know, I mean, I kind of liked listening to it.

BH: Yeah, me too, eight movies ago.

B: So you're saying you like the composer, you don't blame him for doing what he did, the score works in the movie, but you still don't like it?

BH: Huh huh. Yeah.

B: So why are we talking about this?

BH: Because in the long process of looking at various film scores and trying to come up with some sort of aesthetic judgments on which ones are good and which are less good, independent of the composer's competence or intentions, so as to develop serious critical thought on good film music, I dared to point out that score X is boring.

B: What?!! Score X is boring? How can you say that?!

[repeat indefinitely]

This is why anybody not liking anything in FSM has resulted in endless round-about slugfests. I point out the Big Mac corollary because I think what many people want to criticize is the whole concept of the Big Mac, and not the talent of the people making them.

So, for future issues...

- What do you think about this whole Big Mac theory?

- What do you think of Ellen Edgerton's letter? Who will we talk about in 25 years? What will film music be like?

- Can film music be good classical music? See the debate elsewhere this issue.

- Is film music closer to being the classical music of our time, or is it just more popular music?

- Do you agree with the need for people to be exposed to more material? Was the older stuff better?

- Did *Star Wars* set back the cause of genuine interest in film music, as Royal S. Brown suggested last issue?

- What are your Top Ten Desert Island Movie picks?

Also feel free to respond to any of the other letters or reviews, or anything else in FSM. Feel free to tell me off, too. I know that I'm asking for it.

Send your letters in today!

And go rent some good movies.

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Gary Kester, Legend, The Jerry Goldsmith Society Journal

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SCORING ON AIR

MAURICE JARRE TAKES A WALK IN THE CLOUDS

Interview by DANIEL SCHWEIGER

In the world of movie composers, there isn't a more distinguished or romantic traveler than Maurice Jarre. His scores have journeyed to dozens of countries, translating their melodies into the soaring language of film music. From *Lawrence of Arabia*'s wind-swept themes to the magical Russian winter of *Doctor Zhivago*, Jarre's combinations of ethnic instruments and lush orchestrations have produced the cinema's most passionate soundtracks. *A Walk in the Clouds* marks another poetic score for Maurice Jarre, his Latin rhythms capturing the love between an American soldier and the daughter of Mexican winemakers, a cross-cultural spell that's cast with guitar, song and symphony.

Even though he had never played a note before, Maurice Jarre's own musical awakening came at the age of 16. Born in Lyons to a father who was the French Broadcasting Company's technical director, Jarre abandoned his own radio career in 1940 to enter the army, then studied composition at the Paris Conservatory of Music after the war. Dedicated to turning his drive into technique, Jarre was taught by such famed composers and conductors as Arthur Honegger and Charles Munch. The budding composer soon found that his greatest interests lay in ethnic and electronic music, fields which Jarre helped to pioneer as an orchestral percussionist.

The French National Theater provided Jarre with a valuable training ground in film scoring. Named as its musical director, Jarre often had to write impromptu music a few hours before the curtains opened. His collaborations with Jean Cocteau, Harold Pinter and Albert Camus would eventually lead Jarre to compose for the larger canvas of film. He wrote over 40 scores while in France, including the impressionistic melodies of *Hotel des Invalides* and *Eyes Without a Face* for director Georges Franju.

Jarre made a spectacular American debut in 1962 with *Lawrence of Arabia*, starting a collaboration with David Lean that would result in some of Hollywood's most romantic themes. *Doctor Zhivago* and *A Passage to India* brought Jarre two more composing Oscars, which along with *Ryan's Daughter* brought film epics a tender and emotional power.

In a prolific scoring career that's spanned over four decades and 200 movies, Jarre has composed for every film genre and musical style, working with such top directors as Alfred Hitchcock (*Topaz*), Peter Weir (*Witness*), Franco Zeffirelli (*Jesus of Nazareth*) and Adrian Lyne (*Jacob's Ladder*). A sampling of Jarre's scores includes such massive films as *The Longest Day*, *The Professionals*, *Grand Prix*, *Enemy Mine* and *The Train*. Other films like *Moon over Parador*, *Lion of the Desert*, *Shogun* and *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome* allowed Jarre to combine a large orchestra with Spanish, Arabic, Asian and Aboriginal instruments. Yet Maurice Jarre was equally capable when turning completely to synthesizers in *The Mosquito Coast*, *No Way Out*, *Ghost* and *Fatal Attraction*.

Presented with the French Legion of Honor Medal for his cinematic contributions, Maurice Jarre continues to score films with an enthusiasm that's taken his music far beyond the boundaries of a film screen, and into the world's musical consciousness. *A Walk in the Clouds* continues to show the composer's best talent, to write majes-

tic, yet emotionally intimate music that touches the heart.

Daniel Schweiger: How did you get involved with *A Walk in the Clouds*?

Maurice Jarre: I'd met Alfonso Arau in a restaurant, and though I didn't know him, Alfonso said that he hoped to work with me one day. Later on, Jerry Zucker asked me to score *First Knight*, which was originally three hours long. I told him there was no way I could compose 90 minutes of music for his movie in six weeks, especially since I didn't use outside orchestrators to help me write scores. Jerry understood, and respected my honesty. Then a short time later, I was offered *A Walk in the Clouds*. A Cuban composer had already done the film's temporary soundtrack, but the studio didn't want to use his music for the actual score. So they were looking for someone to compose the music, and I was thrilled when they screened the movie for me. It was a beautiful film, and I wanted to work with Alfonso after seeing *Like Water for Chocolate*. And it turned out that *A Walk in the Clouds* was also a Jerry Zucker production, so I remained in his same film family! There was more time to score *A Walk in the Clouds*, and it didn't need 90 minutes of music. When you think the film is really good and interesting, the inspiration comes a lot easier, especially since I've had so many romantic adventures!

DS: How did the film affect you?

MJ: *A Walk in the Clouds* is so touching because it's seen through the eyes of an unwed mother in 1945, which was a very backward time. As she falls in love with an American soldier, the film shows the Mexican traditions of her family in the Napa Valley wine country. So in addition to being romantic, *A Walk in the Clouds* is also an epic.

DS: What approach did you and Alfonso want to take with the score?

MJ: Unlike many directors, Alfonso knows what he wants. Because he'd made an epic picture, Alfonso and I agreed that *A Walk in the Clouds* should only be scored with a big orchestra. That would give the wine country its feeling of open space. When it came to the romantic music, Alfonso asked me to give him "Lara's Theme"! All I could tell Alfonso was, "Sorry, but that's already been done!"

DS: How "Mexican" did you want the score to be?

MJ: Alfonso wanted the score to have a Mexican flavor, but one that wasn't too big. I'd studied Latin music a long time ago in France, so I was able to write in that style. I used native instruments like the salterio and the guitarron. When I played the ethnic music for Alfonso, he hugged me and said, "Maurice, I'm sure there's Mexican blood in you somewhere!" Alfonso was at all the recordings, and insisted that they be done in Hollywood. That made me very happy, because the studios often want you to do a cheaper score in Eastern Europe. It's disgusting to have a 40 million dollar production trying to save \$100,000 on the score, and getting poorly performed music instead of a fantastic soundtrack. And the studios still don't save any money, because they have to bring the producer, the director, the music editors and their wives overseas! That's why I prefer to score films in Hollywood, because they have the best musicians and technicians.



DS: Your scores are famous for their "ethnic" sound.

MJ: When I was at the Paris Conservatory, all of the students had to take courses in musical culture, and write in five different styles of ethnic music for their conducting theses. So I chose Russian, Arabic, Asian, Indian and Hillbilly music. I didn't know that I would use these styles for *Doctor Zhivago*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, *Shogun*, *A Passage to India* and *Resurrection*. Chinese, Arabic and Indian music is incredibly sophisticated. When you learn those musical cultures, you realize how poor the Western ear actually is. On *The Man Who Would Be King*, I had Indian musicians playing with the London Symphony Orchestra. You should have seen their faces when the Indians lit incense, and sat on rugs next to their instruments! They thought "My God, we're going to be here for a month! How can they play with us?" But because I knew Eastern music, I was able to write the Indians' parts in a notation that they could understand. So even though the Indians had no idea about Western music, they got every take right. At the end of the recording session, the London Symphony gave them a standing ovation. Now it's different, because you can sample any exotic instrument into a synthesizer. But a sample can never match having the real musicians playing for you.

DS: Was it intimidating to get *Lawrence of Arabia* as your first Hollywood film?

MJ: I was in France when the film's producer, Sam Spiegel, asked me to score part of *Lawrence of Arabia*. He was impressed after hearing the music I'd written for *Sundays and Cybele*, which won for Best Foreign Picture in 1962. It was also my first Oscar nomination for Best Score. Yet there was no more than ten minutes of music in the film, which was composed for three instruments! Now I'm asked to write over two hours of music for a hundred musicians! When I came to London to work on *Lawrence*, I had no idea how great or demanding the film would be. The first rough cut I saw was 40 hours long, and it took a whole week for me to watch it! I researched *Lawrence's* history for three months before I started scoring the film. Unlike my later score for *The Message*, a film about Mohammed that was told from the Arab perspective, *Lawrence* was seen from an Englishman's point of view. So the film's score was mostly Western, with some Arab feeling to it.

DS: Did the musical scope of *Lawrence* intimidate other directors from hiring you?

MJ: After *Lawrence of Arabia* Fred Zinnemann asked me to score *Behold a Pale Horse*, and I was happy to be using only 12 instruments on it! I also did small scores for pictures like *Weekend at Dunkirk* and *The Collector*. Then when David



Maurice Jarre at the Society for the Preservation of Film Music's Ennio Morricone dinner, March 18, 1994 —photo by Dave Mitchell

Lean wanted me to score *Doctor Zhivago*, the guy at MGM's music department told him, "Maurice is very good for open spaces and the desert, but we have better composers for Russia and snow!" Yet *Doctor Zhivago* became one of the first movie soundtracks to really sell. It even topped the Beatles for six weeks on the music charts. And then I didn't get one movie offer for six months! Hollywood thought that I was only good for 100-piece orchestras and epics. It never dawned on the studios that I could write music for chamber orchestras and comedies. The only reason I finally got *Gambit* was because the producer was a friend of mine.

DS: Did you have to change the way you scored films when you moved from France to Hollywood?

MJ: I don't think so. If *Judex* was an American film, I'd probably score it the same way that I did in France. Its director, Georges Franju, was influenced by the German Expressionists. Like David Lean, Georges couldn't read or write one note of music, but he knew how it should sound in a film. My musical education taught me to be very open, and never to have an ego. I consider myself lucky to have worked with directors from across the world, and I love the exchange of ideas between a filmmaker and a composer. While I offer the director my opinion, I never question his judgment. He's the master of the whole deal. David Lean once said, "I think your music can come in so subtly that the audience won't hear it." And if he didn't want the audience to hear the score, then that was fine with me. Some composers in Europe say, "I don't write music for films. I write for myself first of all." Bullshit! If you're an architect and you have to build a temple, you don't say, "I'm going to build a villa!" That kind of attitude is really snobbish. They think the director will take care of everything, and that only works if the director's a friend of the composer, and he patches the score all over the film. You can be 100% original to yourself, but you still have to work with someone else's material. So I've never viewed myself as a prisoner when I'm composing. The music is always mine.

DS: You've composed some of the cinema's most popular themes with *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Doctor Zhivago*. What do you think makes a theme reach beyond the film screen?

MJ: Luck, and also the fact that I'm trained in the classics. Mozart, my favorite composer, always had a theme. So when I studied harmony, counterpoint, and composition, I was always looking for a musical "line" that would make sense. One of the most difficult things about scoring is interesting the ear with only a few notes. That's why so much music disappears. It's

all mood instead of melody. Mood is very easy to do, and a lot of composers are good at it. But they cannot write four notes with an interesting theme. So it's all a question of luck and inspiration. A lot of young composers ask me how to write a good theme, and I tell them to listen to nature instead of learning theory all the time. Wind makes the most beautiful music. Composers also have to listen to different music instead of blasting their ears with the same bang-bang-bang crap. Young people start to lose their hearing because they're accustomed to such a high level of decibels. If you think about it, the composers of the 19th century never had the awful sounds of motorcycles and cars around them. Our ears are in perpetual electroshock!

DS: Besides your orchestral scores, you've also done a lot of remarkable electronic scores like *The Year of Living Dangerously* and *Witness*. How did you get interested in synthesizers?

MJ: I studied the ondes martenot, an electronic instrument which was the ancestor of the synthesizer. Yet I could never use electronics early in my career, because I was known as a "romantic composer." Finally, Peter Weir asked me to do a completely synthesized score for *The Year of Living Dangerously*. I was very happy for the chance, and went to Australia to record the music. But I couldn't find any synthesizer players, or basic electronic instruments. So I ended up recording all of the sounds from scratch with an engineer. Over two months, we took simple things like a piano, and then treated it electronically to make a different sound. I could have done *Witness* with an orchestra, but the reason I scored it electronically was because the Amish people don't believe in music for religious ceremonies. They didn't have any instruments, so it would have been wrong to have an instrumental score. I also went with electronics because Peter didn't want the film to have any sentimentality. Synthesizers gave *Witness* that cold feeling. Some people complained that I was putting a "real" orchestra out of work with *Witness*, which was ridiculous. Even though I only had eight synthesizer players on the film, it was still more expensive to score with them. I don't want to replace the orchestra, I just wanted to have a different sound.

DS: Why do you think you've lasted so long as a film composer?

MJ: Luck again! When I came to America in 1964, people wanted me to go to Hollywood parties. And I went to them for about one year, and it was fun to become friends with movie stars. But after a while, the dinners and people got very boring, and not one of these dinners got me a job! So I said, "This is stupid. I'd rather stay home and read a good book and listen to music." From that time, I've rarely gone to these so-called "Hollywood parties."

DS: What kind of films would you like to score now?

MJ: It depends on the director and the story. There are films I just won't score. 30 years ago I may not have said that, because you can't be too choosy early in your career. But now every time I turn on the television, there's some film with a person getting his brains blown out. It's totally crazy! We're in a sick society when you can't show a woman's naked breast on TV, but can

have a person's brains being splattered all over it. I don't want to score those types of violent films, and I also don't want to work on movies where the top executives are calling all of the creative shots. They have no qualifications in music, and that's the reason so many good composers have their work rejected. I need to work with a strong director who won't change the music to suit the studio. And unfortunately, there aren't many people like David Lean around anymore. Now I'm very happy when a director like Alfonso Arau asks me to score *A Walk in the Clouds*. It's nice to work on a movie that respects the value of the family, and shows a beautiful love story.

Our Favorite Maurice Jarre Scores

by Lukas Kendall and Paul MacLean

Like John Barry and Ennio Morricone, Maurice Jarre was one of several European composers to make it big in the '60s with a melodic, stylized sound that is his and his alone. Like Morricone and Barry, he parlayed popular success in a genre (Sergio Leone spaghetti westerns for Morricone, James Bond for Barry, David Lean epics for Jarre) into a long-standing Hollywood career that continues to this day. And like Morricone and Barry, he has a large fan following.

Jarre's orchestral sound is characterized by a truly unique, creative melodic style which, if you try to analyze it, sometimes seems at the brink of harmonic nonsense—it's as if his music is constantly modulating. His dramatic sense sometimes appears to be equally outrageous but likewise sticks to the movie through sheer audacity and the courage of his convictions—plus those beautiful tunes.

We recognize and admire the lifetime achievement of Maurice Jarre and decided it would be neat to outline some of our most favorite scores of his. Little did we realize what a huge output he's had and how difficult it is to boil it down to a few paragraphs, but everybody ought to be familiar with at least some of these:

Obvious starting points are the David Lean epics: *Lawrence of Arabia* (CD on Varèse), *Doctor Zhivago* (new restored CD on Rhino), *Ryan's Daughter* (Sony) and *A Passage to India* (Capitol, out-of-print). A good sampler of these is *Lean by Jarre*, a Milan concert recording also with a video release. There is a re-recording of *Lawrence* on Silva Screen, somewhat re-orchestrated, which Jarre hates for some reason.

Paul recommends the CBS compilation *Jarre by Jarre*. A similar album is Milan's *Jarre at Abbey Road*. Paul also likes the desert epic *Lion of the Desert*, on a Silva CD coupled with *Mohammed: Messenger of God*, along the lines of *Lawrence* but less exotic, more tragic and percussive, featuring one of Jarre's best end titles.

Jarre did three huge orchestral scores around the same time in 1985-86 which are among Lukas's favorites: *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome*, *Tai-Pan* and *Enemy Mine*; the former on a GNP/Crescendo CD coupled with Tina Turner, the latter two on Varèse. *Enemy Mine* is a nice sci-fi buddy movie boosted by the score.

Jarre also has an equally unique electronic style—he brings this to life with small synth ensembles a la chamber music. These are obviously less flamboyant, *Witness* being one of the best known. Favorites of Paul's are *No Way Out* and *Jacob's Ladder* (with surreal choral work); all these are available on Varèse.

Jarre has also tackled a number of ethnic styles, and Paul likes the klezmer music in *Enemies: A Love Story* (Varèse). Our buddy Andy Dursin is a huge fan of the more easy listening, Latin American flavored *Moon over Parador*—it's wacky fun all around, but only if you can find the long out-of-print MCA CD.

A great score commercially unreleased is for one of Jarre's only western films, *Red Sun*, the 1972 Charles Bronson/Toshiro Mifune gunslinger/samurai teaming. (Lukas loves it when foreigners do westerns.)

There are countless other efforts we're overlooking—from the hugely popular like *Ghost*, boosted by the success of the movie and Alex North's "Unchained Melody," to the obscure like *Top Secret!* Send in comments on your favorite Maurice Jarre score for the Mail Bag—the more obscure the better! (Most idiosyncratically written yet enjoyable to read letter wins.) Thanks, Maurice, for the pleasure your music has given us.

A NEW DEBATE: FILM MUSIC AND THE CONCERT HALL

CAN FILM MUSIC BE CONCERT MUSIC? SHOULD IT? WOULD IT? COULD IT? WHAT DO YOU THINK?

It Could and Should:

The Concert Hall: Film Music's Final Frontier

by ANDREW DERRETT

Despite the growing popularity film music is enjoying today—countless recordings of new scores, an ever-growing output of classic scores on record as well as new and exciting composers working in the medium—film music has yet to achieve inclusion in the one area of music performance that would satisfy the highbrow music purists that still doubt film music as a serious and important musical form.

That area is of course the concert hall.

Sure, we have special concerts devoted to film scores. Jerry Goldsmith's film music concerts have proven very popular in the U.S. and Europe and the size of the crowds at John Williams's concerts with the Boston Pops would put a gleam in any orchestra manager's eye. Other concerts featuring composers such as John Scott, George Fenton and Maurice Jarre have shown that there is a market for live film music performance.

Yet when it comes to serious classical concerts, film music remains a taboo subject as far as programs are concerned. It seems that the age-old belief amongst highbrow concert-goers and program managers alike is painfully simple: Film music has no place in the serious concert hall.

Apart from a few semi-regular works (Vaughan Williams's *Symphonia Antartica*, Prokofiev's *Lt. Kije* suite and Korngold's Violin Concerto, see below) there really is no film music representation in the modern orchestral repertoire.

Why is this so?

Wouldn't John Williams's *Cowboys Overture* or Patrick Doyle's spirited overture to *Much Ado About Nothing* make just as good program additions as, say a Rossini opera overture or perhaps Brahms's *Academic Festival Overture*? I am not for the minute comparing John Williams and Patrick Doyle to Rossini or Brahms. I am simply saying that Williams's and Doyle's opuses are just as suitable in the concert hall as those by the aforementioned masters.

The highbrow scholars will interject at this stage and say that film music—once divorced from the visual image—simply does not sustain serious musical interest. These same scholars will say that film music was written to accentuate a fixed visual medium by highlighting emotions and providing a subconscious multi-dimensional experience for the film-goer. They will go on to say that film music cannot sustain this combined effect once the image is removed and the music is left on its own. Therefore, a performance of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* is ideally suited to the concert hall because it has no fixed visual stimulus. Beethoven simply imagined a lush countryside when he composed his masterpiece and all an audience need do is sit back and imagine a country setting to enjoy the music. However, performing a specially arranged suite of, say, John Williams's *Star Wars Trilogy* would not sit well in the concert hall. Scholars will tell you that an audience must see the film before they can ideally appreciate the music!

A few interesting points made there but on the whole I (and I expect you) believe this argument is hopelessly outdated. (I have had heated debates with many people on this very point.) Yet it

is this firm belief by critics and program managers that has not only kept live film score performance at a minimal level but also led to a lack of respect given to film music. And some in our own ranks—to use a political phrase here—have crossed the floor on this very point.

Aaron Copland had reservations about his film scores holding their own in a concert situation. His last film score, *Something Wild* (1961), was arranged into a suite called "Music for a Great City" and the composer labored over what he considered suitable material for the finished suite. When quizzed on this point by his friend and colleague Philip Ramey, he said: "Well of course, it is film music!"

Such a comment hardly leaves the serious film music buff with any confidence that his or her beloved medium might one day be gracing the world's concert halls!

But, despite Copland's "Music for a Great City" not being one of his more popular works, other serious composers have integrated their film compositions into serious concert works. Copland's "Music for Movies" and *Our Town* still remain popular works. Leonard Bernstein's "Symphonic Suite" from *On the Waterfront* may not enjoy widespread concert success, but it is considered an important work in the Bernstein repertoire. Korngold's beautiful Violin Concerto op. 35 used material from various film scores including *Another Dawn*, *Juarez*, *Anthony Adverse* and *The Prince and the Pauper* to form the standard three-movement concerto form.

By far the most popular concert works incorporating film scores are Prokofiev's *Lt. Kije* suite and Vaughan Williams's *Symphony No. 7* (better known as the *Symphonia Antartica*). Sergei Prokofiev's return to his Russian homeland after 15 years in the West coincided with a whole new direction for the composer artistically. It was during this time—the 1930s—that the composer was approached to write film music. His collaboration with legendary Russian film director Sergei Eisenstein (without a doubt the first serious director/composer relationship) produced such masterpieces as *Alexander Nevsky* and the two parts of *Ivan the Terrible*. Both scores have since achieved concert suite status as well as being recorded. But it was his earlier collaboration with director Fainzimmer that produced the excellent and extremely popular *Lt. Kije*. Prokofiev made a concert suite of the score himself, taking extreme care with its orchestration. "Kije is a devilish job," the composer wrote, "but what gay music it is!" The second and fourth movements are scored in alternate versions for baritone and orchestra or orchestra alone.

Ralph Vaughan Williams's *Sinfonia Antartica* was first performed in Manchester on January 14, 1953 but its original inception took place four years earlier with the composer's score for the film *Scott of the Antarctic* starring John Mills. Vaughan Williams felt the story of mankind pitting its spirit against implacable nature had generated a greater direction for his music, and he decided to adapt the score into a full scale symphony and thus break it away from the time-constraints of the motion picture form. From the opening bars the music captures the soul of this inhospitable wasteland beautifully. The eerie wordless soprano voice and choir add new color and provide an alien sound that best suits the darkness of the region.

Both of these works show how film music can

reach the concert hall and remain a semi-standard part of the orchestral repertoire as well as be well represented on recordings.

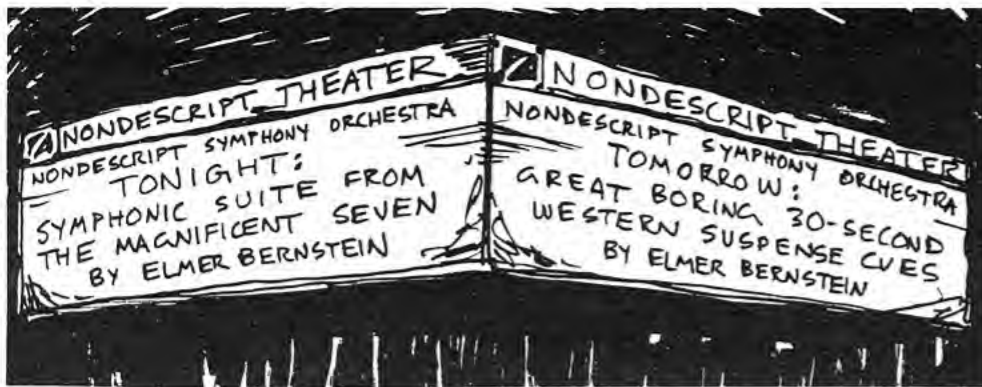
A new and interesting method of having film scores performed in the concert hall is to actually use the score as a sort of mini-film scenario, with an actor reciting dialogue whilst the orchestra performs portions of the original score. Copland used a similar method—though having no connection with any film score—for his famous "Lincoln Portrait."

The Chandos label recently recorded the Shakespearean film scores Sir William Walton composed for Laurence Olivier, with actors of note such as Sir John Gielgud and Christopher Plummer reciting The Bard accompanied by Sir Neville Marriner and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Patrick Doyle did a similar thing when he arranged part of his score for Kenneth Branagh's *Henry V* into a "Dramatic Scenario for Actor and Orchestra." A live recording does exist with Branagh himself reciting the dialogue. Such an idea does solve the issues of musical sustainability and dramatic effect—though I can hardly imagine a burly gent clad in jungle greens and an M-16 striding onto a concert platform to recite Goldsmith's "Dramatic Battle Scenes from *Rambo III*," op. whatever! Such a concept would only work if the original source material were "literary" in origin. *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein*, *Bram Stoker's Dracula* or *Jane Eyre* are a few that could be reworked using this treatment, with an actor or actors reciting extracts from the original texts whilst the orchestra accompanied with choice selections from the original score.

Whilst film scores have fought for inclusion in concert programs, another artistic medium has embraced the art of film scoring and the coupling has been most refreshing. Ballet has been smothered with some of the most lush and if not controversial music of this century. Ballet scores penned by Stravinsky (*Le Sacre du printemps*) and Debussy (*Jeux*) caused riots at their opening performances but gladly the film scores adapted for the stage received more positive responses.

Alex North's landmark score for *A Streetcar Named Desire* was adapted for the stage and premiered by the Dance Theatre of Harlem on January 14, 1982. It received great critical and audience acclaim and has since become an important part of the company's repertoire. The steamy and sometimes brutal jazz themes and rhythms of the score seem totally suitable for the stage. The ballet adheres to the same scenario of Tennessee Williams's original play as well as (naturally) the Elia Kazan film starring Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh. But in the ballet's case, the score must assist in giving a direction for the story as well as accentuate all the emotions it was required to do in film score form. Not an easy task considering we are dealing with one of, if not the most important play in the history of modern American literature! What better way is there to display the power a film score can yield? (An excellent recording of this ballet exists on Premiere PRCD 1017, but a video release of the Dance Theatre of Harlem's performance would be even more welcome.)

Here in Australia, we saw perhaps the most intriguing use of a film score adapted for the stage. It was in Sydney over ten years ago now and the score used was Jerry Goldsmith's legendary 1968 masterpiece *Planet of the Apes*! I have had little luck tracking down the dance company or



the scenario of this interesting event. Only a brief news story still etched in the backburners of my imagination and a quick discussion with one of the percussionists involved is all I have to go on in relaying this event. All I know is that the story had nothing whatsoever to do with apes and it was done with the approval of the composer. The ballet ran for a limited time in Sydney and then vanished. More is the pity as it would have been interesting not only seeing it but seeing how Goldsmith's score was used in another setting.

[As if this wasn't enough, the Columbia, Ohio BalletMet did a ballet called *Belling: The Slayer* set to Goldsmith's *Capricorn One*. The orchestra played live the arrangements of cues used on the album, adapted here and there and omitting the '70s arrangement of the love theme. As with *Apes*, the story had nothing to do with the film. This isn't available on video either. -LK]

Film scores have popped up in all manner of strange places—from news themes, commercials and sporting events to new film trailers and even other films. *Alien* and *Die Hard*, just to name a few have featured snippets of scores from other films. But it seems that film music will have to settle with the recorded medium as its prime source of audience contact. And this isn't such a bad thing. After all, the great Canadian pianist/writer/composer Glenn Gould once likened concerts and live performances to meat markets, preferring himself to concentrate on recordings. Recordings for Gould were the pinnacle of his artistic creativity and expression as a musician.

We are indeed blessed with a swarm of great film scores recorded forever on the humble compact disc. Collecting and enjoying film music has never been better with just about every new score faithfully released on CD. Perhaps the concert hall can be left for the classics and the pioneering contemporary works which would never dream of finding their way onto a commercial recording. After all, a film score can reach the biggest audience an orchestral composition can possibly dream of reaching. Just think of how many people saw *Star Wars* or *Batman*.

As well as seeing great films, those people also heard the film's score and whilst the music may have been the last thing on most people's minds at the time as they joined Luke Skywalker or the Caped Crusader to do battle with the forces of evil, they nonetheless let the film score exercise its subconscious power upon each and every one of them.

Regardless of what highbrow scholars may think of film music and its worth in the concert hall, one thing is certain. Its importance to a film's success is unquestioned and its popularity has never been better. Film music does more than just accompany a visual image. It blossoms, nurtures and enriches the emotions and feelings of characters and settings right up there on the

screen, something the celluloid image cannot convey alone. A film score has a specific job to do; but at the same time it can still stand apart as a unique artistic achievement in its own right... as we all know!

It Could and Can, But...

The Film: Film Music's First and Greatest Frontier

Devil's Advocate: LUKAS KENDALL

Film music fans have a problem. Actually, they have two problems. The first is that they can't get compact discs of many of their favorite film scores that have every last bit of music; that present the cues in unedited and unchanged form (in order); that reflect the exact instrumentation or balance as in the movie. In short, they can't get complete chronological transfers of film scores dumped onto CD—no matter how little musical sense those might make.

Then, there's the other problem—respect, or lack of it. People don't take seriously this strange type of music which is sort of classically derived but crunched up, direct, designed for immediate impact—sometimes musically grotesque, simplistic, vulgar—and purposefully so. Or sometimes not even purposefully so, maybe it's just bad music written intuitively which happens to be excellent film music. It may be the dumbest piece of music ever written, a guitar going plunk plunk plunk with a trumpet theme on top, which nevertheless sums up the hero's plight; how he feels now that his girlfriend has been captured; what he's thinking of doing—all these things at once. The drumming "heartbeat" in *Midnight Express* certainly is stupid music—but it's perfect for scenes of a young American trying to smuggle hashish out of Turkey.

Nobody is going around saying the Whatever City Philharmonic should play Mahler's Symphony No. 1 one night and Giorgio Moroder's *Midnight Express* the next, but people do seem to be expending way too much energy upset that *Superman* and *The Magnificent Seven* aren't taking that coveted spot. The idea is that this would somehow legitimize listening to records of *Superman* and *The Magnificent Seven*, and that to the people who don't take film music seriously, we wouldn't be a bunch of silly people wasting our time enjoying bastard music.

Oddly, when it comes to getting film music into the concert halls, fans like Mr. Derrett advocate rearranging, adjusting, shortening, or doing whatever it takes to make the music acceptable to independent listening—normally anathema to soundtrack buffs. The idea here is to pull the music as far away as possible from the picture, to join the "concert snobs" in looking down our noses at movies and saying, boy that film really is bad, but look, this music is okay on its own.

Ironically, it's the people who want 75 minute chronological CDs of every last cue who are on the right track (although for the wrong reason), because they are interested in music as it is on screen enough to want it preserved in that order. Before I get any deeper I want to say that I agree that film music can make great concert listening. The themes to *Superman* and *The Magnificent Seven* are terrific and do work apart from picture, especially in a "Pops" kind of way—movies are part of popular culture and their music should be recognized as such. Furthermore, exposing people to film themes in concert makes them pay attention—they may go, gee, I'm really enjoying this suite from *The Blue Max*, maybe I should pay attention to music more in films. As for adding to the serious repertoire, composers like Prokofiev, Korngold, Williams and others are skilled enough and write the kind of scores that can be reworked into substantial works of that nature. John Waxman, Franz Waxman's son, has done miracles in making great film music available for performance; film music in concert is a good thing, a great thing even, a significant step in getting it recognized as a legitimate art form.

However, it is not the only step, and as far as getting this mysterious group of "musical elitists" (what is this, presidential campaigning?) to accept film music, there could not be a worse way than trying to parade it as "absolute music," capable of existence without connection to any outside source. Most film music would be the worst concert music ever written, just like many concert works would be the worst film music. Film composition calls for second-by-second adjustments of rhythm, harmony, melody, etc. which prohibit scores from developing and resolving in ways which would be best in concert music. Indeed, a whole "bag of tricks" has developed for film scoring—beginning and ending cues, going from one place to another, segueing to a rock song, maybe—which would be pointless in a concert setting. Film music is a form unlike any other in that the *film* is the form.

At this point Mr. Derrett would say that you can listen to ballet music without the ballet and opera music without the opera, and that's true—and yes, Mozart was hired to write a symphony for the King just like Jerry Goldsmith is hired to write a film score for Universal. But ballet and opera are still genres wherein the music flows on a second-by-second basis as deemed internally correct by the composer—it's not hitting a brass chord at 1:17 to accompany a close-up of a gun, or going to a sort of sustaining-strings version of the theme from 1:47 to 2:27 to stay out the way of dialogue. To the educated classical music buff all the affectations film music takes on in order to be film music are bad—they interrupt flow and development; create non-sequiturs, unanswered questions, ambiguities which are not interesting, just pointless. And the only way they can be understood is via the film.

The response then comes that film music can and should be adapted for the concert hall—again despite the fact that most film music fans hate it when a score is altered for a record. I agree that a lot of music written for film—overtures, end credits, love themes, etc.—are wonderful pieces regardless of where they came from. But not all film music holds up in this way, and a lot of the best doesn't. For every "Danse Macabre" from *Bride of Frankenstein* or "Ride to Dubno" from *Taras Bulba* that Franz Waxman wrote, there are dozens of cues he composed which would not be suitable for a concert hall, but which are nevertheless excellent pieces of film music. Even if John Williams extracts "The Raiders March" from *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, one of the most popular and enjoyable film music pieces to have

a successful life in the concert hall, what about the other 90 minutes he wrote for the film?

You can see the problems arising, springing out in all directions and forcing a logical conclusion to the contrary. To what extent do we adapt film music for the concert hall to rid it of the peculiarities of it being film music? Do we pretend that these peculiarities themselves are inherently interesting—like when a theme cuts off for no musical reason, but to highlight a transition to an airplane landing? If so, that's contrary to good concert music; if not, why bother at all? If we're going to erase all the extra-musical associations, both in the music itself and the critical thought surrounding it, why not just listen to real concert music than be left with this limp background score which isn't much of anything?

There are practical considerations as well. Mr. Derrett seems to want a world where film music can be viewed only through the concert hall, but what about great film music that is basically unadaptable? This is not just the problem of what to do with something like TV music where individual cues are often only 15 seconds long, and go in and out of commercials. (Sure, you could string them together, but it dilutes them—look at the Label X recordings of *Star Trek* episode scores in suite forms.) It would be a crime to limit what we present the world of "film music" to that which can be played by a standard symphony orchestra. Are we to throw out everything else, or rearrange it for a conventional playing group and thus emasculate it? What about Herrmann's crazy scores where he'd use 16 trombones and 8 harps? What about effective rock, jazz and pop scores, which would have a decidedly different concert stage? Or what about electronic scores, in whole or part, reliant on specific equipment or sounds? Maurice Jarre adapted his electronic "Building the Barn" cue from *Witness* for orchestral performances, and it is a perfectly legitimate piece—very good in fact. But this is again the exception. There was a more traditional orchestral adaptation done of Vangelis's *Blade Runner* for its original album in 1982, and it was almost universally despised. So much film music is designed to be played once, when it's recorded for the film—and even then, it is deliberately unconcert-like. In a movie, a guitar can be louder than the 90-piece symphony it's playing along with. In order to make film music playable in concert it has to be severely altered—doing away with the things which originally may have made it unique and interesting. Or, it has to be a very particular type of music: John Williams happens to write film scores with classical forms in mind, many of which he has successfully concertized for performances and albums, but he's definitely the exception. Some of Jerry Goldsmith's greatest film scores are not suitable for concert hall performance. People won't sit there and listen to cues for slayings in *The Omen*, *Alien* and *Gremlins*—even though they are brilliant in the films. In fact, Goldsmith's concerts are actually poor representations of his film output—they tend to be broad, lyrical themes interspersed with more strident passages, only showcasing how similar many of them are.

But, let's say we create solidly-flowing suites from *Star Wars* (there is one, actually) and *The Omen*, and present them to the classical music people we don't like—people who not only look at internal consistency and form, but ask what this piece has to contribute as far as advancing the art of music. One is a *deliberate* pastiche of Holst, Korngold, Stravinsky, Wagner and all these people, and the other skirts close to Bartók and Stravinsky—ever hear the latter's "The Wedding"? John Williams and Jerry Goldsmith didn't write these scores (and any of their others)

to further the literature of art music. No film composer does. You can say that's irrelevant, *Star Wars* is still terrific music, but it is relevant in that he's the composer and if he was writing this to be absolute music it would be a lot different. He would have spent more than three to six weeks on it, for one thing—even ten weeks, a rare maximum for a film schedule, is nothing compared to the years it often takes to finish a concert work. Bernard Herrmann's *Psycho* is one of the greatest, most influential scores of all time, and there is a suite of it played at many concerts—and it does hold up on its own, thanks in large part to its status as this classic horror score. Everybody knows what the screeching strings are for. But if Herrmann had written *Psycho* as absolute music, it too would be a lot different—and in fact parts of it he did write as concert music, in 1935, it was called "Sinfonietta for String Orchestra and Timpani." It featured the origin of the ending three-note motif and related string material, and I don't think film music fans would enjoy listening to it.

Mr. Derrett mocks that of course we don't want to parade mindless action cues from *Rambo* as representative of film music, but they are representative of it. The majority of film music is of that functional nature, and to throw all that out in favor of the handful of pieces that happen to be already like concert music is far more disrespectful than saying all background music is unsuitable as concert music. At least that I can understand, someone thinking it might be boring to listen to what is essentially "background music" apart from the movie. But I can't understand knowledgeable film music fans blowing off so much of what is great about film music to try and make it seem like something it's not—because it won't work anyway. As far as getting it accepted by the classical music crowd, the academics and professors who immediately know what something is derived from and whether or not it's structurally sound, parading film music as concert music is the least productive thing possible. These people will not like the affectations in the way film music fits the visuals—and there's nothing anybody can do to change that.

The most productive way to get film music recognized is staring us in the face. It's the thing most soundtrack fans for some reason want to forget—but how do we always defend a film composer when somebody accuses his music of being boring? We say, "Well, it's that way because it's best for the movie." Why fight it? To use one of Royal S. Brown's favorite examples, you'll never convince somebody that "The Laser Beam" from John Barry's *Goldfinger* is a good piece of concert music, with its one chord and endlessly repeating eight-note phrase, but it's the best film music. It makes that scene. That music is what James Bond is all about—it's cool, serious, melodic, stylized. And if James Bond needs that sound to complete the "package" of what James Bond is, it's just hypocritical to suggest that the music doesn't need the rest of the movie to be great, too. You may never even convince somebody that Herrmann's *Ghost* and *Mrs. Muir* is superb—they might say, "Well, it's evocative, so what?" But show them the movie, that's another thing entirely. It all makes sense. It answers the "so what?"—this is why and how it's evocative, to fit this movie.

There are hundreds of other examples, by composers we love, enhancing drama, tension, fear, love, exhilaration, all the wonderful things movies have to offer. We don't have to strain to find these examples; they're all around us. In *Falling Down*, James Newton Howard uses a distorted electric guitar which snarls like some kind of motorcycle, all asphalt and smoke, then

plummets deep into its register farther than we ever thought possible. It isn't inherently the stuff symphonies are made of, but it sums up everything the Michael Douglas character is going through in the film. That people can understand, from the average joe to the film or music professor. They don't have to like listening to it, or like watching the movie, but here's the scene, here's the music, and these are all the ways in which the spotting, type of music, rhythm, instrumentation, allusion to another piece of music or whatever makes it better. That's the way you get people to like film music—not by bludgeoning them over the head, saying they should listen to a record of *The Mechanic*, but by showing them parts of *The Mechanic* and explaining why Jerry Fielding's score is so integral. Watch the opening of Charles Bronson walking down the street and listen to the off-kilter snare rhythms, the dark colors, the string dissonances—Bronson could be on his way to the supermarket, or to band rehearsal, who knows? But add Fielding's music, and it becomes perfectly clear that something sinister is on hand, that this guy is up to no good, without the film saying anything explicitly either way.

The Mechanic is a case of excellent film music that's also remarkably sophisticated and modern. In some cases, good music won't quite work as film music; in others, bad music will be good film music; in still others, the music won't have much relevance. There will also be bad films with bad scores, and bad films with good scores, and it will be difficult to get people past the fact that Jerry Fielding is underscoring Charles Bronson shooting people. Some films will have good scores horribly cut up, dubbed down and wrongly placed, in which case the soundtrack album is an excellent tool towards understanding the process of the score's creation and the composer's intentions. Still many more films and film scores will be forever compromised by commercialism, and may be forever ignored as "art" for that reason. But that's all part of the game.

Film music will be recognized as art music in the future, and although concerts will help, they won't be the breakthrough. Mr. Derrett even admits, although he doesn't seem to realize it, that film music automatically gets more exposure than any concert piece. You don't need to be able to hear the local symphony play a suite from Homer's *Field of Dreams*, because every time anywhere somebody watches *Field of Dreams*, that music gets a concert in the primary manner the composer intended.

So stop pretending film music is something it's not, stop embarrassing yourself to the classical music buffs who think film music is not worth hearing, and stop trying to make your favorite composers look like writers of bad to fair art music instead of great film music. Instead, you can keep listening to film music records, keep pushing for appropriate film pieces in concerts, but most of all start embracing the wonderful and endless subtleties, complexities and idiosyncrasies of this great, unique art form (oddly enough, this is nearly the same conclusion Mr. Derrett comes to). Sometimes it can be enjoyed apart from the films, sometimes not, but it should always be considered in the larger context of that for which it originally written.

Readers: What do you think? To what extent and with what adaptations should film music be performed in the concert hall, or be considered as concert music? Or are these two separate things? Send in your thoughts for the Mail Bag—and see the concert list this issue for the ever-growing visibility of film music in concert halls, thanks in large part to the aforementioned John Waxman.

And, showing the extent to which film music is already being performed in concert...

A Symphonic Night at the Movies

Concert Review by MARK G. SO

"A Symphonic Night at the Movies" is what it most certainly was when the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Associate Conductor Peter Rubardt took up the strains of four of the greatest composers ever to have graced the flickering dream-thing with their music. The concert, held at the Crouse-Hinds Concert Theater, home of the SSO, was a John Goberman production in association with John Waxman, the late Christopher Palmer, and technical assistants C. Chapin Cutler, Jr. and John Sharpe—one of two audio-visual concert programs currently being presented by the production team across the country. This concert was held on the evenings of March 24 and 25, 1995, and I had the distinct pleasure of attending both performances.

The program opened with the gratuitous banal medley garbage that I've grown to tolerate at these concerts and which brings only one term to mind—show tunes. I hate show tunes. Thankfully, it didn't last too long before giving way to Erich Wolfgang Korngold's splendid *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, presented in three generous portions: "The Ambush in Sherwood Forest," "The Archery Tournament" and "The Escape from the Gallows." Each was happily true to original form, and showed Korngold's extraordinary symphonic prowess, making for some elaborate and stylistic mickey-mousing.

Next was Miklós Rózsa's brilliant waltz from *Madame Bovary*, which starts out as source music, appearing to emanate from on-screen musicians, but then develops into something far

more involved, expertly evoking the romantic intoxication experienced by the beautiful young peasant girl cum aristocrat as she glides across the ballroom floor in a swirling, driving, breathless chaotic blur. The SSO pulled out a fine performance, and for the only time in the concert, conductor Rubardt briefly found himself conducting to the screen rather than the clock.

Following *Bovary* and completing the program's first half was Max Steiner's ubiquitous *Gone with the Wind*, represented by "The Burning of Atlanta" which features a punchy minor brass rendition of "Dixie" over furious strings, symbolizing the destruction of the Southern Dream. Scarlett O'Hara wanders precariously across the barren waste and gives her memorable "God as my witness" speech; up from the rubble rises the immortal "Tara's Theme," at first poignant then building to an ultimate, resounding crescendo, creating the sound that would set a precedent for 50 years of cliché.

Immediately after intermission was Bernard Herrmann's moody *Citizen Kane* which, in retrospect, draws much influence from its composer's days in radio, with its low, brooding winds and agitated strings. A pity it was only two cuts.

Riding the boot heels of *Kane* was the oddity of the evening, a projection of the "Fantasy on a Theme by Gershwin" sequence from *An American in Paris* (the one with Oscar Levant conjuring up a narcissistic musical escapade in which he is everyone—orchestra, soloist, conductor, and yes, even applauding audience). The trouble was that the real orchestra, which had hitherto performed beautifully, sat there idly through the whole thing. Granted, a minor chuckle was had, but was it worth throwing out Herrmann's *North by Northwest* for (dropped weeks earlier for

reasons unspecified)?

After this weak joke came the highlight and finale, Miklós Rózsa's spellbinding *Ben-Hur*. The reconstructed score was presented in all its glory over four scenes from the epic film: "The Parade of the Charioteers," "The Nativity," "The Desert" and the gargantuan "Naval Battle." The first three cuts, while lovely and well played, offered little in terms of new revelations as they were, for the most part, sufficiently audible in the film. The real shocker was "Naval Battle." For someone like myself who had admittedly never taken note of the score other than in the mercilessly crude sound mix of the film, you can imagine what an experience it was to hear the complexity and beautiful violence of this monster cue. A sincere commendation is due to the entire orchestra and especially maestro Rubardt for having run this musical gauntlet and succeeding marvelously, ever keeping pace with both the advancing film and the music's often hard-to-follow meter.

Thus, the concert was concluded, and though it garnered little appreciation from the audience and local newspaper critics beyond that of novelty, I, having spoken briefly with Mr. Rubardt, was cognizant of the incredible energy and diligence it required of the orchestra and its young conductor, especially on the aforementioned "Naval Battle," which conductor Rubardt termed "a bear." The concert was a fine production, perhaps with the exception of the Gershwin item, and I only hope that more Golden Age film music concerts like it grace the programs of orchestras in the future. They really do go far in making a large portion of the populous, if not more appreciative, then certainly more aware of some of the great music that has been written for film. •

SOUNDTRACK ALBUM ODDITIES: PART VI F - CDs vs. LPs

by ANDREW A. LEWANDOWSKI

We continue our review of differences between soundtrack LPs and CDs, to be continued probably until a new format is invented so we have to buy our collections over again. Send any corrections or additions to Andrew Lewandowski, 1910 Murray Ave, South Plainfield NJ 07080-4713.

Far from the Madding Crowd: Richard Rodney Bennett's score to this Thomas Hardy tale was released in the U.S. on an MGM LP (1E/S1E-11 ST) with 13 tracks. The CD reissue on Sony Music Special Products (AK47023) has 21 tracks; added were: "Flute Song" (0:57), "I've Lost My Love and I Care Not" (vocal by Paul Dawkins, 0:37), "I Sowed the Seeds of Love" (vocal by John Barrett, 1:01), "Through Bushes and Through Briars" (vocal by Julie Christie, 1:47), "The Barn Dance" (2:12), "Tinker's Song" (vocal by Terence Stamp, 1:02), "Entr'acte" (1:46) and "Blow Away the Morning Dew" (0:44).

A Farewell to Arms: Mario Nascimbene's score to this World War I romance was released on LP in the U.S. in 1957. It contained 14 bands totaling 43:35. In 1994 the Italian Legend label released a CD (CD 11) of the composer's cut of the score. This featured 13 selections totaling 49:10.

55 Days at Peking: Dimitri Tiomkin's score to Samuel Bronson's epic about the Boxer Rebellion in China was released in 1963 in the U.S. on LP (Columbia CS 8828/CL 2028). It was reissued in the late 1970's in France (CBS 62148) and as part of a six-record box set (CBS 83120). It was also reissued in Japan (CBS/Sony SOPM-5). In 1989 the album was reissued on CD in the U.S. (Varèse Sarabande VSD-5233). However, a year earlier Columbia had released a Tiomkin compilation CD (CK 44370) titled *The Film Music of Dimitri Tiomkin*, with two previously unreleased Peking bands: "Murder" (2:12) and "Montage" (2:12). In 1993, Cloud Nine in England released a CD (CNS 5006) including six selections from the score. "Murder" was included as "Murder of the German Ambassador" (2:13). It also contained another selection previously unreleased: "Intermezzo: So Little Time" (2:15). One other included selection, "Attack on the French Legation," is shorter on this CD than previous releases (2:50 vs. 3:17).

First Blood: Jerry Goldsmith's score to the first Sylvester Stallone "Rambo" film was released in 1982 in the U.S. on a Regency LP (RI-8503) with 11 selections. In 1988 the score was reissued in the U.S. on CD by Intrada (FMT 8001D) with 12 selections; added was "Over the Cliff" (2:03).

First Men in the Moon: The score for the 1963 movie adaptation of H.G. Wells's famous novel was by Laurie Johnson. A stereo digital LP was recorded and released in 1980 in the U.S. as a co-presentation of *Starlog*

magazine and Varèse Sarabande (SV-95002D). This contained 8 bands (10 cues) on Side 1 totaling 17:01. In 1991 the British label Cloud Nine Records released a monaural, digitally mastered CD of the original 1964 recording (ACN 7015)—18 bands and 32 cues for a total time of 46:10.

The Fly: Howard Shore's score to this horror classic remake was released in the U.S. in 1986 on LP (Varèse Sarabande STV 81289) with 20 selections. Varèse's CD issue (VCD 47272) had an additional 3 selections: "Seth and the Fly" (1:41), "Brundlefly" (1:41) and "The Street" (0:43).

The Four Musketeers: This sequel to *The Three Musketeers* was scored by Lalo Schiffrin and released on LP in the U.S. on Entr'acte ERS 6510. It contained 8 bands and the album was backed with music from *The Eagle Has Landed*. In 1987 both scores were reissued in the U.S. on CD (Label 'X' LXCD 5) along with a shortened release of the score from *Voyage of the Damned*. This CD added 2 additional selections from *The Four Musketeers*: "Breakfast at the Bastion" (2:46) and "Milady's Theme" (2:59).

The Fury: The U.S. CD for John Williams's score (Varèse Sarabande VSD-5264) to this horror tale has one additional cue not found on the LP (Arista AB-4175): "Death on the Carousel (original version)" (2:43). The German Alhambra CD reissue (A 8914) also includes it.

Game of Death: The score to this Bruce Lee film was composed by John Barry. It was released in Japan on LP (TAM YX 7037) in 1978 with 11 bands running 34:12. In 1993 Silva Screen released a CD (FILMCD 123) containing this score along with Barry's *Night Games*. The CD version also contains 11 bands running 37:28. However, several of the band titles differ from those on the LP. Closer examination of the tracks reveals that the CD contains additional selections: "Set Fight with Chuck Norris" (coupled with the Main Title) (0:59) and "Goodbye, Dr. Land" (1:57).

Ghost of Frankenstein: Hans Salter's first horror score for this 1942 film was released on LP in 1979 by Tony Thomas (TT-HS-3). It contained 18 bands comprised of 20 cues. In 1994 the score was re-recorded for CD release (*Music for Frankenstein*, Marco Polo 8.223477, also featuring Salter's *House of Frankenstein*) with 17 tracks. The LP contains the following selections not found on the CD: "Frankenstein's Diary" (1:38), "Troubled Love" (1:41), "A New Brain" (1:58), "Monster Kidnaps Child" (3:24) and "The Brain Transfer" (1:44). The CD has the following tracks not found on the LP: "Frankenstein's Castle" (0:55) and "Baron Frankenstein's Dialogue" (2:20). Several tracks on the CD are longer, some by as much as 2½ minutes, and others are longer on the LP.

THE ADVENTURES OF RECORDMAN

by R. MIKE MURRAY

SEX SELLS TOO THE BIGGEST BUNDLES OF THEM ALL

Since the publication of the first installment of "Sex Sells" (FSM #41-43, Jan/Feb/March '94), Recordman's cousins around the world have flooded him with suggestions and photos of additional albums demonstrating how sexual photos and artwork have been used to sell film soundtracks over the last 45 years. Moreover, since the time the original article was written over a year ago, Recordman has vastly increased his own collection and discovered many more of these gems. The albums mentioned in these two articles constitute the "best of" the sexy soundtrack album covers in various categories; however, there remain many more of a lesser sexual nature which are highly collectible as well. Alas, space will not allow the mention of at least a hundred more albums in this genre.



The thesis has been that soundtrack producers over the years early on came to the realization that explicit and implicit photos or artwork of a sexual nature on the cover to the film score helped to sell the album by initially attracting a consumer's interest. A very early effort by current master John Williams sets the stage. In 1957, multiple photos of a youthful and cherubic Mr. Williams adorned a budget label studio track entitled *The Johnny Williams Orchestra Plays Sounds from Screen Spectaculars* (Various, Craftsmen C-8043). Evidently the album was a slow seller and the producers decided to go for the groin. They immediately reissued the exact same album on several different labels, but changed the cover to feature the big hits of Rita Hayworth and the gorgeous Kim Novak. The album was retitled *Big Hits from Columbia Pictures* and was credited to the "Hollywood Grand Studio Orchestra, arranged and conducted by John T. Williams" (Tops L1632, Mayfair 9632S, Goldentone 9632, all circa 1958). Ah, the power of art. Sorry, maestro!

Soundtrack LP covers of the 1950s were generally rather tame due to the nature of the times. There were some notable exceptions, however. The best way to describe the cover of the rare *God's Little Acre* (E. Bernstein, United Artists UAL-40002, 1958) is that it demonstrates the essence of several different hard-sell sex tactics: the hairy beefcake shot of Aldo Ray and absolutely classic "headlights" and lingerie art for the voluptuous Tina Louise. Perhaps no other soundtrack cover has so well evoked steamy, lusty and trampy sex as envisioned by the movie and by the source author (Erskine Caldwell).



Two very early 10" LP soundtracks utilized biblical themes to justify covers, spicy at the time, depicting slightly scarlet heroines: *Salome* (Duning/Amfiteatrof, Decca DL-6026, 1953) featuring Rita Hayworth, and *Samson and Delilah* (Young, Decca DL-6007, 1950) with Hedy Lamarr. The popular Ms. Hayworth also turned on Grandpa with *Fire Down Below* (Jones/others, Decca DL-8597, 1958). A highly collectible EP is the clear winner in the "Sears-Roebuck Lingerie Catalog" class: *Anna/Hell Raiders of the Deep* (Franco/Vatro, MGM X-1108, 1943). *Band of Angels* (Steiner, RCA LPM-1557, 1957) is an early headlights cover demonstrating the better points of the beautiful Yvonne DeCarlo (assisted by Clark Gable). A triple treat for leg enthusiasts is the ultra-stylish *Les Girls* (Porter, MGM E-3590, 1957), accompanied by sex in the grand old style in the bodice-ripper cover to *Maracaibo* (Almeida, Decca DL-8756, 1958).

In reviewing thousands of soundtrack albums issued since 1949 it soon became readily apparent that the beautiful and well-endowed Sophia Loren reigns as the all-time queen of the soundtrack cover. Her photos and paintings appear on many of the prime sex covers from the 1950s and 1960s. Her physical attributes sold both movie tickets and albums! In addition to





her superior covers depicted in the first "Sex Sells" (*Boccaccio '70* and *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*) a beautiful artwork cleavage cover graces *More Than a Miracle* (Piccioni, GMG SE-4145, 1967). Alan Ladd appears to ogle her décolletage on *Boy on a Dolphin* (Friedhofer, Decca DL-8580, 1957), as does Tony Perkins (the late Norman Bates) on the cover to *Desire Under the Elms* (E. Bernstein, Dot DLP-3095, 1958).



Loren was rivaled during this time by highly promoted "sex kitten" French actress Brigitte Bardot. Recordboy would have paid big bucks to see any woman naked at this time, but Bardot's celluloid was the closest he got for a many years. Bardot's best known film, *...And God Created Woman* featured a surprisingly tame pastiche of her beauty and body (Misraki, Decca DL-8685, 1957). She appears in a low-cut dress on *Love Is My Profession* (Cloerco, Everest SDBR-1076, 1960, no photo available); a standard bikini on the rare *Girl in the Bikini* (Yatove, Poplar 33-1002, 1952, no photo) and finally in bustier with phallic machine gun on *Viva Maria!* (Delerue/others, United Artists UAS-5135, 1966). Many foreign pressings of her films feature great covers as well.



In the '50s and '60s, *Esquire* magazine featured the artwork of Vargas and George Petty, whose feminine cheesecake drawings are highly collectible. Decca utilized this artwork in a now classic series of albums known as *Music for the Girlfriend/Music for the Boyfriend* (Decca DL-8309/8316) featuring cheesecake covers by Petty. An exceptional headlights cover adorns the compilation *She Loves the Movies* (Decca DL-8312, 1955). Other bazooka headlights are featured on Waxman's *Crime in the Streets* (Decca DL-8376, 1956). Natalie Wood provides a beautiful, and unexpected, low-cut, push-up look on *This Property Is Condemned* (Hopkins, Verve V6-8664, 1966).



In the late 1960s and '70s, record producers began to push the limits, and several covers feature varying degrees of nudity. The gorgeous photo cover to the rare, non-commercially released *Adrift* (Liska, MPO 1001, 1971) features a 3/4 rear nude shot, highly reminiscent of the older artwork cover to the rare *The Lost Continent* (Lavagnino MGM E-3635, 1957). Before she appeared as "Barbarella," Jane Fonda shed her clothes for the hot-tub cover of *The Game Is Over* (Bourbette/Bouchette, Atco SD-33-205, 1967). *Angel, Angel Down We Go* featured a frameable nude cover (Mann/Weil, Tower ST-5161, 1969). Other examples include the X-rated *The Minx* (Dawes/Dannemann, Amsterdam AMS-12007, 1970), *Hello-Goodbye* (Lai, 20th Century Fox S-4210, 1970) and *The Loves of Isadora* (Jarre, Kapp KRS-5511, 1969). The soft-core film *Emmanuelle* (Bachelet/Roy, Arista AL-4036, 1975, not shown) provided a tame front cover, but did feature one of the first examples of complete upper female nudity on its back cover.



Oral sex, of course, has never been explicit on covers, but by implication, four definitive albums leave little to the imagination. When it appeared in 1962, *Lolita* featured its nymph-like star, Sue Lyon, sucking on a lollipop and was promptly condemned (Riddle/Harris, MGM SE-4050). 11 years later, the commercial pornography





explosion produced *The Devil in Miss Jones* (Shuman, Janus JLS-3059, 1973). While its front, line-drawn cover was tame, *Devil's* star, Georgina Spelvin got quite friendly with her pet snake on the back. *Swedish Flygirls*



(Henry, Juno S-1003, 1975) provides a jumbo jet ready for a sky-high delight. Recordman's pick for the classiest oral cover is the gorgeous color photo to a studiotrack compilation of Fellini film tracks: *Amarcord: Nino Rota* (Hannibal HNBL, 1981).



From oral to phallic is a logical progression and the erect guitar artwork cover to the rock soundtrack *Get Crazy* (Morocco 6065CL, 1983) wins the bursting, skyrocket delight award. A rare older album with a more subtle image is *The Key* (Arnold, Columbia CL-11085, 1958) with an upright key superimposed over a bedroom scene between William Holden and the popular Sophia Loren.

Soundtrack Swimsuit Competition:

In this category resides Recordman's pick for the *all-time sexy soundtrack cover*. This dubious honor is bestowed on Jayne Mansfield (who else?) for her photo cover to *Panic Button* (Garvarentz, Musicor MS-3026, 1964). Collectors from many different fields vie for this gem simply for the cover of Ms. Mansfield in a bikini! For those too young to remember, suffice it to say that, in her all too brief career, she gave new meaning and definition to the term "busty." This one will cost you big bucks, as do all of her album covers in different musical genres. A close runner-up is the gorgeous Jane Powell in swimsuit and never-ending legs on the cover of *The Girl Most Likely* (Martin/Blaine, Capitol W-930, 1958). However, the class act here has got to be the aptly titled *The Biggest Bundle of Them All* (Ortolani, MGM SE-4446, 1967) featuring a well known Raquel Welch bikini cover. At first glance, *Aliki, My Love* (Hadjidakis, Fontana SRF-67523,



1963) appears to be a nude cover until the barest evidence of a bathing suit is discerned. Varèse Sarabande scored big time in this category with its photo cover to *Blame It on Rio* (Wannberg, STV-81210, 1984), as did RCA with *The Silencers* (Bernstein, LSO-1120, 1966) which featured a bevy of scantily clad '60s lovelies. The album to 10 (Mancini, Warner Bros. BSK-3399, 1979) features a cartoon bikini head-lights cover of gigantic proportions. (Can I be the only one who thought Julie Andrews was much more sexy than Bo Derek in this movie?)

Closely aligned with swimsuits is the "Lingerie Sweepstakes"—a sentimental favorite here is the double foldout Annette Funicello masterpiece *Pajama Party* (Styner/Hemric, Buena Vista STER-3325, 1964) with Annette modeling various shortie nightgowns. Recordboy used to run to the TV every afternoon to see if Annette's mouse ears had gotten any bigger. See-through goodies are also evident when Pia Zadora appears in a sheer delight on the cover of *Butterfly* (Moricone, Applause APLP-1017, 1982).

Legs, Legs, Legs: Nothing surpasses *For Your Eyes Only*, depicted in the first installment, but several come close: A very rare 10" TV soundtrack, *Tawny* (Gleason, Capitol H-471, c. 1954) is a nice early example of this category. A striking artwork cover to *Fatal Attraction* (Hitchcock/others,





Fastfire FST-7500, 1985) is also impressive in the semi-nude department. This was not the Michael Douglas/Glenn Close film, but rather a 1980 Canadian picture originally titled *Head On*, and retitled for its 1985 U.S.



release. *The Naked Maja* (Lavagnino, United Artists UAS-5031, 1959) sports a truly terrible artwork cover which makes Ava Gardner look cartoonish, but the legs are just fine. An interesting leg concept was virtually duplicated on two albums with photo merged, leggy "walking hands" on the covers of both *The Knack* (Barry, United Artists UAS-5129, 1965) and *M*A*S*H* (Mandel, Columbia OS-3520, 1973). A great cheesecake, raised-skirt shot appears on *The Woman in Red* (Morris/Wonder, Motown 6108ML, 1984). A fine cartoon leg cover is also illustrated on *The Candidate* (Karmen, Jubilee JGMS-5029, 1964).



Beefcake Department: Okay ladies, your turn. One of the best and rarest beefcake covers is the artwork cover depicting Steve Reeves as the original *Hercules* (Masetti, RCA Bluebird LBY-1036, 1959). A later version featured pumped-up Lou Ferrigno on a similar cover (Donaggio, Varèse Sarabande STV-81187, 1983). Bare-chested Yul Brynner (with hair) jumps out from the cover of *The Buccaneer* (Bernstein, Columbia CL-1278, 1958), and good old Steve



McQueen gives beefcake a shot on *Nevada Smith* (A. Newman, Dot DLP-25718, 1966). Recent examples include Varèse's original steroidal front and back cover to *Masters of the Universe* (Conti, STV-81333, 1987), and boxer's delight, *Tough Enough* (Lloyd/Way, Liberty LT-511415, 1983). A shower bun shot predominates on the fold-out, double cover to *The Grasshopper* (Goldenberg, National General NG-1001, 1970, see next page for photo) and a loincloth photo of Tarzan appears on the fairly rare and unusual Afro-Cuban jazz soundtrack to *Tarzan, the Ape Man*. However, the actual name of this album is *Shorty Rogers Meets Tarzan* (Rogers, MGM E-3798, 1960).



Kinky Covers for the True Soundtrack Aficionado:

Time for a walk on the wild side: *The Damned* (Jarre, Warner Bros. WS-1829, 1969) describes itself as "a satanic mixture of matricide, incest, child molestation, mass murder and plain old adultery." The cover featured a rather hairy gentleman attempting his best Marlene Dietrich impersonation (and going for the gold in the "leg" category, as well?). The beautiful artwork cover to *The Fox* (Schifrin, Warner Bros. WS-1738, 1967) highlights the film's lesbian theme. Sadism is emphasized, appropriately enough, by whip covers to *De Sade* (Strange, Tower ST-5170, 1969) and





Marco the Magnificent (Garvarentz/Aznavor, Columbia OS-2870, 1966). *Marco* also qualifies as a great cartoon headlights cover. *Jack the Ripper* (McHugh/Rugolo, RCA LSP-2199, 1960) combines a murder scene with headlights, legs and a phallic knife. *Valentino* (Grofe/Black, United Artists UA-LA810-8, 1977) features an erotic nude couple cover; but open up the gatefold and you get to see a naked Rudolf Nureyev, painted-up like a Dalmatian, and appearing to sprout a strategically placed brass rod.

There you have it. Hopefully, the next time you see one of these lovelies in a bin somewhere you will rescue it from oblivion, and obtain a nice collectible as well. It's been a difficult choice, but here is:

Recordman's Top 10 "Sex Sells" Covers (both articles): 1. *Panic Button*; 2. *God's Little Acre*; 3. *For Your Eyes Only*; 4. *Boccaccio '70*; 5. *Anarcord*; 6. *Experiment in Terror* (Remick cover); 7. *The Biggest Bundle*

of *Them All*; 8. *She Loves the Movies*; 9. *The Girl Most Likely*; 10. *Picnic*.

Rest assured that soundtrack producers will continue to utilize sex to push the music of the movies, and if the film score didn't turn you on, perhaps the album artwork will. Beady-eyed FSM readers are encouraged to continue to send me copies of any soundtrack you think fitting for this topic (for archival purposes only, of course). Special thanks to Bob Smith and Ken Sutak for their kind assistance towards our education in this area.

Hot Vinyl Collectible of the Month: Any album mentioned in "Sex Sells I & II." Take out a second mortgage and be the first guy on your block to own the complete set!

Recordman, aka Mike Murray, can be reached at 8555 Lamp Post Circle, Manlius NY 13104. He is not a pervert. -LK

The CLASSIC FILM SCORES Recordings by R. MIKE MURRAY

It's difficult to believe it's been over 20 years since conductor Charles Gerhardt teamed up with the National Philharmonic Orchestra to record, bar none, what is still the best film music series produced to date. From 1973 to 1978, in association with producer George Korngold, Gerhardt recorded 13 high quality albums for RCA which cover what is now recognized as the "Golden Age" of film music, e.g. the 1930s to early '50s.

The LPs have been out-of-print for quite a while, but with the advent of the CD, RCA/BMG remixed these albums in gorgeous ADD in August 1989 and reissued them. Alas, even these CDs have been or are being cut out of the catalogs and I strongly urge you to obtain them as soon as possible. They are absolutely essential to any soundtrack collection. Total playing time for the series is almost 12 hours and the informative liner notes are models for the genre.

Listed below are the catalog numbers for the both the U.S. LP and CD versions. There is also a quadraphonic LP of at least one of the albums, Rózsa's *Spellbound*. With the exception of *Spectacular* and the two longer CDs (see box) none of the individual tracks repeat, although a film may be represented on more than one disc.

The Sea Hawk: The Classic Film Scores of Erich Wolfgang Korngold. LP: LSC-3330 (1972), CD: 0136-2-RG (1989), 50:27. *The Sea Hawk*, *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, *Of Human Bondage*, *Juarez*, *Kings Row*, *The Constant Nymph*, *Deception*, *Between Two Worlds*, *Captain Blood*, *Anthony Adverse*, *Devotion*, *Escape Me Never*.

Now Voyager: The Classic Film Scores of Max Steiner. LP: ARL1-0136 (1973), CD: 0136-2-RG (1989), 53:31. *Now Voyager*, *King Kong*, *Saratoga Trunk*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *Four Wives*, *The Big Sleep*, *Johnny Belinda*, *Since You Went Away*, *The Informer*, *The Fountainhead*.

Classic Film Scores for Bette Davis. LP: ARL1-0183 (1973), CD: 0183-2-RG (1989), 40:50. *Now Voyager* (Steiner), *Dark Victory* (Steiner), *A Stolen Life* (Steiner), *The Private Lives of Elizabeth & Essex* (Korngold), *Mr. Skeffington* (Waxman), *In This Our Life*

(Steiner), *All About Eve* (Newman), *Jezebel* (Steiner), *Beyond the Forest* (Steiner), *Juarez* (Korngold), *The Letter* (Steiner), *All This and Heaven Too* (Steiner).

Captain from Castile: The Classic Film Scores of Alfred Newman. LP: ARL1-0185 (1973), CD: 0184-2-RG (1989), 44:38. *Street Scene*, *Captain from Castile*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Down to the Sea in Ships*, *The Song of Bernadette*, *The Bravados*, *Anastasia*, *The Best of Everything*, *Airport*, *The Robe*.

Elizabeth & Essex: The Classic Film Scores of Erich Wolfgang Korngold. LP: ARL1-0185, CD: 0185-2-RG (1989), 47:48. *The Private Lives of Elizabeth & Essex*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *Anthony Adverse*, *The Sea Wolf*, *Deception*, *Another Dawn*, *Of Human Bondage*.

Citizen Kane: The Classic Film Scores of Bernard Herrmann. LP: ARL1-0707 (1974), CD: 0707-2-RG (1989), 52:05. *On Dangerous Ground*, *Citizen Kane*, *Beneath the 12-Mile Reef*, *Hangover Square*, *White Witch Doctor*.

Sunset Boulevard: The Classic Film Scores of Franz Waxman. LP: ARL1-0708 (1974), CD: 0708-2-RG (1989), 53:33. *Prince Valiant*, *A Place in the Sun*, *The Bride of Frankenstein*, *Sunset Boulevard*, *Old Acquaintance*, *Rebecca*, *The Philadelphia Story*, *Taras Bulba*.

Casablanca: Classic Film Scores for Humphrey Bogart. LP: ARL1-0422 (1974), CD: 0422-2-RG (1989), 50:52. *Casablanca* (Steiner), *Passage of Marseille* (Steiner), *The Treasure of Sierra Madre* (Steiner), *The Big Sleep* (Steiner), *The Caine Mutiny* (Steiner), *To Have and Have Not* (Waxman), *The Two Mrs. Carrolls* (Waxman), *Sabrina* (Hollander), *The Left Hand of God* (Young), *Sahara* (Rózsa), *Virginia City* (Steiner), *Key Largo* (Steiner).

Gone with the Wind: Max Steiner's Classic Film Score. LP: ARL1-0452 (1974), CD: 0452-2-RG (1989), 43:27.

Spellbound: The Classic Film Scores of Miklós Rózsa. LP: ARL1-0911 (1975), CD: 0911-2-RG (1989), 54:25. *The Red House*, *The Lost Weekend*, *The Four Feathers*, *The Thief of Bagdad*, *Double Indemnity*, *Knights of the Round Table*, *The Jungle Book*, *Spellbound*, *Ivanhoe*.

Captain Blood: Classic Film Scores for

Errol Flynn. LP: ARL1-0912 (1975), CD: 0912-2-RG (1989), 56:01. *The Sea Hawk* (Korngold), *The Adventures of Don Juan* (Steiner), *Captain Blood* (Korngold), *They Died with Their Boots On* (Steiner), *Dodge City* (Steiner), *Objective, Burma!* (Waxman), *The Sun Also Rises* (Friedhofer), *Adventures of Robin Hood* (Korngold).

Lost Horizon: The Classic Film Scores of Dimitri Tiomkin. LP: ARL1-1669 (1976), CD: 1669-2-RG (1989), 45:44. *Lost Horizon*, *The Guns of Navarone*, *The Big Sky*, *The Fourposter*, *Friendly Persuasion*, *Search for Paradise*.

The Spectacular World of Classic Film Scores. LP: ARL1-2792 (1977), CD: 2792-2-RG (1991), 51:17. This is a sampler of the above albums; however, five tracks are unique to it: *Julius Caesar* ("Overture," Rózsa), *King of the Khyber Rifles* (Herrmann), *Peyton Place* ("Main Title," Waxman), *Salome* (Amfiteatrof), *The Thing from Another World* ("Suite," Tiomkin). Also included: *Captain Blood* (Korngold), *Now Voyager* (Steiner), *Gone with the Wind* (Steiner), *Elizabeth & Essex* (Korngold), *Citizen Kane* (Herrmann), *The Caine Mutiny* (Steiner), *Knights of the Round Table* (Rózsa), *Objective, Burma!* (Waxman), *The Guns of Navarone* (Tiomkin), plus several studio fanfares.

John Williams' Classic Film Scores: Close Encounters/Star Wars. LP: ARL1-2698 (1978), CD: 2698-2-RG (1989), 54:20.

Expanded CDs: Initially, each CFS album was to be expanded on CD using suites or portions of suites recorded but not used, or by adding related tracks from other albums. Gerhardt actually reconfigured each disc, but RCA decided against paying the extra licensing fees to do this and reissued the albums as is, playing up the "remastered Dolby-surround" marketing aspect instead. Only *The Sea Hawk* and *Sunset Boulevard* came out in longer form; both were replaced by shorter versions thereafter and are the rarer collector's items: *The Sea Hawk* (7890-2-RG, 70:05) featured lengthened suites from *The Sea Hawk*, *Of Human Bondage* and *Between Two Worlds*, using music from the *Elizabeth & Essex* album, and *Sunset Boulevard* (RCD1-7017, 68:46) had tracks of *Peyton Place*, *To Have or Have Not*, *Mr. Skeffington*, *Objective Burma* and *The Two Mrs. Carrolls* added from other volumes.

In addition, Gerhardt later recorded:

Music from the John Williams Score: **Return of the Jedi.** LP: CRC1-4748 (1983), CDs: RCD14748 (1983), 60767-2-RG (1989), 46:20.

WHEN THINGS CHANGED

SOUNDTRACKS AND THEIR FANS IN THE 1960s AND 1970s, Part 2

by ART HAUPT

1972—The Pivotal Year

In 1972, things began to come together. Mail-order companies were appearing—dealers such as Record ReCollections in New Jersey; Record Undertaker in New York; and SoundTrack Album Retailers in California, founded in early 1972 by the late Jim Reed, an executive dropout from corporate America. In 1978, STAR would move to Pennsylvania, where it continues to be a major soundtrack dealer (send for a free catalog, PO Box 487, New Holland PA 17557-0487).

Also in 1972, Colony, a New York record store near Times Square specializing in Broadway shows and priding itself on its show-business record stock, set up rare-soundtrack bins, giving the soundtrack field new visibility. These things must be worth something; look at these prices...

In England, a pioneer dealer named Michael Jones set up Soundtracks Unlimited at Soho Records in Dean Street, London, and began importing and selling Italian, French and Japanese soundtracks—over 1,000 titles by 1972, when his sales began to spill over into the U.S.

The new Miklós Rózsa Society started. In the spring, the first issue of its quarterly *Pro Musica Sana* appeared, featuring an analysis of *Young Bess* and a concert music article by Christopher Palmer, "a brilliant young English musicologist" whom Rózsa had mentioned to the society.

And that summer, soundtrack fans everywhere came across the July issue of *High Fidelity*. It was hard to miss on the newsstand. The cover blared:

MOVIE MUSIC

Revealed in This Issue

Pictured underneath were scenes from *West Side Story* ("The Dubbers Unmasked") and *The Ten Commandments* ("How Did Background Music Speed Up This Exodus?"), the *Raintree County* album cover ("Why Is This Record Worth \$150?"), and Gary Cooper ("Was Movie Music Gunned Down by *High Noon*?").

About half the issue was soundtrack-related, including articles on film musicals and the singers who dubbed for them; an intriguing technical look at how music recording for movies differed from LP recording; and a column on the 1971-1972 strike by film composers trying to gain copyright ownership of their music.

Elmer Bernstein contributed an elegy for the film composer's craft. He related war stories (when recording *The Ten Commandments'* massive Exodus scene, DeMille specifically requested a tempo that would enliven the extras' sluggish pace) and inveighed at length against the pop-music tide of the 1960s, a tide he traced to *High Noon's* innovative main title and his own *Man with the Golden Arm* jazz score. In 1972, "the once proud art of film scoring has turned into a sound, a sensation, or hopefully a hit," Bernstein wrote somberly, citing the proliferation of pop-based, song-dependent films. "Producers [transformed] film composing from a serious art into a pop art and more recently into pop garbage."

Probably the issue's most revelatory article was "The Investment Market in Movie Music Albums" by Ken Sutam, then an NYU law student

and freelance writer. He had recently written a similar article for *The Capitalist Reporter* newspaper, which led to *High Fidelity's* approaching him for their soundtrack issue. His five-page dispatch from the collecting trenches delineated the soundtrack market and the amazing things going on in those record bins. *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, \$20; *The Swan*, \$40; *Taras Bulba*, \$40; *John Paul Jones*, \$50; *Raintree County*, \$150; *The 7th Voyage of Sinbad*, \$200. This was when a new LP cost \$4 or \$5.

"Perhaps 400 [albums] are considered worthwhile—musically, cinematically, or both," Sutam wrote. "About 300 of the 400 are rare. As for the thousands beyond the 400, well, the market has coined a rubric—'junk albums.' Junk albums are ignored."

He highlighted the notion that the most sought-after, promising soundtrack investments were those by the truly classic composers—Newman, Steiner, Rózsa... the whole A-List—not popular successes of the day like Maurice Jarre and Francis Lai. Jerry Goldsmith and John Williams were touted as newcomers with promising careers ahead of them.

Last but far from least, Sutam's *High Fidelity* article painted a charming picture of how sweet life in 1972 could be to any soul on a quest for something, in this case unattainable vinyl.

Besides the articles in that issue, there was one special announcement. Bernstein would found a "new record club" to re-record "the great soundtracks of the past, said 'greatness' being decided by the members themselves." The headline gave an idea of the scale of the club's ambitions: "Note to Film Music Collectors (Warning to Film Music Investors)."

The July 1972 *High Fidelity* was a major event, a crossroads, a watershed—a crossroads, in that seemingly all fans in those days encountered it in their separate lives and realized they were not alone; a watershed, in the sense that the issue's very existence declared that soundtracks were a music force to be reckoned with. *High Fidelity* itself ceased publication in 1989, but even today that 1972 issue is fondly recalled. Journalist Randall Larson remembers that it was inspiring to see someone in a position to do something—Elmer Bernstein—getting involved. That issue, he remembers, was "the first strand of a network" that put him in touch with other people interested in the field.

And if the most important consciousness-raising event of the era was the *High Fidelity* "Movie Music" issue, the most important soundtrack recording was surely *The Sea Hawk*—released in late 1972 as the first entry in RCA's "Classic Film Scores" series.

Charles Gerhardt had started as an RCA record producer and conductor, and had once been an assistant to Toscanini. In 1966, he and producer George Korngold, son of Erich Wolfgang, began producing special albums of popular classics for Reader's Digest—albums into which film music gradually infiltrated over the years. Sometime in 1972, Peter Munves, RCA's head of repertory, casually suggested to Gerhardt that he do an all-Korngold film score album.

In an interview with Christopher Palmer, Gerhardt recalled wondering if the record would



The Return of Raintree County

from Ken Sutam's 1972 *High Fidelity* article:

"[In 1972] two copies of John Green's double album *Raintree County* soundtrack surfaced in a New York City record store, selling for \$2.99 a set. The first person to discover them walked out of the store's storage room hopefully holding one set in each hand. Both sets were immediately wrenched from both hands by two of Hopeful's friends, who thereupon raced toward the checkout counter, threw a few dollar bills toward the register, and escaped with their prizes.

"To make up for his lost opportunity the store's salesman promised Hopeful to hold for him two other *Raintree County* sets, then in transit from the store's warehouse. But when Hopeful appeared the next day to claim his records, he was told that a third friend had just picked up the two sets on Hopeful's behalf. Hopeful, of course, never did see those sets. He had made the fatal error of mentioning that *Raintree County* had appeared in Greenwich Village at \$2.99 a set.

"...Within a week, scores of record buyers had entered the store asking for the set. More buyers took to cars and sped from Brooklyn to Queens to Harlem, hoping that other stores in the chain had received similar shipments. Some even invaded the chain's warehouse and devoted whole days to opening boxes, fingering files, leveling stacks, and—necks bent at 45-degree angles for hours on end—reading the spine identifications of thousands of shelved LPs. The final New York tally on 'The Return' was twelve *Raintree County* sets..."

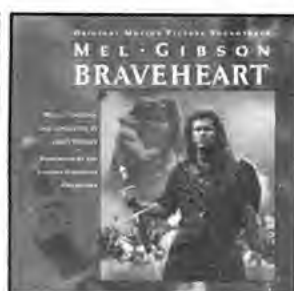
ever get made and released, and if so, whether it would ever sell as many as 10,000 copies.

But the *Sea Hawk* LP did get released, and the result surpassed all expectations. Splendidly played by the National Philharmonic under Gerhardt's baton and sumptuously recorded by RCA, it became one of the most successful classical albums ever released. Fifteen "Classic Film Scores" albums would come out from 1972 until 1983, most concentrating on film music from before the LP era [see series overview, opposite page -LK].

Amazingly, 11 of the 15 albums were released in the short period 1972-1975.



Next Issue: The Rest of the 1970s



SCORE



- RATINGS:**
- 5 Red Sox (best)
 - 4 Yankees
 - 3 Orioles
 - 2 Tigers
 - 1 Blue Jays (worst)

Batman Forever • ELLIOT GOLDENTHAL. Atlantic 82776-2. 18 tracks - 44:23 • Goldenthal's biggest action score yet struck me as a mishmash of elements from *Demolition Man* in the theater, where it had to compete with the usual symphony of machine gun blasts and explosions (not to mention Jim Carrey). On disc Goldenthal's work is more obviously audacious, so emphatic in its evocations of danger in Gotham City that at times it recalls music from the old TV show on crack. Goldenthal's main theme suffers from comparisons to Elfman's brooding, nocturnal effort from the first film (although that owed a lot to Herrmann's *Journey to the Center of the Earth*); it's even more cartoony than Shirley Walker's theme to the animated *Batman: Mask of the Phantasm*. And Goldenthal mines the same Nino Rota/Fellini riffs that Elfman always used for his comic scores; I've heard more Rota from Elfman and Goldenthal than I've heard from Rota. But there's so much going on in *Batman Forever* that you can forgive Goldenthal his few lapses. The insinuating jazz of his "Chase Noir" recalls some of Barry's early 007 sex scenes, while "The Nygma Variations (An Ode to Science)" leaps all over the place from insane electronic jazz to hyped-up Herrmannesque woodwind pulses in a musical description of Carrey's Riddler that's as outrageous as Carrey's performance. "Under the Top" is an Armageddon of wailing, hammering death-knell brass, matched by the thrilling snare-drum finish of the perverse "Spank Me! Overture." The "Batterdammerung" finale brings the house down with plummeting, triumphant piccolo/string glissandi and bells for Two-Face's coin-induced demise. It's one wild, schizoid ride, and Goldenthal does himself in with his own virtuosity at times, bringing a frenetic density to chase pieces that's often difficult to get a handle on as an audience member; as sophisticated as this score is, I can't see it sticking in the memory the way some of Elfman's cues from the original film have. Still, in these hard times you have to admire Goldenthal for giving the viewer more than they can chew on. **4** -Jeff Bond

Waterworld • JAMES NEWTON HOWARD. MCA MCAD-11282. 24 tracks - 68:41 • You'd expect MCA to be charging about \$700 for these discs, considering how much money Universal needs to take in to earn back the record-breaking *Waterworld* investment. Howard replaced Mark Isham on the film and brings his muscular action approach to the material in what ultimately proves to be a slightly schizoid musical journey. Ethnic instruments and percussion characterize the tribalistic *Waterworld* society during the first few cues (although the CD tracks run out of sequence from the film), but this rapidly gives way to some melodic romanticism that's a little surprising given the movie's post-apocalyptic setting. Costner's super-heroic Mariner character gets his own warm melody that manages to evoke both Korngold in its brassy action sequence settings and the old pop standard "You Are Everything, and Everything Is You" in its gentler moments. Howard puts everything but the kitchen sink into the action scenes, including some choral support, but the swashbuckling approach gets a little overbearing and lacks the propulsive, edgy drive of his terrific *Fugitive* score or even *Outbreak*. He's more successful during the film's lyrical moments, particularly the delicate "Swimming," and the conventional, Homeresque swelling chords that accompany the Mariner and

Jeanne Tripplehorn during their descent to the drowned city of Denver. This is another example of how today's cuisinart genre-splicing affects film scores: *Waterworld* wants to be a science fiction epic, swashbuckling action blowout, environmental satire and lyrical fable, and Howard's score never finds a cohesive thematic approach that can encompass all these influences. All in all, I give it Three Bags of Dirt. **3** -Jeff Bond

Congo • JERRY GOLDSMITH. Epic Soundtrax EK 67266. 10 tracks - 33:39 • It's anyone's guess what Goldsmith would have done with *Congo* 15 years ago when he was originally signed to the project. My guess is he wouldn't have opened the movie with a song as he does here: his "Spirit of Africa" (a collaboration with artist or group Lebo M... somehow I've managed to miss out on the whole Lebo M phenomenon) is a beautiful setting of a traditional African-sounding melody sung in a native language against African rhythms and vocal effects, along with the expected electronics. The tune opens up into a sweeping title theme that gets a workout during the first half of the movie as Goldsmith and cinematographer Alain Daviau set the scene during some breathtaking location shooting. The conceit would be audacious considering this is a summer thriller about mutant killer apes; a number of critics pounced on Goldsmith for jumping on *The Lion King* bandwagon. "Bail Out" kicks in with some exciting percussion and rapidly pulsating strings before taking flight with a broad statement of the main theme, while more aggressive, wildly syncopated, Stravinsky-esque rhythmic material is introduced during the final two cues to characterize the film's mutant killer apes. Goldsmith sketches out a musical evocation of the film's jungle setting with rich brass melodies and heavy percussion, as well as a wonderfully eerie mix of undulating woodwinds, strings and electronics for "The Gates of Zinj." Although many will doubtless be put off by the lyrical title melody (which definitely wears out its welcome during an eight-minute end credit sequence that includes some sappy PC lyrics in English) and Goldsmith's continued use of New Age-sounding synths, this is the kind of varied, large-scale work he's most admired for and shows some real fire during the final (all too brief) cues. Unfortunately, Epic would only spring for a half hour of music for this CD, and for my taste there's too much electronic whimsy devoted to the film's talking gorilla Amy and too little of the galvanizing action cues. All in all this is kind of an improved, infinitely more interesting version of *Medicine Man*, and I'd sure rather have 55 minutes of *Congo* and 33 minutes of *Medicine Man*. That's probably why I'm not a record producer. **3 1/2** -Jeff Bond

First Knight • JERRY GOLDSMITH. Epic Soundtrax EK 67270. 10 tracks - 40:13 • Goldsmith hits a bulls-eye with his first truly epic assignment in five years, a revisionist take on the Camelot legend that clearly inspired the composer. The album opens with a bright, regal fanfare for Sean Connery's King Arthur before moving on to the smooth pomp-and-circumstance of Guinevere's first meeting with Arthur and her arrival at Camelot, a refinement of Goldsmith's approach to the earlier *Lionheart* theme. "Raid on Leonese" is a rousing attack cue that introduces several motifs that figure prominently in later action music, including some menacing rapid-fire brass and a shrill Vaughan Williams-

esque theme for the film's villain. With all the battles and escapes Goldsmith scored in the film, the CD concentrates on his bittersweet love theme for Guinevere and Lancelot, a minor key variant of the Camelot theme that's one of the most effective romantic melodies in the composer's portfolio. There's still plenty of action in cues like "To Leonese" and the immense "Night Battle," which contrasts a Holst-like brass-and-string rhythm against some ripping brass scales and trombone glissandi as Lancelot goes into action. Although the battle and chase material is good, there's still an overall simplicity of approach some might find annoying in view of Goldsmith's past work (you can hear echoes of *The River Wild* coming through some of the action sequences). Goldsmith transcends himself, however, in the spectacular "Arthur's Farewell," a stupendous five minute choral assault that almost single-handedly salvages the movie's ridiculous "kneel before Zod" climax and, along with the beautiful "Camelot Lives," manages to bring a real mythic resonance to what would have been a facile but rather pedestrian costume epic. Goldsmith mentioned this assignment at a concert in early March and it was clear that he was thrilled with the opportunity; to his great credit, the bravissimo "Arthur's Farewell" bears no resemblance to Orff's ubiquitous "O Fortuna!" from *Carmina Burana*, the only piece of choral music Hollywood editors have ever heard of. I'm willing to bet *First Knight*'s climax was tracked with the Orff piece [it was! -LK], and judging from the frequent appearance of Goldsmith's cues in recent movie trailers, I wouldn't be surprised if we started hearing "Arthur's Farewell" tracked into every epic movie preview for the next three or four years. **4** -Jeff Bond

Judge Dredd • ALAN SILVESTRI. Various. 550 Music/Epic Soundtrax BK 67220. 12 tracks - 63:37 • Load this disc and listen to the first five tracks (23:45) of songs by the likes of The Cure and Leftfield—they are excellent and leave you pumped up and aching to get into Alan Silvestri's massive score. When it arrives, you're in for 40 minutes of one of the most exhilarating musical experiences in a long while. Certainly, the trademarks from Silvestri's previous action scores (i.e. the *Predators*) are all here: dynamically complex brass writing, thunderous and extended percussion lines backed by driving strings. This is as bombastic as it gets; however, this music also has a richer and warmer quality in its melodic and chromatically harmonic writing. Probably thanks to the *Gump* experience, Silvestri's music has taken on a new life as it not only enhances Stallone's muscle-bound heroics on-screen, but now also provides a meaty and enjoyable listen on CD. In order to escape the darkly gothic expectations which were probably attached to *Judge Dredd* long before Silvestri was, the "Judge Dredd Main Theme" does incorporate these elements but is also jaunty and light-hearted—not far removed from Elliot Goldenthal's *Batman Forever* (is this a new direction in comic book superhero scoring?). A more militaristic variation for the bad guys dominates "Council Chaos," an extended and exciting action cue, whereas the tragic strings of "Judgment Day" deal with the film's more character-driven moments. This kind of fantastic action music has been well worth the wait. Probably with Goldenthal's *Batman Forever*, this will define the sound of movie music this summer 1995. **4** -James Torniainen

Apollo 13 • JAMES HORNER. MCA MCAD-11241. 23 tracks - 72:19 • With *Apollo 13*, James Horner reveals what his "problem" really is—the poor guy doesn't realize that, with film music as with any other expression of creativity, it is quality that matters and not necessarily quantity. He should take a leaf out of Elfman or Goldenthal's books and try not to work so damn much! *Apollo 13*, Horner's third 70+ minute CD release in just over four weeks (this one including 8

tracks - 26:19 of songs from the era as well as movie dialogue) is a redundant collection of rehashed material which will have the plagiarism police up in arms once again. This really is *Clear and Present Danger/Pelican Brief/Sneakers* revisited—need I say more? Okay: the principal theme is an arpeggiated and elegiac trumpet solo reminiscent of Frederick Delius's "Appalachia," accompanied by Horner's familiar chord progressions (consisting basically of harmonized scales)—this gives the feeling of patriotic Americana which the score sets up rather nicely in its early stages. Indeed, the best cue comes early—the 10-minute "All Systems Go/The Launch" develops quietly but assuredly into a rousing representation of the sheer excitement which must have been experienced by everyone involved in the Apollo 13 project. It is in this way that the score succeeds—by conveying the emotions and images of the story. Just as "Master Alarm" relates the panic and claustrophobia of a hopeless situation with militaristic brass and drums, "Dark Side of the Moon," with its vocal performances by Annie Lennox and a ghostly female chorus entering the subconscious from all directions, contrasts the vastness of space surrounding the doomed crew. Unfortunately, we've all heard this music before. The new-look "MCA Soundtracks" presentation is superb and helps to make more sense of the score through dialogue clips and source material, although I still can't help but see it as another *Legends*-style disappointment from this "virtual audio storyboard of the motion picture event of the summer." Thus, James Horner's score: 2½, but the complete package: 3

—James Torniainen

Pocahontas • ALAN MENKEN, MUSIC; STEPHEN SCHWARTZ, LYRICS. Walt Disney 60874-7. 28 tracks - 56:21 • Last December, I heard "Colors of the Wind" for the first time. And though I loved it, I feared the rest of the score would simply parrot the song. Thankfully, it doesn't. Menken's music runs the emotional gamut, and its subtlety (not exactly a standard Disney characteristic) gives it a rare power. At moments it swings toward parody, and at others it resonates with strains as beautiful as Mark Isham's in *A River Runs Through It* and *Nell*. Schwartz's lyrics are a treat, but that's no surprise. His work on Broadway (*The Magic Show*, *Pippin*, and *The Baker's Wife*) is extraordinary—and *Pocahontas*, like *Beauty and the Beast*, is really a Broadway musical disguised as an animated film. Every song says so: "Colors of the Wind" and "Just Around the Riverbend" are *Pocahontas* "personified"; "Savages," with its political edge, gives the English settlers and Native Americans a chance to voice opinions about each other; and the beautiful "If I Never Knew You" is John Smith's ode to love. (Though cut from the film itself, the song appears on the soundtrack as a pop ballad performed by Jon Secada and Shanie. Likewise, Vanessa Williams performs a version of "Colors," but it falls flat; she should have sung it less and felt it more.) Musically, *Pocahontas* may not have the stuff of *The Little Mermaid*, *Beauty and the Beast*, *Aladdin* and *The Lion King*—but that's all kids' stuff. Instead, *Pocahontas* has a sense of nature, of the mystical and the mysterious. Its themes are larger, braver, more mature, like its uncredited inspiration, *West Side Story*. It's a cautionary tale with a royal pedigree. Soapbox rhetoric with a spoonful of sugar, surely; but it's wonderful just the same. Belle, Ariel, Aladdin, eat your hearts out. 4

—Tony Buchsbaum

Crimson Tide • HANS ZIMMER. Hollywood HR-62025-2. 5 tracks - 60:17 • This is one of those discs where you could guess the composer after hearing, say, 10 seconds. From his earliest assignments, Hans Zimmer firmly imprinted his own unique style onto his films and obviously has not looked back since, as his score for *Crimson Tide* is perhaps the broadest example of that style so far. On an hour-long disc which spans just five tracks (the longest, "Alabama," runs 24 minutes), all of Zimmer's trademarks are represented, including heavy brass and percussion as well as the familiar and effective use of strings as both the rhythmic and harmonic core of the music. That said, it is not difficult to imagine what to expect from Zimmer and this Tony Scott movie, claustrophobically set aboard a submarine which may be headed straight into a war. The claustrophobia is effectively suggested in a quiet, brooding mixture of electronics and sparse orchestra, contrasting with those fantastic moments where the composer is allowed to let rip, K2-style, and the brass and percussion take over entirely. Through all of this, Zimmer's themes are suitably dark (minor keys only, please!), easily identifiable and infectiously memorable. One of these is the composer's own arrangement

of the traditional hymn, "Eternal Father Strong to Save," which pops up in its choral entirety on the "Little Ducks" track and in orchestral excerpts elsewhere—a nice touch considering the film's military context. To cut a long story short (too late), the music is a little repetitive, not entirely original, but nevertheless top quality. 3½

—James Torniainen

Under Siege 2 • BASIL POLEDOURIS. Varèse Sarabande VSD-5648. 8 tracks - 27:49 • Ever since his brilliant symphonic slaughterfests for *Conan the Barbarian* and *RoboCop*, Basil Poledouris has found his niche collaborating with blood and glory yahoos. But while he doesn't have to worry about John Milius acting, the composer really has his job cut out for him with Steven Seagal. Poledouris's music for *On Deadly Ground* gave Seagal's gory salute to Greenpeace an epic sweep. Now, his rousing score for *Under Siege 2* kicks orchestral ass again for the Laurence Olivier of neck-breaking. But forgetting Seagal's ability to kill people, it's Poledouris's music that really does the acting for him. *Siege* has the patriotic emotions that heroes are made of (but can't express to save their lives), with some nice tenderness thrown in for Seagal's sissy parts. Though the composer's work here might not be anything new, it's still damn effective, particularly when he's building suspense by jumping between orchestral roundhouses and a killer satellite theme (a la Goldsmith's coincidental opening to *Congo*). Topping off the score is an eight minute action suite that's pure Poledouris, containing enough blasting percussion and brass to take down any sound effect. However, this soundtrack's real siege comes when Poledouris plays back-up for Seagal's deadly end-title song. Listening to this chalkboard-scratching Gospel number makes Frank Stallone's theme for *First Blood* sound like it was performed by Frank Sinatra. 3½

—Daniel Schweiger

Jeffrey • STEPHEN ENDELMAN. Varèse Sarabande VSD-5649. 16 tracks - 38:45 • In soundtrack fans' perfect world, CDs would only have scores and songs. But as aficionados often forget, soundtracks are sold to jog memories of the filmgoing experience, and not because the general public is clamoring for instrumental music. This can account for the trend of smothering scores with dialogue in a dubious attempt to appeal to non-fans, who would probably buy soundtracks without Tom Hanks saying "Houston, we have a problem." In the worst-case scenario of *Apollo 13*, the dialogue stepped on top of the score. But as with *Six Degrees of Separation*, Jeffrey shows that movie excerpts can have a happy marriage with a score—as long as they keep clear of it. Jeffrey might be another soundbyte CD, but it's far more attentive to the underscore than it needs to be. Stephen Endelman, the talented composer of *Imaginary Crimes* and *The Englishman Who Went up a Hill...* does a fine job at capturing Manhattan's vibrant humor. Like Jerry Goldsmith's music for *Six Degrees*, Endelman uses bouncy jazz to capture NYC's melodic warmth, going from a piano club to a disco's beat, all with a distinct Broadway feel. Jeffrey's songs are equally charming, among them Connie Petrucci's lovely "Stay Until Morning" and Silvano's danceable number "Helpless." Unobtrusively stringing Jeffrey together is Paul Rudnick's hilarious one-liners. Listening to his safe sex rap is far more entertaining than buying an album for its music, and finding yourself in mission control. 3

—Daniel Schweiger

Braveheart • JAMES HORNER. Icon London 448 295-2. 18 tracks - 77:55 • For those who get nauseated over long James Horner CDs like *Legends of the Fall*, be prepared to stay in bed all weekend after *Braveheart*. Horner's score to Mel Gibson's epic evokes a combination of dramatic undertones and medieval flavor. Although working perfectly in the film (I'm probably the only one in FSM's readership who saw the movie and liked it), the score suffers on CD. The central melody is pretty, yet not very interesting, and cues take too long to develop. Stylistically, you can hear traces of John Barry, Trevor Jones, and Aram Khachaturian (imagine that!). Despite these similarities and the CD's longevity, it still has its moments; notable tracks include "Gift of a Thistle," "For the Love of a Princess" and the "End Titles." Horner also incorporates special instrumentation such as Uilleann pipes, whistles, and bodhrán drums, which make up for otherwise boring string arrangements. The sound quality is decent, the packaging is as well, although there aren't liner notes. Overall, it's a score that should please those *Legends of the Fall* score lovers, and stimulate Horner bashers. But to each his own. 3

—Rick Neely

Die Hard with a Vengeance • MICHAEL KAMEN, VARIOUS. RCA Victor 09026-68306-2. 13 tracks - 66:09 • Never have I seen Michael Kamen write and adapt such effective music within the movie and yet the principal cues don't go on the CD. The CD contains three rock/rap songs used in the film, although "Summer in the City" seems the only one that belongs since it's practically the main title. Also included is a 15 minute excerpt from Brahms's 1st Symphony (4th movement). Although a nice passage of music, could someone please tell me where this is used in the film? There is also an adapted version of Beethoven's 9th, lacking both chorus and a place within the film (I think). The remaining 30 minutes is Kamen's score, and it sounds like anything other than action film music. Some of the cues are the same as on the *Die Hard* 2 album, note for note. Others are uninteresting string arrangements. The CD has good digital sound, no liner notes, and photos of Kamen and director McTiernan behind the CD tray. Overall, it's pretty lousy, for several reasons: (1) Kamen is a great action composer, (2) there is some great material in this movie that didn't make it to CD, and (3) the recent cancellation of Fox's *Predator/Die Hard* CD made this most likely the last chance to obtain a decent adaptation of what FSM readers once voted was Kamen's best score (*Die Hard*). It's truly a damn shame. 2

—Rick Neely

The film's rushed post-production resulted in the album being assembled before the complete score was recorded. Kamen used Brahms's 1st in cues he wrote early on for the film, most of which were not used.

While You Were Sleeping • RANDY EDELMAN. Varèse Sarabande VSD-5627. 16 tracks - 37:51 • Randy Edelman will never be mistaken for being especially innovative, but as the current generation of Hollywood composers go, he's shaping up to be the cream of the crop. Edelman's music is always professional and polished, often pointing out the obvious (as most scores do nowadays), but at least doing so in its own style. Edelman doesn't try imitating John Williams, but rather writes in his own formula of easy-going synths, full orchestra and distinctive, tuneful melodies. It may be routine, but Edelman's scores generally work both within the films themselves, and—because of his penchant for composing clear, readily detectable themes—separated as albums. *While You Were Sleeping* is another one of those cases, the film being the enjoyable Sandra Bullock/Bill Pullman romantic comedy that became one of this spring's few box-office hits. Edelman's score is, no surprise, lovely and memorable, containing several recurring motifs that make for a perfectly timed, 37-minute album. If there's any criticism that one could apply, it's that Edelman's jaunty "comedy" music got on my nerves in the theater (we know the scene is supposed to be wacky—the composer shouldn't tell us that it is), and did so again on the album, but because the cues are sequenced according to their musical variety, it's easier to overlook such faults. And, as with many Edelman scores, there's a heartfelt love theme that brings all of the thematic material together. You can call Edelman's music whatever you want, but it works, and it works on a consistent basis more than most everyone else's in Hollywood right now. 3

—Andy Dursin

The Cure • DAVE GRUSIN. GRP GRD-9828. 18 tracks - 43:48 • Dave Grusin does a good impression of James Newton Howard on *The Cure*, although he never quite reaches the same degree of sophistication that the man himself might achieve. Nevertheless, this score offers a good degree of variety as it moves between bluesy riffs such as "Mississippi Montage" and "Make Mine a T-Bone" (scored for acoustic and electric guitars, bass, drums and piano), lively ensemble/soloist pieces ("Shopping Cart Ride," "Chase and Confrontation") and tearful orchestral music. As the "cure" of the title is obviously not forthcoming, cues such as "Requiem" and "Last Visit" speak for themselves, as a melancholy solo piano provides the main theme over slushy strings—basically, the whole package can best be summed up as "Dying Younger." You know you've found a good film score when it's completely baffling the first listen and then just keeps getting better and better; this one I adored immediately, until it became just a little too ordinary. The one perfect word to describe *The Cure* is "nice." A compliment, or not? That's completely up to 3

—James Torniainen

I should point out that Dave Grusin has been pioneering jazz and pop in film since the late '60s, far longer than James Newton Howard. He's not some new kid starting out as a second-rate Howard knock-off artist.

VOICE OF THE PROLETARIAT

FSM and especially the "Score" section is made possible by reader submissions. Usually I ask contributors to call or write ahead of time to get assigned various albums; however, every summer I get a number of unsolicited reviews of the same big scores. As much as I need five nearly identical reviews of *Judge Dredd* as I need a hole in the head, it is neat to get a wider sampling of what fans think. I am also appreciative of the time commitment anyone puts into writing for FSM. However, please—no more unsolicited reviews. I can't always use them; don't do it, I'm serious! Ask first. *FSM is not responsible for the lunatic ramblings of its readers! (only for the lunatic ramblings of its editor)*

Waterworld. Fan reaction: It's great!

With *Dave*, *The Fugitive*, *Wyatt Earp*, *Outbreak* and now *Waterworld*, James Newton Howard has become the next Big Thing for soundtrack collectors. He's been fortunate to grab several genre projects (western, sci-fi epic) which call for the types of scores that fans like.

Brian M. Satterwhite: "I was totally swept away by one of the best scores I've heard all year. There are so many things that contributed to its success; not the least of which is Howard's talent for combining synthesized music with a conventional orchestra.

"The opening cue begins with low sustained 'winds' which give way to a barrage of synthesized and acoustical percussion supported by a deep sustained tone in the low brass register. He also makes subtle use of the shakuhachi which seems to have become a cliché in contemporary film scoring; in *Waterworld*, however, it adds an effective color.

"Howard handles his themes in a mature and creative way. The heroic theme is not overplayed or overstated; after hearing it several times in the first scene of the film I was worried that it would be heard non-stop. Instead, Howard treated this theme with great care. He developed it, nursed it and gave it a life of its own. It worked well as a heroic fanfare, a sorrowful goodbye and as a bridge between distant cues. As for the action music, Howard made use of a wide variety of rhythmic ostinati. The opening scene where the Mariner is escaping the smokers is a great example of this style. The swimming scene is also striking; the visuals are so picturesque that it called for picturesque music. Here is a great example of how synthesized and acoustical music can be beautifully blended to create rich and colorful textures. He captures the "water" in an impressionistic setting. Without the film the music already has an ethereal quality which makes the watery dance between the Mariner and little Enola that much more effective. Another great addition is the full choir; it doesn't dominate but rather adds more color to a versatile palette.

"This score has action, tenderness, fear, tension, heroism and sheer beauty all rolled up in one fantastic adventure. Howard's music is crafted so well in this movie that I believe it really makes this mediocre film worth watching."

Amin Matalqa: "The score's opening brings back the amazing visuals of a lone drifter on a planet covered by water. [Huh? It's amazing to see a guy on the boat in the ocean? -LK] Track two starts the action with a Williamsque orchestra that gets pumped by excellent percussion. There you get the brassy theme of the adventurous Mariner. The quiet dawn falls as a solo female voice fills the open spaces of waterworld. 'Prodigal Child' introduces the theme of the little girl who carries the map to dry land on her back in the form of a tattoo. 'Swimming' is a beautiful, quiet meditative track followed by lots of action. If you enjoyed the last two tracks in *Outbreak*, you will love these. Then there's the eerie 'The Bubble' where the Mariner takes Jeanne Tripplehorn to the abyss of the ocean and shows her where civilization once lived. 'Half an Hour' brings back the astonishing scene where the Mariner uses himself as bait to catch a beast/shark animal. The sequencing keeps the album interesting. And finally the last four tracks have that touch of *Alive*: waiting to find dry land, finding it, and a big finale."

I should add that Amin also wrote in his review, "Never listen to asshole critics. They attack an amazing piece of film magic as if they could make one. They are the scum of the earth," which now with my printing of his review is interestingly self-reflexive.

Robert Knaus: "Howard's score weaves from percussive, *Fugitive*-inspired action writing ('Escaping the

Smokers') to lovely, acoustic string and choral work to suggest the vastness and majesty of the future's oceans. Howard also unleashes some rousing, Korngoldian high seas themes to underline the film's entertaining chase scenes (especially effective in 'Slide for Life'). Overall, the score isn't as thematically united as last year's *Wyatt Earp*, but offers some meaty listening."

Judge Dredd. Fan reaction: It's great!

Can't go wrong with Alan Silvestri back in "action"; the only debate seems to be whether "Angel Family" is a rip-off of *Predator 2* or a rip-off of *The Abyss*.

David Coscina: "So this is what John Williams would have written for the newest Stallone sci-fi epic. Silvestri's score draws on the same harmonic tapestry which Williams used in *The Star Wars Trilogy*, especially *The Empire Strikes Back*. The first track, 'Judge Dredd Main Theme' acts more as an overture since it accompanies the opening scene in which we are introduced to Mega City 1. There is a grandiosity to the music which features Lydian harp glissandos, horn ostinatos, surging woodwinds and a particularly rousing trumpet fanfare rendition of the *Dredd* theme. Silvestri also injects nice string writing giving the cellos the main line more often than not (a typical Williams device). 'Judgment Day' begins with an alternating triplet figure in the low brass which grazes the Boba Fett theme from *Empire*. There is also an *Alien* 'Adagio' quote as the piece develops into its violent climax as Chief Judge Fargo embarks on his 'long walk' into the Cursed Earth. Again, Silvestri perfectly addresses the scene with a stirring fanfare that is easily as spectacular as anything by Williams or Goldsmith. On 'Block War,' the *Dredd* theme is fully presented with its slashing string rhythms, martial snares and ominous horn line, capturing the heavy-handed approach of the title character toward crime. Silvestri even has a chance to quiet things down on 'We Made You' which contains a slow four-note string motif symbolizing Dredd's lonely existence as a Judge. In fact, the entire score is melodically driven and is quite listenable on its own, save for 'The Angel Family' which contains a grating electric violin and processed harmonica along with a direct lift of 'The Fight' from *The Abyss*. But again, these 'quotes' don't seem obtrusive or distracting. Like David Arnold's *StarGate*, Silvestri's *Dredd* pays homage to other sci-fi scores with a sensibility that is never condescending. The verdict: *Judge Dredd* is an enjoyable listening experience which includes all of the best music from the film (for a change!) and is recommended to all those starving for a good sci-fi score. Court's adjourned."

Iain Herries: "This is what we would expect from *Dredd*: martial rhythms, lots of snare drums, a big choir, and perhaps more importantly, it's loud. But is it good? Well, there isn't much particularly new: think of a hyperactive *StarGate*. Possibly the best track, 'Block War,' is almost five minutes of stomping martial beat, which early on features some very Goldenhail brass writing, followed by an almost swashbuckling sprint through the theme." Iain goes on to note other Goldenhail influences in the otherwise distinctly Silvestri-styled score; he says the European release of the CD has seven and not just five songs at its beginning.

Robert Knaus: "Like previous Silvestri action scores (*Ricochet*, *Predator*, etc.), there's little thematic unity to the various rhythmic material, but thunderous percussion and brisk pacing makes it fun. The only sour note is 'Angel Family,' which lifts the main title of *Predator 2*. Still, this is an entertaining score, well performed by the Sinfonia di London. Fans of Silvestri's unreleased *Blown Away* will especially go for it."

Eric Wemmer also dug *Dredd*, calling it "a return to the more tradition action-Silvestri of such scores as *Back to the Future* and the *Predators*... it helped make the movie bearable."

First Knight. Fan reaction: It's great! (No synths!)

Fans were ecstatic to find Jerry Goldsmith going totally acoustic for Camelot; most made comparisons to 1987's *Lionheart*, which did have electronics. Many wrote that they wished the album had more of the various action music—Goldsmith as usual chose to feature the more romantic parts, assuming (correctly) that this is what general listeners would want to hear.

Guy Reid came the closest to finding any fault: "*First Knight* may only be a paint-by-number score, but it's so unapologetically romantic I can't resist its charms. The composer's reluctance to stray from the Korngold

Bible prevents *First Knight* from being more than 'just' a paint-by-number score, but still, 'Arthur's Farewell' knocked my socks off in the theater, and when the chorus kicked in, did the crowd ever take notice; and 'Camelot Lives,' the loveliest piece of passionate fluff he's had the opportunity to write in a long time, left me to believe I'd just viewed a better film than it actually was. And any composer who could incite me to that kind of madness, deserves the highest praise."

Dan Ward: "*First Knight* should be a pleasant surprise for those who have been turned off by Goldsmith's over-the-top use of synthesizers on recent scores... Unlike *Lionheart* and *Legend*, *First Knight* benefits from its omission of synthesizers, forcing xylophones, flutes and timpanies to stand out more. We can only hope Goldsmith continues this trend."

Rob Knaus: "Goldsmith weaves a lushly romantic main theme that matches the visual splendor of Jerry Zucker's film perfectly (this guy directed *Airplane!*). Noble trumpets and French horns capture the sweep of 'Camelot,' while haunting strings accompany the passion that Lancelot (Richard Gere) feels for Guinevere (Julia Ormond). Powerful, *Final Conflict*-esque choral work forms the backbone of the thrilling 'Arthur's Farewell'; more vocals accompany a grand, dramatic restatement of the Camelot theme in 'Camelot Lives'... This splendid score returns Goldsmith to his prime, recalling *The Wind* and *The Lion and the Lionheart*. Note to the Academy!"

Mark G. So: "This brash and raw score will doubtless come as a sensorial affront to those who have been lulled by the droning, mushy, quasi-mystical, quasi-everything Horner scores for the 'epics' *Legends of the Fall* and *Braveheart*, but make no mistake about it, Goldsmith's *First Knight* is the way epic romances ought to be scored. The score demonstrates the power of music in film when it stands out unabashedly, boldly emphasizing and focusing messages and themes that can be explained and discussed on screen but must be translated into musical terms in order to be felt and appreciated. For instance, Sean Connery's convincing Arthur can tell us how much the vision of Camelot means to him, but it takes Goldsmith's score to communicate to the audience just how basic it is to his very being and essence, and how profoundly it affects his every action. The same goes for Guinevere and her essential goodness, sincerity and compassion..."

Eric Wemmer: "...Out of the ten tracks, the first eight slowly develop the main themes—since most of the movie involved talking, there was only so much to work with here. Goldsmith brings back some of his traditional brass and sound, and this score has some of that old charm and magic only Goldsmith can bring... out of all the Goldsmiths in the past few years, this one definitely stands out."

Apollo 13. Fan reaction: Dialogue stinks!

Some people loved this Horner outing, some were disappointed—almost all were annoyed at MCA's mis-indexed combination of songs, score and dialogue.

Brian M. Satterwhite: "Although *Apollo 13* is limited to Horner's present style, it is nonetheless a great score. Its simple and modest themes arouse all the emotions needed to make this film a success... The main title opens with Horner's favorite 'glorious' drum rolls echoing off in the distance as a solo trumpet introduces the main theme. The textures remain thin as strings and winds join in; it's effective in its symbolism of the heroics of our American astronauts.

"The launch sequence is definitely the most arousing cue, over 10 minutes. Instead of Horner playing the violent, turbulent action of the rocket or maybe even using music to foreshadow the danger that awaited our astronauts, he played the drama of the moment. He used a simple, hymn-like theme to humbly capture the pride and honor felt in the astronauts, mission control and even the wives of the crew. This simple step-wise theme gave way to a heroic climax as the rocket launched off the pad. Horner then stated the theme in all its glory, with a shot of the wives crying that added excitement and awe to the visuals of the launch.

"Later in the score Horner relied on his old bag of tracks, especially for when the oxygen tank blows up. Piano clusters, low rhythmic ostinati and percussion added to the tension, effective but nothing new.

"For the finale and splashdown, Horner brought back the solo trumpet and hymn-like theme to reaffirm the glory and success in bringing the astronauts home.

It is effective and also good listening; the music does, however, go undeveloped and untransformed. The theme is stated in one spot and again in another without much character or change. The orchestrations remain static as the movie progresses and never allow for any change in color, texture or character. If Horner could only breathe more life into his music and let it grow throughout a movie, his scores would be almost unbeatable. For now they are just great textbook examples of how to score a film."

Eric Wemmer mostly ranted about MCA's album: "...A shame, too, since this is one of Horner's best in a while. A little *Brainstorm/Star Trek II & III* makes its appearance, and yes, the *Sneakers* music is used for some of the tense parts, but still, quite rousing and apart from the overbearing tones of *Legends of the Fall* and *Braveheart*. This, like *Casper*, harks back to old-style Horner. If you have the patience to program your stereo, then don't pass up this excellent effort."

Dan Ward: "This is one of the most derivative Horner scores I've ever heard. 'Main Title' resembles to John Williams's main title from *JFK*, with Horner's standard military drumbeat accompanied by a solo trumpet. 'Master Alarm' begins with 'Samuel's Death' from *Legends of the Fall*, then goes into 'Garage Chase' from *The Pelican Brief* (with that annoying descending piano riff). 'Into the Lem' begins with a solemn tone, then moves into 'Deleting the Evidence' from *Clear and Present Danger*, while 'Darkside of the Moon' is a total rip-off of 'Goodbye' from *Sneakers*. 'Re-entry and Splashdown' is a reworking of 'End Credits' from *Clear and Present Danger*, with its patriotic theme reaching for emotional heights. The only particular good cue is 'The Launch'... overall, a disappointing and unoriginal effort for a film which deserved better."

Batman Forever. Fan reaction: It's great and weird!

Most were impressed by Elliot Goldenthal's wild, weird and schizophrenic noise-a-thon; they were also surprised by its lack of the Danny Elfman *Batman* theme, despite announcements to the contrary.

James Torniainen: "My wildly elevated expectations have not quite been met. Goldenthal may have taken a little too much inspiration from the Batcomposer before him—apart from the absence of the *Batman* theme that everybody now knows, those less informed in film music may not even have spotted the change of composer. I expected something with Goldenthal's crazy and unique style stamped all over it, and not just on the many highlights. But those highlights don't come much higher! With 'Gotham City Boogie' and 'Perpetuum Mobile,' Goldenthal rediscovered the zany campiness of the original TV show; staccato flourishes here mimic the 'Ker-pows' which used to flash on the screen, climaxing with groovy musical statements of Neal Hefti's original 'Bat-Maaaaaan' motif. In 'Chase Noir,' muted trumpet and solo piano create the most erotic sound imaginable to accompany Dr. Meridian's amorous advances upon our Caped Crusader. As well as 'Batterdammerung's' fitting rousing finale and the Sibelius-inspired climaxes of 'Under the Top,' it's hats off to Goldenthal for furthering the reintegration of the theremin into movie music in his 'Nygma Variations' (notice also the typically satirical track titles). This relentless and noisy score is stylistically diverse and takes a lot of getting in to—but once you're there, you will not want to leave."

Iain Herries: "Goldenthal's new theme does occasionally catch you out; you half expect it to turn into Elfman's as it rises from the depths. Goldenthal is on record saying that he was going to go his own way with *Batman*, and this is precisely what he has done. His typically excellent use of electronics is here, which this time includes that fantastic instrument, the theremin. There is some jazz-styled action music to complement the more '60s comic book approach, and continuing the tradition of the two Elfman scores, there is circus/fairground music, all given that dark twist we have come to expect from Goldenthal. Those other staples of his, the 'howling' and trilling horns are here; in the main title, as 'Forever' shines through the Bat insignia, the horns rise up and 'whoop' at you—play it loud!"

Iain also mentions a Goldenthal track on the U2 single, "Themes from *Batman Forever*," which was specially recorded and does not appear on the score album: "The renditions of the fanfare and one of the jazz action numbers do not appear in the film (the version of theme is played for the first sighting of the Batmobile)."

Eric Wemmer: "This awesome score is a pleasant change from Elfman, proving there are other ways to approach *Batman*. What particularly stands out is how easily Goldenthal can switch musical modes. Most of the tracks are the dark action music with the screaming brass; but then for 'Mr. E's Dance Card,' Goldenthal is able to go through several styles—rumbas, waltzes and tangos. He tackles the more sentimental side of the movie with tracks such as 'The Pull of Regret' which harks slightly back to the lullaby theme from *Alien*." Eric's only criticism was the use of *Alien*'s "Wreckage and Rape" for the scene in which Robin takes the Batmobile and gets into trouble with a gang; this cue was not included on the album.

Guy Reid: "...What makes this venture into cartoon buffoonery all the more credible is, of course, because Elliot Goldenthal is a highly trained composer who can, by default, marry classical, modernist and post-modernist styles and still create vibrant, listenable works (creativity doesn't hurt either). And those like myself who are already fond of Goldenthal's dramatic vocabulary will find themselves entertained by a rich melange of the past and present: Strauss and Rózsa, Shostakovich and big band, Prokofiev and swing, Herrmann and Glass, and of course Wagner. Have a little patience and don't let the cacophony get in the way of enjoying one of the better scores this summer."

Congo. Fan reaction: It's great! or: It stinks!

Jonathan Z. Kaplan: "The *Congo* disc begins promisingly. Three of the first four tracks contain some nice material and the main theme, presented several times, is, in and of itself, rather nice (featuring some familiar Jerry Goldsmith changes from *Wind* and *The Lion*, etc.). Thus, Goldsmith had me hoping that he had returned back to his form from the '70s and early to mid-'80s. He hasn't. Goldsmith has been stuck in his S/B action and sub-par melodic trance for too long. Now he has shown signs of breaking out, with the *Voyager* theme and now *Congo*. Hopefully, in his future projects, he will move either forward to new material or back to his old great work—anything but more of this stagnation. As for the rest of *Congo*, there are no other worthwhile themes and the action music is in most places standard and in other places obnoxious. Goldsmith's 'Spirit of Africa' music (lyrics by Lebo M. and performed by Lebo M. and Goldsmith's orchestra) is meandering and dreadful. I've somewhat enjoyed Goldsmith's Latin American flavored scores (*Medicine Man*, *Under Fire*, etc.), but he doesn't seem as comfortable with *Congo*'s African chanting and drumbeating. The highlights of the disc are the entrances of the main theme, played by the horns, over an underlying African drumbeat. But there is little to no variation on this theme, especially in the action tracks, where it is desperately needed. Perhaps Goldsmith wrote his nice theme and then realized that the movie wasn't good enough to merit him wasting his time writing anything else. Just to piss everyone off, the tracks are listed in the wrong order on the back of the booklet and in the right order on the CD itself. Speaking of the CD itself, there's a picture of Amy, the fake gorilla on it. There are also a few more pictures of Amy the fake gorilla in the booklet."

Guy Reid: "*Congo* is fast, furious and doesn't shy away from its bubble-gum appeal; smartly limiting itself to its own narrative, and not the film's; quickly satisfying the listener's appetite for that 'jungle-beat' by avoiding unnecessary and irrelevant subtext, to finally carrying you away from the memory of a really dumb movie with, of all things, a rousing song."

Eric Wemmer pointed out how short all the tracks are, realizing that perhaps *Congo* was not the most fantastic tapestry for musical composition.

Braveheart. Fan reaction: It stinks! or: It's great!

Mark G. So: "If you like music with the consistency of firmed porridge, this score is definitely for you! Otherwise, be wary, as James Horner continues with the slow, imitation John Barry stuff that he first drowned us with in *Legends of the Fall*. Also plentiful is Horner's familiar ethnic bag o' tricks, the usual thumpings and whistlings that dance their merry way around ponderous and overkilled orchestral passages. It's amazing how easily Horner falls into scoring big epics with this sort of thick, innocuous aural tempera. There are a few nice, pro-active orchestra moments, like the beautifully restrained horn and string activity near the end of 'The Secret Wedding'; also, the Uilleann pipe music evolves beyond mere background flavoring into a full-

fledged—though regrettably understated—anthem for the film's Scottish freedom fighters. On balance, however, this is too little to legitimate the bulk of this drippy score, and the album is way too long."

Eric Wemmer: "A generous helping of some of James Horner's best in a while. With this and *Casper*, he has proven once again he is still one of the best. The use of ethnic instruments is proper and enhances the score. The London Symphony Orchestra returns, accompanied by Uilleann pipes, whistles, bodhrán drums and other proper Irish (?) instruments to paint a picture of the love, the sadness, the loss, the victories of war, and the sacrifice of one for many. For those who love Horner, like me, they will eat this up. For those who hate him, this might even get their attention."

HEY, THOSE ARE THE WRONG PIPES!

by Paul Andrew MacLean

Jerry Goldsmith has told the tale of how *Under Fire*, although set in Nicaragua, was temp-tracked with Chilean zamponia music. Although concerned with this breach of authenticity, Goldsmith admitted the sound of these Indian flutes, while technically "wrong," nevertheless worked dramatically (and more importantly the director, producer and even the executives insisted he use them). Four years after scoring that film, Goldsmith had just finished a lecture at UCLA, when a student from Central America approached him with the terse censure, "Did you know your music for *Under Fire* was based on music from the Andes?" Goldsmith could only respond, "Where have you been? I've been waiting four years for you!"

I predict a lot of Scots are going to level a similar accusation at James Horner and Carter Burwell, regarding their scores for *Braveheart* and *Rob Roy*, respectively. There has been much talk questioning why the adventures of these two great Scottish heroes, Sir William Wallace and Robert Roy MacGregor, are underscored with Irish Uilleann pipes instead of the traditional Scottish Highland pipes. In the case of Horner, one's mind instantly goes back to *Star Trek II*, and his account of how he begged the producer to cut out Scotty's bagpipes during Mr. Spock's funeral, because he thought they ruined the scene (and his music).

However, there is a more practical reason for this "wrong pipes" mystery—mainly that Highland pipes are far more limiting to a composer than their Irish cousin, the Uilleann. Scottish pipes are restricted to the key of B-flat, with only nine notes at a player's disposal, and are incapable of playing at any volume other than loud. The Uilleann pipes possess a somewhat similar sound, but are far more versatile, capable of two nearly-chromatic octaves and thus a greater range of keys. Skillful players can also manipulate the dynamics with a fair degree of precision.

Admittedly one could argue that sampling the Highland pipes could have preserved their sound and provided the necessary versatility (Michael Kamen made use of real and sampled Highland pipes in *Highlander*). Still, Horner's choice is ultimately excusable and artistically appropriate, considering that *Braveheart* takes place in the 13th century, long before the Highland pipes as we know them today existed. (There were pipes back then, but they were comparatively simple, with only one drone.)

More perplexing is Burwell's *Rob Roy*, which takes place in the comparatively recent 18th century, yet is often far more primitive sounding than *Braveheart*. Burwell too uses the Uilleann pipes, but again this nod to Irish music is presumably for the same reasons as Horner's—out of simple practical necessity. However, *Rob Roy*'s director, Michael Caton-Jones, although himself a native of Scotland, further invests the film with a strong Irish feel, by supplementing Burwell's score with recordings by The Chieftains!

Ethnic scoring has certainly come a long way since Golden Age composers (who generally imitated Albert Kettelby when faced with ethnic subjects). Composers like Rózsa, Jarre, Goldsmith and Fenton have been among the most significant in setting new standards for ethnic authenticity in film scores. But ultimately, dramatic necessity must take precedence over cultural fidelity, so I suppose one shouldn't complain too much when a composer takes a few liberties. (After all, I thought John Williams's pan pipes worked beautifully in *Far and Away*.)

Tube Tunes from Rhino Records

Reviewed by ANDY DURSIN

It's ironic that Rhino Records marked the demise of the television theme song by issuing this three-volume set of classic TV themes, right before *The Rembrandts*' "I'll Be There for You" (the theme from NBC's sitcom *Friends*) became the first TV theme song to hit #1 on the pop charts since Jan Hammer's "Miami Vice" almost a decade ago. But it shouldn't surprise anyone who has paid attention to the wacky world of TV themes over the years; after all, who would have thought that the themes from gone-and-forgotten shows *Makin' It* and *Angie* were ever released as singles... never mind the fact that they actually cracked the Top 20! It's almost enough to make Jack Palance come back and host an all-new *Ripley's Believe It or Not*, but such bizarre occurrences have happened countless times, and Rhino's *Tube Tunes* series is a wonderful compilation of those TV ditties that have lingered longer in the mind than the shows they were written for. Yes, there have been more TV theme collections than John Ritter sitcoms, but the real hook with this particular series is that many of the songs are presented in their full-length single forms, and not simply their one-minute TV versions (which TVT Records did in their *Television's Greatest Hits* series). In the process, Rhino has unlocked a goldmine of fun for tube-watchers, nostalgia freaks and fans of trendy pop music from eras long since past. While only a few of these themes are genuinely good, most others are still fun (usually because they're so dated), and it's great to have all of them on CD in one, er, three places.

Volume One: The '70s (R2 71910, 16 tracks - 37:09) is probably the weakest of the three, if only because more of the shows (and the themes) were duds rather than hits. Even here, however, are a few rarities, such as Sonny Curtis's alteration of "Love Is All Around" (theme from *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*) into a country and western single! Also present are longer single versions of The Cowbells' "Love, American Style," The Banana Splits' "Tra La La Song" (even I remembered that one), Bobby Sherman's "Seattle," Isaac Hayes's groovin' "Theme from The Man," MFSB's #1 hit "TSOP (The Sound of Philadelphia)" (from *Soul Train*), Pratt and McClain's #5-topping "Happy Days," Cyndi Grecco's #25-charting "Making Our Dreams Come True" (from *Laverne & Shirley*), Jose Feliciano's sweet "Chico and the Man," and—best of all—Mike Post's first big single, the #10-charting classic "The Rockford Files." *Volume One* is rounded out by TV (i.e. 90 second or less) recordings of the Address Brothers' "Nanny and the Professor" theme, *All in the Family's* "Those Were the Days," Donny Hathaway's "Maude," and the title tunes of *Good Times* and *The Jeffersons*, in addition to the first season theme ("When We're Singin'") from *The Partridge Family*. Although I personally found this album to be the least entertaining of the three, each song is certainly someone's personal favorite out there.

Volume Two: The '70s and '80s (R2 71911, 16 tracks - 41:41) is a step up from *Volume One*, thanks to a fair share of dated—but hilarious—'70s disco tracks, including Rhythm Heritage's #1 hit "S.W.A.T.," Henry Mancini's rendition of Allyn Ferguson and Jack Elliott's *Charlie's Angels* theme, the New World Symphony's propulsive "Wonder Woman," Jack Jones's classic "Love Boat Theme" (in a really insipid arrangement), and David Naughton's wickedly funny "Makin' It" ("I'm solid gold, I've got the goods, Please stand when I walk through the neighborhood!"). Slightly less "serious" songs are David Cassidy's "Hard Times (Hard Crimes)," Alan Thicke and Julie Rinker's "Three's Company" (although it certainly doesn't sound like Alan Thicke), Greg Evigan's super-silly "B.J. and the Bear," Maureen McGovern's charting *Angie* theme, "Different Worlds," Lee Majors's "The Unknown Stuntman" (from *The Fall Guy*), Waitresses' "Square Pegs," Gary Portnoy's "Everytime I Turn Around" (from *Punky Brewster*), and Bobby Sherman's inane "Getting Together." On the seriously good side, there are full-length single versions of John Sebastian's #1 "Welcome Back, Kotter," Mike Post's "Theme from Magnum P.I.," and Andrew Gold's lively 1978 performance of "Thank You for Being a Friend" which was later watered down into the theme from *The Golden Girls*. Again, each one of these songs probably means something to someone out there, although I can't imagine anyone having a great deal of personal attachment to "Hard Times (Hard Crimes)."

Volume Three: The '80s (R2 71911, 16 tracks - 38:43) is my personal favorite of the three, undoubtedly because the '80s featured the most melodic TV themes of any decade. *Parte Tres* features full single versions of Steven Carlisle's pleasant "WKRP in Cincinnati," Bill Conti's synthesized "Dynasty," Mike Post's memorable "Hill Street Blues," Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams' forgettable "Without Us" (from *Family Ties*), Waylon Jennings's grab-a-beer-and-listen "Dukes of Hazzard (Good Ol' Boys)," Gary Portnoy's now-classic "Cheers (Where Everybody Knows Your Name)," Jan Hammer's loud "Miami Vice," Stewart Copeland's less-loud "The Equalizer," and Steve Dorff's nice "As Long as We Got Each Other" (from *Growing Pains*), performed by B.J. Thomas and Dusty Springfield. In addition, the album boasts the CD debut of Joey Scarbury's full-length single rendition of "Theme from The Greatest American Hero (Believe It or Not)," my all-time personal favorite TV theme. Shorter TV versions of Gloria Loring's late-season "Facts of Life," Rik Howard & Bob Wirth's "Silver Spoons," Larry Weiss's "Brand New Life" (from *Who's the Boss?*), Shandi's first-season "Charles in Charge," Dionne Warwick's last-season "Love Boat," and Greg Evigan's all-season "You Can Count on Me" (from *My Two Dads*) are thrown in for good measure.

Rhino has done a superb job with packaging and design, as each album contains detailed, informative liner notes and photos of vintage TV memorabilia (one of the producers had to have been a Colorform junkie!). Kudos to compilation supervisors Lisa Sutton and David McLees for bringing back a lot of memories, and for taking us back to a time when opening themes were important in selling a show to viewers. Hopefully the success of the *Friends* theme will inspire network executives to resurrect the TV theme, an art form whose best and brightest—and silliest—are all celebrated on this massively entertaining three-volume set.

More New Releases...

Desperado • VARIOUS. Epic Soundtrax EK 67294. 18 tracks - 59:38 • *Pulp Fiction* meets *El Mariachi* with this red-hot blast of Mexican rockability. Alternating between machine-gun guitars, folk songs and every tune to grace a border town dive, *Desperado* teams the best Latin and gringo acts for an album of pure musical machismo. Everything blends together with a great '50s retro sound, among them Link Wray's driving "Jack the Ripper" and Los Lobos' electric "Mariachi Suite." Stars Antonio Badaras and Salma Hayek deliver sultry Latin ballads, with Santana's "Bela" giving them a cool lovemaking groove. But *Desperado's* most notable work belongs to Tito & Tarantula, whose Latin percussion and blazing guitars serve the film's non-stop gunfights as well as any blasting orchestra. From their scorching rendition of "Strange Face of Love" to the screaming metal of "Bar Fight," Tito & Tarantula play some of the best rock to grace an exploding blood bag. Particularly amazing is their showdown tune for "White Train," which builds from a pleasant Mexican siesta to an orgasmic explosion of percussion and guitars. With its terrific combination of Latin songs and bad-ass instrumentals, *Desperado* is the best concept soundtrack to plaster a lowlife since *Pulp Fiction*. 4 —Daniel Schweiger

Texas • LEE HOLDRIDGE. 24 tracks - 56:38 • Lee Holdridge was only able to release his score to this TV mini-series as a promo disc; the "official" soundtrack is nothing more than country songs with just the slightest bit of Holdridge's music. But the full score is certainly worthy of a full blown release; it contains everything you would associate with an epic mini-series—powerful and heroic, with a hint of Aaron Copland. The main theme is an uplifting "battle cry" piece, with strings and heavy brass; it is heard throughout in different variations. There are also plenty of intimate cues (such as "Benito and Austin," "Benito's Love for Matty"), most of which feature guitar or woodwinds, or both. The music for the battle scenes is driving and percussive, like that of *Gettysburg*; one such cue, "Houston Takes Santa Anna," pays homage to Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man." It must have been on the temp-track because the two pieces are awfully similar. The score seems to lose steam after the first third of the CD, but there is enough good music in the remaining tracks to keep you from being bored. One track called "Old Time Piano" is just stereotypical saloon music and doesn't fit in with the rest of the album. I haven't seen the mini-series so I don't know if it works with a particular scene or not. Overall, the promo disc is good

and worth adding to your collection if you can get your hands on it (try the specialty mail order dealers). While listening to it, I kept wondering why Holdridge doesn't work more in films. He certainly has the talent, I think. He would probably fit into the category of composers who get work because they can halfway imitate John Williams. Who knows? 3 1/2 —Jason Foster

VR.5 • JOHN FRIZZELL. BMG Music 72445-11109-2. 21 tracks - 53:41 • A composer who decides to use ethnic and native instruments to score a film or a television series walks a path fraught with fannish traps. On the one hand, if successful, praises ranging from "ingenuous" to "brilliant" will be showered upon him; if not, the fickle fan will cry "derivative" and "uninspired," ad infinitum. John Frizzell's music to the late, somewhat interesting but ultimately pointless series, VR.5, is filled with a mixture of Indian (from India), Australian, European and American instruments coupled with liberal doses of techno-synth. The end result is an admirable musical amalgamation of what was only hinted at in the lackluster series: how virtual reality may end up creating a more coherent world village—Marshall McLuhan, look out! After a number of promising beginning and end tracks, Frizzell falls upon the percussive Horner-influenced, time-worn suspense clichés. Perhaps without these fatty deposits the CD might have been listenable for more than just one pass in the ol' disc player. In the future I will definitely keep my ears open for the name John Frizzell, as his work on VR.5 is an ambitious indication of better things to come. 2 1/2 —Oscar Benjamin

Babylon 5 • CHRISTOPHER FRANKE. Sonic Images 8502-2. 12 tracks - 58:14 • The syndicated *Babylon 5* is the flip-side of *Star Trek* in every respect, from its gritty tone and hard-nosed characters to its baroque space hardware and Christopher Franke's pulsating electronic scoring. Where *Trek* takes a 60-piece orchestra and makes it sound like one oversized keyboard, Franke takes his keyboards (with a seemingly minor assist from a European orchestra) and makes them sound like an electronicized London Symphony. This long CD shows influences of everything from kodo drumming to baroque classicism, mixing in film noir-ish saxophone solos, heavily rhythmic, sharp-edged suspense and action cues for the CGI space dogfights, and atmospheric sections reminiscent of Vangelis's *Blade Runner*. Franke's main title theme (and its more elaborate second season incarnation) is the sort of standard space anthem you swear you've heard before (like Toto's *Dune* theme), and fans may have trouble locating the two title cues on this CD, arranged into long suites from four episodes: "Chrysalis," "Mind War," "Parliament of Dreams" and the second season "Geometry of Shadows." The consistency of Franke's style works against the length of this CD, but it's a good listen and more interesting in some ways than most of the recent DS9, *Voyager* and *TNG* stuff. 3 1/2 —Jeff Bond

The Avengers • LAURIE JOHNSON. Varèse Sarabande VSD-5501. 24 tracks - 64:01 • If you thought Laurie Johnson only composed the memorable theme for *The Avengers* TV series, this welcome reissue will come as a big surprise. During the 1960s and '70s, Johnson was a highly respected British film and television composer who often worked closely with Bernard Herrmann. In fact, he was asked to score 1978's *It Lives Again* primarily because of his intimate knowledge of Herrmann's orchestral style. For this recording, Johnson leads the London Studio Orchestra in selections from several *Avengers* and *New Avengers* programs as well as suites from the films *First Men in the Moon* (1964), *Dr. Strangelove* ("The Bomb Run") (1964), *Hedda* (1975), and the 1973 Hammer thriller *Captain Kronos: Vampire Hunter*. The latter, with its propulsive tempo and slashing strings, is highly reminiscent of Herrmann. An amusing postscript: When I called my local music store to inquire about ordering this CD, the clerk said, "Nah, we don't have any of her stuff." Sorry, Laurie. 3 —Bill Powell

QBVI (1974) • JERRY GOLDSMITH. Intrada MAF 7061D. 12 tracks - 35:22 • *QBVI* was one of the first successful miniseries, a compelling tale of a courtroom battle between a Jewish writer (Ben Gazzara) chronicling Holocaust history and a German doctor (Anthony Hopkins) who sues the writer for slander for accusing him of committing war crimes. Goldsmith's four-hour score is boiled down to a half an hour, and understandably a little incoherence results. Even the title theme seems to cram too much into a couple of minutes, moving from a five-note brass fanfare to a mournful,



traditional-sounding melody, then to a silky, slick love theme before returning to the fanfare. There's travel music and a frenzied chase cue, both evocative of the Middle East, and developments of two different love themes. As usual, Goldsmith is most convincing in the musical language of terror, here employing some of the techniques he excels at in his horror movie scores to the real-life horror of the Holocaust; echoing, percussive string tones and the sibilantly whispering, accusatory voices of the dead accompany scenes where characters relive their concentration camp experiences. Goldsmith's "Kaddish for Six Million" brings the album to a towering conclusion with a beautiful, large-scale choral elegy. The original ABC Records LP had terrible sound, and Intrada hasn't been able to eradicate all the distortion inherent in some of the tracks; regrettably, this is most notable during the powerful final cue, which is badly compromised. **4** -Jeff Bond

The Goblin Collection 1975-1989. DRG 32094. 27 tracks - 75:57 • Compilations, by nature, will always spark debate. No doubt the new DRG compilation covering a decade and a half in Goblin's film career will add more fuel to the fire. The CD mainly showcases unreleased (at least in the U.S.) material for horror films. Goblin belongs to that much maligned school of rock and synth-driven film scoring whose main practitioners are Giorgio Moroder, Tangerine Dream and Mark Snow. There exists a prejudice against this school of music which is unfortunate because many powerful scores have arisen from it. Who can forget the pulsating and nightmarish *Suspiria* or the bleak and apocalyptic sounds of *Dawn of the Dead*? This collection includes these and many other noteworthy compositions. DRG has done an admirable service by releasing this disc. Unfortunately, there exists a major missed opportunity here. It is known that the European and Japanese prints of *Dawn of the Dead* contain several music cues that were replaced by library tracks on American prints. Hopefully a special re-release of this score will rectify this—are you listening, DRG? With entertaining and somewhat inaccurate liner notes by the ubiquitous Didier C. Deutsch, this disc in the "Classic Italian Soundtracks" series is a fine introduction not only to Goblin, but to a music form that deserves more than just arrogant sneers. **3½** -Oscar Benjamin

The Wizard of Oz (1939) • HERBERT STOTHART. Rhino R2 71964. Disc 1: 46 tracks - 66:24; disc 2: 36 tracks - 69:07 • "Oh joy! Rapture! I've got a brain!" So said the Scarecrow after receiving his diploma. You'll be glad you have a brain too—so that you can savor every second of Turner/Rhino's superb release of the original soundtrack of *The Wizard of Oz*. This "deluxe edition" is a newly remastered, definitive presentation of Herbert Stothart's Oscar-winning score.

Beautifully packaged in an emerald green folder are two picture discs and a 52 page history of *Oz*. There are over two hours of music including rare and previously unreleased tracks. All this for a very reasonable 35 bucks! Of course there are the legendary performances by Judy Garland and the all-star cast. But the real jewel here is Stothart's score.

Herbert Stothart is credited with musical adaptation on *The Wizard of Oz*. George Bassman, Murray Cutter, Paul Marquardt and Ken Darby were given screen credit for "orchestral and vocal arrangements," while George Stoll is listed as associate conductor. According to Cutter, Stothart was "above all, a good showman, a gifted musician with very little technical knowledge." Stothart could not do his own orchestrations (Cutter was Stothart's orchestrator at MGM for eight years, later spending his last 16 years arranging for Max Steiner). John Green described Stothart as a composer who had a "felicitous feeling for combining music with dialogue. He was an effective composer for the screen, although not in the same league as Max Steiner."

er." This gift for providing music under dialogue can be heard (sans the dialogue) in such tracks as "Leaving Home," "Crystal Gazing," "At the Gates of the Emerald City" and "The Witches Castle." Stothart's equally impressive score to *The Yearling* also displays his knack for uniting music with the spoken word.

Stothart had a gift for strings, strings and more strings. It has been described as a "great wash of mush." The background music to *Oz* was done in an impressionistic style that was popular during the late '30s; something akin to the dreamy music of Debussy and Ravel.

Disc two in the set includes supplemental material that is priceless: an alternate main title track, two different renditions of "Over the Rainbow" (one in which Judy Garland suffers a hack attack!), Buddy Ebsen's "If I Only Had a Heart" (Ebsen was replaced by Jack Haley due to illness) and recordings of "If I Were King of the Forest" and "The Jitterbug" (a deleted number).

The sound is terrific, thanks to the fact that the original microphones were placed strategically throughout the soundstage, each creating a discrete recording. Add to this today's digital technology and it sounds as if they recorded it yesterday. The liner notes in the booklet are extensive. This is destined to become a collector's item. Let's hope Rhino goes to work on releasing Stothart's *Mrs. Miniver*, *National Velvet* and *The Yearling* very soon! **5** -Terry Roberts

North by Northwest (1959) • BERNARD HERRMANN. Rhino Movie Music R2 72101. 50 tracks - 64:51 • As anyone who's squirmed through Laurie Johnson's well-intentioned but excruciating re-recording of Herrmann's classic Hitchcock adventure score knows, only the genuine article will do. I just didn't think the purveyors of the *Golden Throats* collections would be the ones who would do it. Thanks to their connections with Turner Broadcasting, Rhino Records now has access to some of the greatest movie scores of all time. If this beautifully produced CD is any indication, all that music has fallen into good hands. Producers Marilee Bradford and Bradley Flanagan have pulled out all the stops with a complete representation of Herrmann's score including two cues cut from the film and a handful of source cues. Also included is a beautiful 28-page booklet with notes on Herrmann and his music, as well as a track-by-track guide to the cues as they relate to the film. With 50 tracks, the CD is heavily indexed, allowing you to jump to any spot within longer sections; many tracks are under a minute in length but flow seamlessly within the larger units. Rhino's producers acknowledge up front that some of the most important moments of the score have been badly compromised due to the decay of the original session tapes; sound of the CD overall is superb, but listeners will be horrified by the sound of Herrmann's infamous fandango title piece and subsequent restatements of the same music (notably during the drunken car ride down a seaside road and the final chase on Mt. Rushmore). These cues were all recorded on the same day and this particular reel had apparently all but disintegrated before the new CD was mastered, leaving the score's most familiar music almost unlistenable. The good news is that there are good renditions of the fandango on several other CDs and since Herrmann practically retakes that music verbatim in the later cues, there's nothing unrecoverable lost. Herrmann's striking suspense music is here in all its glory, from the Psychoesque knit-and-pearl strings that accompany the villain's henchmen pouring Cary Grant's indelible George Kaplan a potentially fatal highball to the magnificent brass and percussion that heralds Grant's and Eva Marie Saint's arrival atop Mt. Rushmore at the film's unforgettable climax. The source cues (including a snippet from Andre Previn's *Designing Women* score) are pretty jarring when inserted in the middle of Herrmann's all-of-a-piece score with its quietly relent-

less South American rhythms, but that's a minor quibble; this is a terrific achievement and potentially a sign of great things to come from Rhino. **4½** -Jeff Bond

The Three Worlds of Gulliver (1959) • BERNARD HERRMANN. Cloud Nine ACN 7018. 23 tracks - 47:11 • At long last Herrmann's complete score to Ray Harryhausen's effects-laden adaptation of Jonathan Swift's satire is finally released on CD. This score has always been one of the maestro's most joyous odes to life and the frustrations that inevitably accompany it. Ranging from the classically influenced, smug pomposity of "18th Century England" to the delicately plucked violin and bells that evoke a childlike sense of wonder ("The Lilliputians") to the baroque and menacing horns in "The Chess Game," Herrmann masterfully integrated diverse compositional styles. Here he also created one of his most heartfelt love themes, that for Gulliver and Elizabeth: a haunting and aching evocation of the fragile human heart. For completists there is the inclusion of two non-Herrmann tracks. They are somewhat incongruous on this CD, and although it would have been fascinating to hear actor Kerwin Matthews's vocals to "Gentle Love," they were unfortunately lost. Another lament is the fact that this recording is in *mono*, which Cloud Nine fails to indicate except on the disc itself! But don't let that minor quibble prevent you from obtaining one of the finest scores ever commissioned for the screen. **4½** -Oscar Benjamin

Fahrenheit 451 (1967) • BERNARD HERRMANN. Varese Sarabande VSD-5551. 17 tracks - 34:18 • Varese's re-recordings continue to grow with this short-but-sweet Joel McNeely/Seattle Symphony Orchestra performance of some of the most heartfelt music of Bernard Herrmann's career. The highlights are a revised 17 minute suite of the unusually orchestrated *Fahrenheit 451* (making this a boon for all of us poor schlubs who don't have *The Concert Suites*), the lovely "Andante Cantabile" (3:33) for Gene Tierney's reminiscences in *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir* (a piece Herrmann also used in his opera *Wuthering Heights*), and ten energetic minutes from the Oscar-nominated *Anna and the King of Siam*. Two minutes each from *Tender Is the Night* (the moody "The Embrace") and *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* (a "Wagnerian" main title) reinforce the fact that Herrmann could write warm, understanding, gentle and very human music when not underscoring psychotics or chaos. It's an inspired performance that leaves one wanting more than 34 minutes (though, like the 40-minute *Blood & Thunder* CD, the disc is a well-rounded presentation that bears the use of the repeat button). Packaging includes liner notes from Kevin Mulhall, photos from the recording sessions, and a pensive Matthew Peak cover painting inspired by *Fahrenheit 451*'s final scene (and its justly famous cue "The Road," called "The Book People" on Milan's Herrmann CD). It is still unclear what else Varese will be re-recording following this and Alex North's *A Streetcar Named Desire*, but any series that eventually will include a 70-minute *Spartacus* has my support. **4** -Christopher Walsh

To Catch a Thief: A History of Hitchcock II. Silva America SSD 1045. 13 tracks - 60:21 • Like the first volume of music from the films of Alfred Hitchcock, this features the "usual themes" along with several premiere recordings, including *The 39 Steps* (Jack Beaver/Louis Levy), *The Lady Vanishes* (Charles Williams/Levy), *Lifeboat* (Hugo Friedhofer), *Rope* (David Buttolph, after Francis Poulenc), *Stage Fright* (Leighton Lucas) and *To Catch a Thief* (Lyn Murray, including Nathan Van Cleave's Paramount VistaVision fanfare). Among the "usual themes" are Dimitri Tiomkin's *Strangers on a Train* and Bernard Herrmann's *The Trouble with Harry*, *Vertigo* and *North by Northwest*. Rounding the album are brief selections from *Rear Window* (Franz Waxman), *Torn Curtain* (John Addi-

son) and Hitch's swan song, *Family Plot* (Williams). Of the premiere recordings, Lyn Murray's lively *To Catch a Thief* and Hugo Friedhofer's powerful prelude to *Lifboat* are the most interesting, and it's a shame they were not more fully developed for the CD. In the case of *Lifboat*, Friedhofer wrote less than five minutes of music, so with just a little more effort his entire score could have been included! Paul Bateman and the City of Prague Philharmonic perform with precision and warmth, ably capturing each composer's style. The 23-page booklet includes stills, color posters and informative liner notes by David Wishart. All in all, an enjoyable compilation which sheds light on the work of several lesser-known composers. **3 1/2** -Bill Powell

Heidi (1968) • JOHN WILLIAMS. Label 'X' Europe 707. 14 tracks - 42:25 • Another import of a "Johnny" score, *Heidi*, while certainly not game for awe-inspiring reverence, is a pleasant, somewhat restrained offering from Williams's pre-jingle-bells-*n-Star Wars* days. This 1968 Emmy-winning score features a simple and lovely melody, blustering in with a furious brass fanfare (surprising since the liner notes insist on only six brass players), and settling into a full symphonic reading of said theme, naturally heavy in forte strings and jaunty woodwinds. "Dancers in the Night," the love theme presented in a somber arrangement, is reminiscent of Alex North's love theme from *Spartacus* in its varied utilization of a few notes across a wide chordal spectrum. It does grow somewhat ponderous about a third of the way through, with one noteworthy track: a well-orchestrated string piece called "Shadows" that is curbed in the nick of time from becoming the archetypal Williams overwrought screamer. Ancestors of more recent Williams scores, most notably *Always*, can be found here, along with more than one gracious nod to Strauss. No dialogue is retained for this recording, save the closing song, a schmaltzy arrangement of the main theme set to drippy lyrics that could have been easily omitted; it does slightly offset the abrupt conclusion of the score, rushing uncomfortably into a flourishing Williams finale. The packaging has an abundance of poor quality production stills and a looong, underdeveloped essay printed out of sequence. It's scores like this, rather than the easily accessible soundtracks of the past decade, that truly show off Williams's masterful brilliance in composition. **3 1/2** -Brent A. Bowles

Cuore di mamma! Bambini ci chiedono perché • ENNIO MORRICONE. Point PRCD 102. 22 tracks - 52:57 • "Ouverture del mattino" of *Cuore di mamma* (*A Mother's Heart*, 1968) begins the disc with a Vivaldiesque promise that, once deciphered, is understood to be a forewarning of mise en scene. The piece only reflects the simple manner in which most stories unfold: something happens, then another event, and another. This is again an example of something odd that Morricone is wont to do: he will deliberately compose generic and marginal dramatic references; the idiom can vary, here it happens to be classical. These pieces might, as this one, childishly mime the pulse that's at the heart of storytelling, but they are devoid of references to anything having to do specifically with the films they attend. John Barry is the only other artist I know of who approaches the task of film composition from this odd angle, the big difference being that Barry has always worked hard, and successfully, at creating, through orchestral color, a unique overall "scent" for each film. On the various occasions when Ennio has chosen this course he appears to have been adamant at imposing very little, if anything, upon his music that would be indicative of peonage to the film. One hot afternoon, while husking corn in Bugblipps, Louisiana, I suddenly realized why Morricone does this! The answer is to be found in Morricone's perception of himself, and of music. He sees himself as a major proponent of the highest art form. He's correct. And consider his motivation for the ball-bustin' composition of 400 scores was not greed, rather it was an attempt to squeeze out craftsmen (non-artists) who pollute the field with shitty less-than-art efforts. My conclusion? Imagine, if you will (translated from his Italian): "Music is good for the movies—any great music [his] is good for any movie. The very act of giving a film great music will spark it to life!" If he does in fact think this way, maybe he's right. A final, pleasant curiosity of this score is that it features two examples of what I've christened "momentary mantras." These are tiny self-contained chants, or lullabies, that are unique to film music; Barry's "Upset" from *Frances* is one of my favorites. They seem to describe rare and fleeting patches of sublime revelation that can unexpectedly accompany

some rather mundane moments of our daily lives, like when yer' huskin' corn.

I Bambine ci chiedono perché (The Children Ask Us Why, 1974) • a puissant highlight of Edda Dell'Orso's countless collaborations with Morricone. It's impressive to experience her staying on top of this main title for the duration, it couldn't have been easy; the piece is paced to excite, and it is performed a tad historically. It would be callous of me not to take this opportunity to suggest you purchase a legendary recording, *Dedicato a Milva da Ennio Morricone*, Milva's vocal of *I Bambine*... "Se ci Sara," is galvanizing. Track 13, "Intermezzo 1," sounds like it must be something Ennio used later for one of his major works, *Moses*. **3 1/2** -John Bender

Fumo di Londra/Un Italiano in America • PIERO PICCIONI. Point PRCD 103. 26 tracks - 70:48 • Excuse the survey question, but what film music do you enjoy the most? Not necessarily the best, or the most worthy, but, simply, what scores give you the greatest pleasure? For me it's mostly stuff from the '60s, some '70s: Goldsmith's *Flints*, *Apes* and *Justine*, Herrmann's *Hitchcocks* and *Harryhausens*, the jazz-oriented scores and just plain weird scores for the Jesus Franco films and other Euro-horror/sci-fi films, Barry's *Bonds*, *The Knack*, *Lion in Winter*, and on and on. Piero Piccioni is one of my favorites, and these two scores are gems from that (for me!) golden era—1966 and '67, respectively. The title cut of *Fumo di Londra* (*Smoke in London*) is an absolute delight; today it would be referred to as a power ballad. It opens humble and sweet as the film's star, Alberto Sordi, joins Lydia MacDonald to sing through one stanza, almost a capella, then the full orchestra explodes forth. What follows is romantic and fun, but best of all it's exciting! This is achieved via the sheer perfection of the arrangement by Ennio Morricone, everything (strings, chorus, percussion—big percussion, kettle drums!) is right where it needs to be in order to build a light and tender love song into a pounding, thrilling example of just how strong and vigorous popular music can be. Adding more than a little to the force of this great track is the Shirley Bassey-like voice of Julie Rodgers. Probably few readers know of her, so for you trivia buffs Miss Rodgers is the uncredited vocalist on that mysterious, alternate demo version of *You Only Live Twice* (*The Best of James Bond*, EMI 0777-7-98560-2-2). There's no time to rest, your socks get knocked right back off by track 2, and with this Piccioni has crafted a gleefully mischievous whirlwind through the dizzy world of '60s consumerism. Commandeering the craziness are a free-love gaggle of beauties who endlessly plead in unison, "Mr. Dante Fortana!" This apparently leaves Dante no choice but to reply "Yes, gimmie yama! Gimmie yama!" (don't worry, it's like love, you're not supposed to know what it means). This then shifts into Lydia MacDonald singing instructions on how to be deeper, and obeying the lyrics will transform you into John Steed! Each decade uniquely flavors the joys of being young for the specific generation who live through it: "Richmond Bridge" (Julie Rodgers again, on the vocal version) and "Babylon I'm a Comin'" are two cues that capture beautifully the way it felt to be healthy, alive and still not burdened by commitments in the late '60s. Track 12, "This Is Life," sounds just like it reads—a big band jazzy blow-out that's to die for.

Un Italiano in America is just like *Fumo*, every cue a winner. The title cue, "Amore, amore, amore," goes a bit odd because Piero used Christy for the vocal. She was perfect for Morricone's *Tepepa*, about a Mexican rebel, but putting her on a dreamy, heavy string ballad is kinda on the hairy side of unusual. Track 22, "Easy Dreamer," is a mess of smokin' hip nightclub dressing that's as tight and arousing as the mean doings by Johnny Mandel for *Harper* ("Magnus Cum Louder"). On track 18, "You Wonderful You," Miss MacDonald sings "My senses reel..." Yeah, well, so do mine because this swaggering piece touches all the same hot buttons as one of the ripest of guilty pleasures—British J.D. (juvenile delinquent) movies, and their music. You're with me on this if you savor Barry's *Beat Girl*, or anything like it (if so, check out *The Jazz Boat*, *Teenage Bad Girl*, *Never Let Go*). All told, this is a CD from god—it's like butter! **4** -John Bender

La Cité des enfants perdus (The City of the Lost Children) • ANGELO BADALAMENTI. East/West 630 10251 2. 16 tracks - 52:33 • It had been a long time since the French film industry had such a fantastic feature, one that takes you to a strange world. For this challenge, Marc Caro and Jean-Pierre Jeunet, the direc-

tors of *Delicatessen*, needed a composer "From another place." The choice of Badalamenti was obvious to make us feel the magic, the nightmare and the poetry of this tale. Sharing the same humor, the same bitterness and a taste for some kind of dissonance, Badalamenti was just right. The score shows a new side of this composer of *Blue Velvet* (the film, not the song), here utilizing musicians from the Prague Orchestra. The main title is filled with melancholy. It starts like a tale for children but the drama is still present; the rhythm goes faster, the basses start playing... Another peak is the "Marcello" theme, kind of a lullaby, played on a barrel organ. With "Irvin's Birthday," the "Marcello" theme is played with a different orchestration to set the unreal world. As a guest star, Marianne Faithfull performs an unreleased song (not recorded on the album *A Secret Life*, written by Badalamenti), titled "Who Will Take My Dreams Away?" "The Fair" is particularly efficient, mixing synthesizer and orchestra for a piece full of suspense and pressure (as in "Final"). "The Key of the Victory," in pizzicati, is full of humor. And listening to "Cherry for Dinner for Two," played on piano, shows us that Badalamenti has got the secret for sublime themes. **3 1/2** -Cyril Durand-Roger

Dis-moi oui (Tell Me, Yes) • PHILIPPE SARDE. Sony SK 68366. 8 tracks - 50:42 • Philippe Sarde has been the most talented composer in French cinema for the last 25 years. He sometimes works on American films like John Irvin's *Ghost Story*, Harry Hook's *Lord of the Flies*, Marshall Brickman's *Lovesick* and *The Manhattan Project*, Hugh Hudson's *Lost Angels*, Ted Kotcheff's *Joshua Then and Now*, Roman Polanski's *Tess* and *Pirates*, and Costa Gavras's *Music Box*. But he also has international renown with French movies like Jean-Jacques Annaud's *The Bear* and *Quest for Fire* (his masterpiece), Alain Corneau's *Fort Saganne* and Claude Sautet movies. This year he was nominated for the seventh time at the French Academy Awards, for Bertrand Tavernier's *La Fille de d'Artagnan*.

Tell Me, Yes marks his second collaboration with French director Alexandre Arcady after *Pour Sacha* in 1991, with Sophie "Braveheart" Marceau. The story is a mix of *Cinderella* and *Lolita*: a sick young girl falls in love with her physician played by Jean-Hugues Anglade (*Queen Margot*). The music is mainly presented in long suites, inspired by Chopin and emphasized by a touch of Spanish folklore with guitarists Sergio and Odair Assad. The main theme introduces a sensual female voice with a lyrical orchestral tone.

Throughout the score, the listener is thrilled by the peacefulness of the music and a glow of warmth. The music is enhanced by the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Harry Rabinowitz. Everybody knows Sarde likes to supervise his music from the control booth, and always surrounds himself with the same crew: orchestrator Hubert Bougis and sound engineer John Timperley. **3 1/2** -Laurent Lafarge

La Fille de d'Artagnan (Dartagnian's Daughter) • PHILIPPE SARDE. Sony SK 68364. 13 tracks - 53:11 • This is another example of Philippe Sarde taking the high road and proving, yet again, that Korngold isn't a film composer's only source for inspiration. Unlike the composers or *Robin Hood*: *Prince of Thieves* and *Lionheart*, Sarde has defied convention, and while obviously not quoting the musical idiom of the time exactly (why bother?), he has approached the marvelous ornaments of 16th and 17th century music, the creative foundation of the quartet, the structure of the fugue, Debussy in track 10, and along with his own melodies and quixotic rhythms, has created, like Lalo Schiffrin's *The Four Musketeers* before him, a soundscape steeped in its own history. Now, if only a few more composers would make an effort to entertain us with subtlety. So, burn the Korngold bible! **4** -Guy Reid

Flight of the Navigator (1986) • ALAN SILVESTRI. Super Tracks STCD 499. 12 tracks - 28:51 • This is something else, even for a synth score. It is a tribute to Silvestri that he has come so far from this wretched refuse. Unfortunately, it is equally as frightening that he wrote this after *Back to the Future*. *Flight of the Navigator* makes *Clan of the Cave Bear* look like *The Empire Strikes Back* (well... not quite). It is mostly comprised of painfully slow and boring music with the exception of its techno-pop interludes (which may give some people the urge to do a naked dance around and about their living room). I don't want to bring up any grotesque images, but this sounds an awful lot like porno music (then again, so does a lot of pop). Bring on Judge Wapner! The highlight of the disc, for me at

least (because there is no real one), is the hysterical entrance of what became the *Young Guns 2* death motif, in the middle of the techno-pop "Robot Romp" track. When I first heard it, I was in the process of leaving the room to go throw up. So I froze in my tracks and rushed back to listen, praying that the theme would resolve the way it did in *Young Guns 2*. When it did, my brother and I screamed happily for no apparent reason. Alan Silvestri told Andy Dursin (FSM #50, p. 14) that he would no longer ape orchestral scores on his keyboard. Perhaps, when he said this, he had *Flight of the Navigator* on his mind. Or perhaps not. Remember, he wrote *Sidekicks* only two years ago. Most importantly, the issue here should not be the quality of this music, but the fact that it was ever produced. Alan Silvestri is one of the finest composers writing today. That doesn't mean I'm happy my stupid brother mail-ordered *Flight of the Navigator* (because he thought it would be a real score). 1

-Jonathan Z. Kaplan

Classic Disney: Vol. 1 & 2. 60865-7. 25 tracks - 72:03; 60866-7. 25 tracks - 72:46 • Warning: Disney song alert! Soundtrack listeners who hate Alan Menken, go back to *Congo* and *Casper* right now!

Okay, if you're still reading, it must mean that you do enjoy Disney features, and therefore these two albums culled from the Disney archives should be right up your alley. *Classic Disney* is a celebration of all the principal songs from Disney films and shorts ranging from the early '30s ("Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?") to last year's *The Lion King*, including music from a few lesser-known productions like *Summer Magic* (1963) and *The Monkey's Uncle* (1965). There isn't much to say about this; you either like some of the songs or you don't, but if you do, there's a lot to enjoy. Both albums feature a generous 70-plus minutes, and present the material in descending chronological order, allowing you to trace the development of styles and influences from the respective eras (i.e. comparing the teeny-bopperish music of *The Lion King* with the teeny-bopperish music of *The Parent Trap* from over 30 years ago). About the only place this set goes wrong is in its slim packaging, which gives technical credits but no other background information, something that would be helpful to many of the younger listeners unfamiliar with a few of the projects represented here. That minor quibble aside, *Classic Disney* certainly lives up to its name, and for those of us who like this stuff, it's highly recommended. 4

-Andy Dursin

LUKAS REVIEWS STUFF

The following is in payment of my debt to the many record labels who have kindly made their material available for review; also to cover dozens of albums which have come out recently, overlooked by collectors spending all their money on the latest blockbuster. Admittedly many deserve to be overlooked, but many others don't. I try to be consistent in what I like and don't like, and give credit where it is due. I hope this is a useful guide for purchasers. Not all of the albums are available at regular record stores; see info elsewhere this issue on the specialty mail order dealers.

How can we review albums to movies we haven't seen? We can't, but wherever possible I have tried to see the film or TV show in question, and have written with greater detail in those cases. I find that almost without fail, seeing the film lets me get a better handle on the music; I tend to overly hard on film music on a record, and overly forgiving of it in the film. However, in all cases, whenever somebody has taken movie music, separated it from the visuals and sold it as a CD, then it can be criticized as such. I don't care if score X is brilliant in the film—I'll be the first to acknowledge that—but if it's a boring record I'll say so, because nobody wants to blow \$15 on a boring record.

Previously in 1995...

I was in L.A. a few months ago and visiting agent Richard Kraft when we were flicking through his cable service. We stopped briefly on a made-for-HBO movie involving a murder on a train and Bonnie Bedelia as some lawyer in an affair, complete with stunt-breasts. The music was exceptional—not too big, but a delicate balance of strings, some *Presumed Innocent*-like piano, little embellishments here and there that captured the mood and had real thematic lines. I was at a loss as to who was writing film music that was so good but not flashy, nonchalantly ignorant of how superior it was. Impressed, we checked the program guide and it was

something called **Judicial Consent**—which rang a bell from the "Upcoming Movies" column of past FSMs. Of course, CHRISTOPHER YOUNG. Watching one of his projects unaware was frightening—there might be someone really good we didn't know about! But it was just Chris, so we changed the channel. (Who wants to watch *Judicial Consent*?) The album from Intrada (MAF 7062D, 9 tracks - 34:35) is low key, in the mold of his *Jennifer 8*, actually pretty tonal and reserved. Anyway, even though it's sometimes like a broken record when fans rave about Christopher Young, having taken the "blind taste test" I now realize how good he truly is. (Richard has since signed or resigned Chris as a client.) 3

Also: I haven't heard Young's *Tales from the Hood*—the MCA album is all rap songs—but my musician roommate at school saw the film and commented how neat the score was, informed by modern music (with various bowing techniques) in a way you don't often get in film. I said, "Of course, Christopher Young."

The only thing I recall about **Major Payne** (Damon Wayans as Sergeant Hulka to kids or something) was that it got an "F" from *Entertainment Weekly* (the last word on films, of course). CRAIG SAFAN has pressed a promotional disc of his score (Miles End MED 3001, 15 tracks - 43:20), with the help of Intrada so it should be available from them. He's played up the military-academy backdrop (with the help of a 90-piece orchestra), drawing on his style from fan-favorites *The Last Starfighter* and *Remo Williams*. If you liked Robert Folk's *In the Army Now*, you'll like this. No military-comedy-marching music has approached what they're still imitating, Elmer Bernstein's *Stripes*, but Safan knows this area, and the sheer vibrancy of *Major Payne* is a tribute to his skill. Even the two or three pop or faux-heavy metal moments are well integrated. A "March of the Kitchen Utensils"-like snooping theme and a few sentimental cues do get tiresome, but taking into consideration what is appropriate for *Major Payne*, who cares? Nice to see Safan working again on a major studio film; he's good. 3

A lot of MARC SHAIMAN's **Stuart Saves His Family** (Milan 73138-35709-2, 20 tracks - 34:27) is interchangeable with the "funny orchestral nothingness" parts of *Major Payne*. This type of comedy music acts seriously about everyday happenings, but without the on-screen action, so much is lost; what was funny-bad becomes just boring. When it's referencing an actual style—Safan with the military in *Major Payne*, Bernstein with disaster movies in *Airplane!*, Ira Newborn with cop thrillers on *The Naked Gun*—it can be fun, as are the occasional quirky moments here: a Latin track, a "show biz" track, plus a deliberately awful pop version of "Silver Bells" and a few other standards, including Ethel Merman's "Everything's Coming Up Roses." Shaiman had to make a five minute *Saturday Night Live* sketch feel like a movie, and most it is just padding on CD. Thanks to Shaiman's skill as an arranger and melodist it hangs together as music, with several cohesive pieces and smart arrangements. Intellectually I can appreciate what he's doing, it's just a thankless task. I did a brief bio of Shaiman for the booklet, which was edited only slightly by the studio. The original ending said Shaiman "...continues to act as comic-in-residence in the Hollywood film scoring community, which otherwise isn't all that funny." By the way, Shaiman is probably going to read this review and will later give me a hard time about it. 2½

Kiss of Death by TREVOR JONES (Milan 73138-35715-2, 14 tracks - 48:08) is a functional mix of synth drones, brooding strings, street rock and maybe two or three minutes of orchestral action with what sounds like an old Maurice Jarre motif. At least, that's what's in Jones's 30 minutes of score, the rest is songs. Jones is versatile enough to make this blend come off as appropriate dramatic underscore, but it's a dull record. 2

I hope Varèse Sarabande gave RACHEL PORTMAN more than six free copies of **A Pyromaniac's Love Story** (VSD-5620, 28 tracks - 60:24), because it also includes her music to *Great Moments in Aviation*, *Smoke* and *Ethan Frome* and would be a sensational promo disc—the all-you-need-to-know-about-Rachel-Portman sampler. The headliner, *Pyromaniac's*, is the type of quirky "clarinet waltz" (although here it's a tango) she did in *Used People* and *Benny and Joon*, of which I've heard enough. *Great Moments in Aviation*, a European documentary, has basically two elements: gorgeous choral/orchestral elegies (similar to the excel-

lent *Sirens*) and less interesting 1920s ragtime. All film music fans have certain favorite scores or cues which give them that "melting inside" feeling—whether it's Herrmann's *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*, the end of Williams's *Close Encounters*, Horner's *Brainstorm* ("Michael's Gift to Karen"), or Barry's *Dances with Wolves* ("Looks Like a Suicide"), they usually have choir, an elegiac feeling, and build into these beautiful, sublime moments. They are few and far between, but when they come along they are to be treasured. Anyway, "End Titles" from *Great Moments in Aviation* might be another one of these moments. *Smoke*, next up, is represented by seven minutes, and features Portman successfully pulling off minimalism. Then there's *Ethan Frome*, a previously unreleased 1993 Miramax score which is a beautiful, flowing orchestral work, not unlike *Great Moments in Aviation* or *Sirens*.

Altogether, this disc showcases several (all?) sides of Portman's talent. There are basically only two women composers doing major films today, Portman and Shirley Walker, and Portman is the one getting the kinds of independent films, minor studio pictures and occasional larger ones (*Benny and Joon*, *The Joy Luck Club*) to put her on the white male-dominated A-list. Not that Walker's unsuccessful—she's been head composer/supervisor on a terrific animated series (*Batman*, which led a feature), she's getting more composing gigs, and remains one of the most in-demand and talented orchestrator/conductors. But it comes down to something as simple and stupid as the fact that Portman often writes the kind of music expected from a woman, while Walker's scores are indistinguishable (appropriately so) from a man's. What is "male" or "female" music? There shouldn't be a difference, except there is—those silly clarinet waltzes are female, and noisier animated *Batman* scores are male. Portman is advancing her career by doing non-threatening "girl scores," while Walker has encountered resistance from male directors and studio executives (it's true, believe me) who can't accept sizzling orchestral action from a woman. Or, some might argue, Portman is writing the kinds of different, non-Hollywood scores that allow a composer to get a foothold today—you have to become self-typecast at first to create your own marketplace and justify why you should get any projects at all. Walker, meanwhile, is one of several big orchestra technicians (along with Joel McNeely, Robert Folk, Bruce Broughton, Lee Holdridge, John Debnay, many others) whose limited, blockbuster-oriented marketplace is often gobbled up just by John Williams, Jerry Goldsmith and James Horner. So it does come down to marketing, and Portman is using her uniqueness as a woman film composer—or, rather, refusing to counteract it—whereas Walker is refusing to counteract the fact that she writes 90-piece-orchestra Hollywood film music as good as anybody. Portman is fortunate that the music she excels at is the type that male big-shots can accept from a woman. *Ethan Frome* is beautiful music in the best tradition of Georges Delerue, who spent a career specializing in a particular type of string-oriented, beautiful, melodic music—and nobody ever accused Delerue of writing like a girl. This CD: 3½

RACHEL PORTMAN also has two score cuts on the **Smoke** CD (62024-2, 12 tracks - 46:37), different from those on the Varèse album. Also featured are The Jerry Garcia Band, Tom Waits, Louis Prima, Jerome Kern, Screamin' Jay Hawkins and others; a nice and eclectic collection from a reportedly good film. 3

Don Juan DeMarco (A&M 31454 0357 2, 14 tracks - 44:45) is a fine album and a refreshing (and rare) opportunity for MICHAEL KAMEN to use his talents for good rather than evil. It's unabashedly romantic, with several Latin dance forms—obviously a good time for the composer. Read the interview last month with him—all the enthusiasm and joy he has for music is sincere, and after being absent from his last ten body-count action scores, is more or less restored here. 3

CARTER BURWELL on **Rob Roy** (Virgin 2438-8-40351 2 9, 20 tracks - 51:57) must have gotten the exact same brief James Horner received on *Braveheart*. It's like the same score, loaded with ethnic instruments (Uilleann pipes, pennywhistle, fiddle, etc.) but less new agey and ponderous. At least this is the direction Carter Burwell comes from, being the quirky ensemble guy who used yodeling so well in *Raising Arizona*; the ethnic stuff is pleasant, and it's the well-handled orchestral parts which are a stretch. The love theme is appropriately sweeping and benign. The score repeatedly says two things: "We're in Ireland" (er, Scotland) and "This



is important." If you like that kind of thing, this is like *Braveheart Part 2*. The album cover and color scheme are almost identical to *Braveheart*, incidentally. **3**

Compilations

I always go through several phases when getting one of these: 1) Impatience to see what it might include that's previously unreleased, 2) disappointment to see it's usually not much, 3) happiness when realizing how many of the tracks I don't have already, 4) impatience again while popping in the disc and listening to the first ten seconds of each cut to see how on or off the recording is; 5) surprised pleasure when listening to the entire recording and realizing what a nice collection it is; and finally, 6) apathy as I realize I'll rarely listen to the whole thing in one sitting ever again.

Silva Screen's re-recorded Prague compilations have improved, but now they tackle the man whose music they have most consistently fouled up. **Schindler's List**. The Classic Film Music of John Williams (Silva America SSD-1046, 15 tracks - 76:50) features only previously available cuts, the main theme and/or end credits unless noted: *Schindler's List* (two versions), *Indy III*, *Far and Away*, *Presumed Innocent*, *Jaws*, *The Cowboys* (9:41 Overture), *Indy II* ("Nocturnal Activities"), *Star Wars*, *Empire Strikes Back* ("Han Solo and the Princess"), *Return of the Jedi* ("Forest Battle"), *Family Plot*, *1941*, *Born on the 4th of July* and *Jurassic Park*—truly useless for the avid fan who has the original versions already. Sometimes, the performances seem just fine; other times, every little glitch, flub and missed inflection becomes unbearable. If Silva can make money selling this to the casual buyer, good for them, but after hearing Williams's definitive versions, who cares? These aren't different "interpretations," they're just barely held together imitations. Packaging is competent, although glancing at the credits I noticed that several tracks have been newly "orchestrated." These are in fact "take downs"—for *Far and Away*, *Jaws*, *Family Plot*, *1941* and *Born on the 4th of July*, Silva was either unable or unwilling to rent the actual music and hired their conductor Paul Bateman or someone else to listen to an existing recording (the real one) and write it down. They then recorded their version off of this un-proofed transcription—and, lo and behold, these tracks are the ones that are especially shaky. Buyer beware. **2**

Better is **To Catch a Thief**: A History of Hitchcock II (Silva America SSD 1045, 13 tracks - 60:21) which offers previously unreleased cuts. There are two types of Hitchcock music: Herrmann's, and everybody else's, and this CD concentrates on everybody else's—which is fine, that's the stuff not yet available. Included from Hitch's pre-Herrmann years are brief (3-6 min.) excerpts from *To Catch a Thief* (1955, Lyn Murray), *The 39 Steps* (1935, Jack Beaver/Louis Levy), *The Lady Vanishes* (1938, Charles Williams/Louis Levy), *Lifeboat* (1942, Hugo Friedhofer), *Rope* (1948, David Buttolph, from a theme by Francis Poulenc), *Stage Fright* (1950, Leighton Lucas), *Strangers on a Train* (1951, Dimitri Tiomkin) and *Rear Window* (1954, Franz Waxman). Collecting all these pieces unfortunately shows just how generic Hollywood scores could be in the "Golden Age," even (and especially) the '30s British ones. They're well-crafted, but as far as adding subtext, playing with orchestral colors, doing any of the brilliant things Herrmann did to explore the unfolding layers of intrigue and structure in Hitchcock's work, they pale in comparison. They're off in la-la land (literally). And, without Herrmann, Hitchcock seems equally clueless about music, often opting to use very little (the British pictures) or just source music (*Rear Window*). *Strangers on a Train* is a great film, and Tiomkin's score is adequate, but can anyone imagine how awful it would have been if Tiomkin had scored

Vertigo or *Psycho*? These films demanded different, progressive sensibilities; the earlier, non-Herrmann Hitchcock pictures are a clash of filmmaking brilliance against run-of-the-mill schmaltz. Representing the Herrmann/Hitchcock collaboration on this album is the nine minute "A Portrait of Hitch" suite from *The Trouble with Harry* (1955), previously available but well done and the reason I'm glad I have this CD; also *Vertigo* (1958, "Prelude/The Nightmare") and *North by Northwest* (1959, "Conversation Piece"). Finally, from post-Herrmann, there's John Addison's main title from *Torn Curtain* and the exact same excerpt from *Family Plot* on the Williams CD. Booklet is great with movie posters and David Wishart's notes, and performances are strong, although once again an alarming number of tracks (everything except *Train*, *Rear Window*, *Harry*, *Vertigo* and *Torn Curtain*) were recorded from take-downs. However, it seems many were reconstruction jobs—i.e. the actual music no longer exists—and I applaud Silva for getting evidently competent people to do these and preserve the music. **2½**

Music from Hollywood (Sony Legacy CK 66691, 14 tracks - 70:59) is between a must-have and a novelty item; it's the historic 1963 live concert at the Hollywood Bowl. Didier Deutsch has added selections to the original Columbia LP; it now features *How the West Was Won* (Newman), *Laura* (Raksin), *A Place in the Sun* (Waxman), *Cleopatra* (North), *Raintree County* (Green); a medley of "When You Wish Upon a Star" (Harline/Washington), *The Best Years of Our Lives* (Friedhofer), *Picnic* (Duning), *Exodus* (Gold), *Around the World in 80 Days* (Young) and *Lili* (Kaper); *A Summer Place* (Steiner), *Snows of Kilimanjaro* and *North by Northwest* (Herrmann), *The Alamo* and *High Noon* (Tiomkin), two selections from *Ben-Hur* (Rózsa), and *Captain from Castile* (Newman). In all cases the composers conducted their respective works, except for Steiner whose eyesight was failing by that time; Percy Faith took over for him, and John Green conducted the medley. Being a live recording there are the expected lapses in sound and performance, but it plays nicely as an album, a good sampler of the era. (*A Summer Place* has been a guilty pleasure of mine since I heard it in *Vacation* when Chevy Chase falls asleep at the wheel. My mom hates it because she used to have to stretch to it in junior high gym class.) Producer Deutsch's liner notes are adequate, but the original LP text by John D.F. Black (writer of *Star Trek's* "The Naked Time") and John Green was more in-depth; too bad it wasn't included too. There, that's my nit-pick. **3**

Fast forward to the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra of today under John Mauceri for **Journey to the Stars** (Philips Classics 446 403-2, 17 tracks - 73:11). It's "A Sci-Fi Fantasy Adventure" of well-known music from *The Day the Earth Stood Still* (Herrmann, "Outer Space"), *Star Trek V* (Goldsmith, end credits, too slow, but including the exotic-sounding, three-note Klingon horn-call), *The Bride of Frankenstein* (Waxman, with some sound effects, "Creation of the Female Monster" and "The Tower Explodes"), *The Witches of Eastwick* (Williams, "The Devil's Dance"), *Altered States* (Corigliano, "Love Theme"), *Edward Scissorhands* (Elfmán, "Main Title" and "Ice Dance"), *Star Wars* (Williams, "Throne Room/End Title"), and three 2001-related selections: "Also Sprach Zarathustra," Ligeti's "Atmospheres," and North's unused main title. Popping up as a link throughout are early electronic soundscapes from Louis and Bebe Barron's *Forbidden Planet* and Karl-Birger Blomdahl's opera *Aniara*. The major offering of previously unavailable material is a 15-minute suite from *Things to Come* (1935) by Sir Arthur Bliss, with a traditional orchestral style not unlike that of John Williams. Conductor Mauceri's liner notes discuss the different approaches composers have taken towards "the future," from the "futuristic" and electronic of the

'50s to the traditional and Wagnerian of the '30s (Bliss) and '70s/'80s (Williams). Performances, packaging and content make this another fine entry in the Hollywood Bowl series of film music collections. **3**

Two earlier compilations by Mauceri with the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra are *The Great Waltz* (73 minutes of movie-related waltzes; *Madame Bovary*, *Murder on the Orient Express*, *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, etc.) and *Hollywood Nightmares* (72 minutes of scary stuff, although not really; *The Omen*, *Vertigo*, *Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde*, more). There's yet another album, *Hollywood Dreams*, which I don't have. The CDs have excellent production values; the booklet to *The Great Waltz* even has photos of most of the composers.

Thumbs up for **Historical Romances** (8.223608, 14 tracks - 56:17) and **Captain Blood** (8.223607, 22 tracks - 65:10), the two Marco Polo recordings by conductor Richard Kaufman, The Brandenburg Philharmonic Orchestra, reconstruction whiz John Morgan and producer Tony Thomas. *Historical Romances* features *Juarez* (Korngold), *Gunga Din* (Newman), *Devotion* (Korngold) and *Charge of the Light Brigade* (Steiner); *Captain Blood* includes *Captain Blood* (duh, Korngold), *The King's Thief* (Rózsa), *Scaramouche* (Young) and *The Three Musketeers* (Steiner). This stuff was the *Die Hard* of its day—Hollywood action music whipped out fast by studio pros, often mickey-mousing, wall-to-wall, musically fragmented, straightforward, not necessarily substantive, fulfilling studio/producer directives that it be fitting and accessible, and beloved by followers. The main difference is the grounding in romantic orchestral conventions, instead of whatever it is *Die Hard* comes from—many techniques are drastically different today, but in many other ways we've come full circle. In purely technical terms the "musicianship" in these scores blows today's stuff out of the water—particularly with Korngold, he was just so good—as there's so much more going on here melodically, harmonically, instrumentally. Then again, Max Steiner didn't have to deal with electronics, test screenings, rock and roll, Dolby surround sound effects, etc. Anyway, this was the popular entertainment of the era, the music was done by highly skilled craftsmen, and now it's been lovingly restored by today's highly skilled craftsmen. *Romances*: **3½**, *Blood*: **4**

The Alphabet of Dutch Film Music (SCCD001, disc 1: 22 tracks - 77:05; disc 2: 22 tracks - 71:11) is an ambitious, beautifully realized 2CD set from the Dutch Cinemusica society, a 6½ year undertaking by producers Julius Wolhuis, Willem Breuker, Henk Korevaar and Ton Werkman. They've gone through Dutch film music history and put together a jam-packed sampler—represented composers are Juriaan Andriessen, Louis Andriessen, Cees Bijlstra, Lodewijk de Boer, Ruid Bos, Willem Breuker, Roy Budd, Arthur Cune, Lock Dikker, Jurre Haanstra, Robert Heppener, Bernard Hunneink, Otto Ketting, Tristan Keuris, Clous van Mechelen, Michel Mulders, Theo Nijland, Laurens van Rooyen, Boudewijn Tarensken, Henny Vrienten, Vincent van Warmerdam, and Bob Zimmermann. (No, Roy Budd wasn't Dutch, but the 1987 film he scored that is represented here, *Field of Honor*, was.) Styles range from orchestral to jazz to contemporary, but mostly orchestral—represented films are from 1958 to present, and if the Dutch film industry has been invaded by dull synth scores, it doesn't show here. I was impressed by the substantive nature of all the excerpts, crammed into little nuggets of 5-8 minutes per composer, sometimes less. I haven't seen any of the films, and naturally some scores are more striking than others, but the Cinemusica producers have presented Dutch film music as generally interesting and focused. Packaging is terrific with a thick booklet that contains mini-bios, photos and filmographies of the composers, demonstrating the thrust on the music and musicians and not the actual



films, on which little information is given. It's a 500 copy limited edition, so if nothing else it's a nice collectible. Order it directly from Cinemusic at Box 406, 8200 AK Lelystad, Holland; price is \$34.95 (postage included), cash, Eurocheque or international bank order only (no personal checks). **3 1/2**

Music by Ry Cooder (Warner Bros. 9 45987-2, disc 1: 18 tracks - 54:19; disc 2: 16 tracks - 48:10) is an excellent collection of original tracks by one of the few rock/pop/blues artists to find a successful niche in film. Featured are *Paris, Texas*, *Southern Comfort*, *Streets of Fire*, *Alamo Bay*, *The Border*, *Johnny Handsome*, *Blue City*, *The Long Riders*, *Geronimo: An American Legend*, *Trespass* and *Crossroads*, smartly sequenced by Cooder's son Joachim. Most of the scores are already available, but some are not, such as *Southern Comfort*. It's all of-a-kind and performance-oriented; Cooder is an accomplished slide guitarist and plays on many of the tracks. Cooder's music is mood-oriented, getting across the emotions of the film not with traditional orchestral scoring, but adept uses of folk, blues, rock, etc. in a non-synched manner. What makes it stand out from other "movie mood music" is the way it uses these contemporary forms to their strengths; it's an experimental approach of jamming and seeing what sticks to the picture, and when it does, as in *Paris, Texas*, it's brilliant. This approach is by its very nature limited, but Cooder is so good at what he does, and not interested in doing things beyond his reach, that he rarely strikes out. I wouldn't want him to score *Batman* in this manner, but then again he doesn't score *Batman*. Cooder has probably struck up relationships with many directors (such as Walter Hill) based on his proficiency in the types of music that they personally like listening to—i.e. a guy strumming an acoustic guitar, not a 90-piece orchestra. Even in a score like James Horner's *48 Hrs.* for Hill (1983), a lot of it was made possible by the precedents set by people like Ry Cooder. The album is sparsely but attractively packaged with two discs in one jewel box and illustrations of the desert-road visual motif found in such films as *Paris, Texas* and *Crossroads*. **3 1/2**

The Art House

With good films comes good music, and thus it's only natural that less-commercial "art films" have and will have more interesting, provocative and unconventional scores. Although many are still too low-key to be of interest to soundtrack collectors, the below have by and large shed both rock songs and bloated Hollywood junk in favor (in part by necessity) of small orchestral ensembles. Since the future of good film music probably lies in the creativity forced out of small ensembles, this is a good thing.

Heavenly Creatures is a fine New Zealand film about two teenage girls in 1950s New Zealand who experience a sexual awakening (with each other). The film, based on a true story, chronicles their frolics and make-believe fantasylands, paying more attention to the subtext of their friendship and the resultant societal disapproval than their sexual relationship, which remains vague. The film is boosted by a lovely, classically-derived PETER DASENT score, in many ways telling the story from the girls' point of view, but also remaining detached and serene since they themselves express their feelings only in off-the-mark, seemingly coded ways. One person I talked to damned the score as "precious," but I found it especially effective when underscoring the girls' ongoing fictional world of princesses, castles and the like. The main theme, which recurs frequently, is a memorable tune most often for woodwinds over undulating orchestral textures. It's not "symphonic," more chamber-oriented; very pretty. Particularly clever is "The Most Hideous Man Alive," for a sequence in the which the girls, after seeing *The*

Third Man, flee from an imaginary Orson Welles (who they detest) decked out as Harry Lime. The score references Anton Karas's zither music to *The Third Man*—not the theme itself, but the timbre—each time Welles/Lime steps out of the shadows. The album (Milan Europe 74321 25350-2, 22 tracks - 50:07) mixes Dasent's score with several Mario Lanza cuts, as the girls idolize "the world's greatest tenor" and often play his records. Lanza belts out such cheese standards as "Be My Love" and "The Donkey Serenade"; it sort of blends with the score, but more often than not doesn't. Still, a fine work I was glad to get on CD. **3 1/2**

Another teen-lesbian romance (although much more explicit, just by the title) is **The Incredibly True Adventures of Two Girls in Love** (Milan 73138-35724-2, 17 tracks - 37:53). Composer TERRY DAME also goes for a chamber sound, but one even smaller and less lush—just four players: soprano saxophone (performed by Dame herself), piano, cello and percussion, with someone doubling on guitar. The underscore is simple and evocative—chamber scores are good in that the composer actually has to write music, he or she can't just bang or noodle around. It almost has a '60s feel in the lack of synths and the use of certain pop forms, in that this was the type of low-budget score people had to write before synthesizers. It's clearly '90s, though, in the three alternative rock numbers interspersed on the album. There's also an excerpt from Mozart's *Requiem K. 616 - Dies Irae* (you know, the *Cliffhanger* trailer) and the crooning song "I'm Not That Kind of Guy." Dame's music has the feel of a good little movie you end up watching on broadcast TV on a lazy Sunday morning/afternoon which carries you away on some magical little road journey, embellished by good and interesting, intimate music. **3**

PATRICK DOYLE continues to compose scores a cut above for good films, putting real thought into themes, instrumentation, influences, dramatic effect, and so on. **A Little Princess** (Varèse Sarabande VSD-5628, 28 tracks - 49:59) is a fine album, often classically-oriented and utilizing Indian instruments and ragas. Doyle continues to find quality films to do—probably because he has developed relationships with so many European directors—and continues to score them with intelligence. He achieves many of the same moods James Horner does in *Braveheart*, while still writing coherent music. I hear good things about **A Little Princess** the movie, which I haven't seen, and which died a lamented death at the box office—twice—due to competition with flashier pictures and the fact that boys don't like to go see movies about girls. The album is one of the few new scores nowadays which collectors might want to consider safely buying without seeing the movie. Good packaging and notes from Varèse. **3 1/2**

Morirás en Chafarinas (VCD 1001, 12 tracks - 39:15) is the Spanish Vinilo label's inaugural release, and Bernardo Bonezzi's Latin-flavored orchestral score is a winner, if a redundant one, on CD. This isn't the flirtatious, strings-and-guitar romantic Latin sound of *Don Juan DeMarco*, but a menacing, brass and percussion suspense one—*High Velocity*, maybe, but with a touch of concert hall-reserve. The film seems to be a military-political-espionage thriller (liner notes and track titles are in Spanish), and Bonezzi plays against any kind of catching the action in favor of a swirling, hypnotic, exotic—and acoustic—sound. Maybe it's in the tradition of *North by Northwest*, the fandango in that classic score enveloping the film to represent the character's "dance with death," as Herrmann put it, although again the analogy breaks down since *Morirás en Chafarinas* sounds as dissimilar to N&NW as it does to *High Velocity*. The thematic material is strong, but the main theme repeats a lot—not just in variations, but seemingly as the same piece. There doesn't seem to be a lot of filler, though, and overall this is a fun score to

listen to—recommended for people looking to blow even more money on expensive imports. **3 1/2**

The Picture Bride is about a Japanese mail order bride brought over to work sugar cane fields in 1918 Hawaii. MARK ADLER replaced Cliff Eidelman on the project and his score has been released by Virgin (7243 8 40413 2, 22 tracks - 40:02); Eidelman's rejected music is scheduled for release on Varèse Sarabande. *The Picture Bride* is delicate and restrained, almost to the point of not registering, weaving strings, guitar, a bamboo flute and a handful of other instruments into a tender veil of sound—simple and sad but hopeful. Substitute African embellishments for Japanese ones, and a '70s up-front television sensibility for a mild '90s film one, and you have something in the best tradition of Gerald Fried's *Roots*. A solo flute carries the melody in many places, both evoking the native Asian heritage, and acting as the lead instrument in a bed of evocative Americana a la Copland: Japan and America blend in a new, seamless confusion of timbre and mode. A guitar adds to the blend in a kind of *Joy of Oil Painting* PBS way. Pleasant if by no means thrilling. **3**

As if there aren't enough Eidelman/Edelmans already, now there's STEPHEN ENDELMAN, and as if there aren't enough British isle-flavored scores this year, now there's **The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill but Came Down a Mountain** (Epic Soundtrax EK 67151, 17 tracks - 37:25). This is a recent Miramax picture starring the imminently overexposed Hugh Grant, and Endelman has fashioned a—well, not a large or small-scale, but a medium-scale orchestral score with the expected English folk staples. It's quite lovely at times, especially in the tracks with vocals. **3**

Move slightly west to Ireland for **Circle of Friends** (Warner Bros. 9 45953-2, 11 tracks - 31:38), an intimate and likable Michael Kamen score alternately performed by the London Metropolitan Orchestra and Irish folk group The Chieftains. There's also a song co-written by Kamen, "You're the One," and two non-Kamen tracks: Fats Domino performing "Bo Weevil" and the Long John Jump Band performing "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing." The film starred a pre-Robin Chris O'Donnell and was notable for being a love story where the woman was not a 6'2" model with a perfect face and large breasts. The album is nice, wisely brief, including some dialogue excerpts fans will hate, but showcasing Michael Kamen's talents in the small-scale. A lot of it is very simply performed on piano, evocative and restrained, with the ethnic stuff wisely left to the professionals (The Chieftains). It's more enjoyable than *The Englishman*... to me, although collectors will probably find them about equal. **3**

CLIFF MARTINEZ'S score to **The Underneath** (Varèse Sarabande VSD-5587, 18 tracks - 41:35) sounds like minimalism without the repetition and with synths. Good in a film, bad on a record. Director Steven Soderbergh's amusing liner notes tell how he didn't even plan on having music in this picture, then realized the error of his ways at the last minute and brought in frequent collaborator Martinez for some mood cues. It sounds like it. Also on the CD are five songs by rock bands Cowboy Mouth, Wheel and Gal's Panic, plus the rock-styled "Happy Herman Polka"—after which, still on track 18, there's a minute of silence and then some electronic noise. Huh? **2 1/2**

Exotica (Varèse Sarabande VSD-5543, 14 tracks - 49:43) is also exotic and "out there" but musically more cohesive. MYCHAEL DANNA blends several styles: reflective Middle Eastern instrumentation and chanting in one track, dance beats the next—or sometimes both at once. It should interest fans of computer-created, techno-type music with its combinations of unusual sounds and samples. It's not rock and not synth droning, but it's also not the type of orchestral

music film-score fans like. Judging only from the photos in Varèse's skimpy package, the movie is about young people having sex, and the music has a decidedly "exotic" sexy-dance sound. Hence, the title, I guess. I apologize to Mychael Danna for not seeing this movie and thus not knowing what to make of his music. It could be good. At least it's different. 3

Before the Rain is the critically acclaimed Macedonian film which I regret not seeing. The album (London 314 526 407-2, 11 tracks - 56:38) features an Eastern-styled score by the group ANASTASIA. Unlike most Hollywood scores which reference this type of world music just for the drums and drone (like *Waterworld*), this is the real thing. Most of it is singing or playing—both Western and Eastern instruments—over a drone, as is the style for most Middle Eastern music, using all the complicated melodic systems they bring. The effect is absolutely hypnotic. 3

Queen Margot (London 314 522 655-2, 14 tracks - 40:50) is similarly weird and Eastern European, music mostly by GORAN BREGOVIC. The film is a love story set amidst the Protestant/Catholic conflict of 16th century France, and the score is again refreshingly non-Hollywood, instead using earlier music forms, chanting, odd instrumentation and percussion—no hypnotic drones as in *Before the Rain*, but it's still strange enough to be non-Western. It's probably not of interest to soundtrack fans, but is one of those well-crafted "ethnic/foreign" scores Footlight Records in New York will sell hundreds of copies to the art-house crowd. 3

Lastly, the biting documentary *Crumb* had no score as such, but did make excellent use of the director's collection of 78 rpm records, released on CD by Rykodisc.

Oldies

QBVI is a magnificent 1974 JERRY GOLDSMITH Holocaust-aftermath TV mini-series score finally available on CD (Intrada MAF 7061D, 12 tracks - 35:22), featuring the composer in his highly successful Jewish mode (*Masada*, *The Going Up of David Lev*). It's all the power and sweep for which he is loved—brilliantly direct film (er, TV) music which immediately gets its point across but never sacrifices coherence or complexity. It's scores like these which is why Goldsmith is correctly regarded as one of the greatest ever; I can't believe there was a time when the TV movie or mini-series airing that night could have music by such a master. Big thanks to Intrada for getting this one available again, with their usual solid packaging and remastering. 4

The Ipcress File (MVCM-22046, 12 tracks - 38:30) is a great JOHN BARRY score available for the first time on CD from the Japanese branch of MCA. The film is a spy thriller (starring Michael Caine) made during the peak of the Bond films (1965), but darker, less glamorous, more "real." Barry, at this time between *Goldfinger* and *Thunderball*, imported some of his great Bond sound—those low brass minor chords, often with added seconds and sevenths—but in a low key, mysterious way. Solo flute, harp and a Hungarian instrument called the cymbalum add to the jazz feel and the result is spooky, moody and distinctly Barry. Barry started as a songwriter, and is first and foremost a melodist, so he tends to write complete, self-contained tunes, as opposed to someone like Herrmann who worked with short motifs. The bulk of the film score is then different settings of this "song," featuring the entire 16 bars or whatever each time—when the tune starts, it will continue to its end, taking up much of the cue. *Ipcress* is done using this style; the main theme, "Alone," is a sublime crystallization of the story, and settings of it in different jazz forms make up the majority of the album. As a listening experience this gets old, but the minority of the album does feature great instrumental suspense in Barry's fantastic '60s style. Sound is good, but there's a lot of tape hiss in some tracks, which as we all know is the single most important thing about sound quality. Packaging features the original Decca front and back covers with copious Japanese notes inside. This is a \$30-35 import, but 1965 + John Barry + spy thriller was worth it to me. As an album it's somewhat redundant and fragmented, but always with a purpose, which is more than I can say about most albums of current scores. 4

I had never thought **North by Northwest** made for the best album, but Rhino's new complete-score restoration (R2 72101, 50 tracks - 64:51) has proven how much sharper, crisper and better BERNARD HERR-

MANN'S definitive original recording is compared to Laurie Johnson's Varèse version. It's a classic film with a great score, part of the triumvirate of the most famous Hitchcock/Herrmann collaborations—*Vertigo* the psychological, tragic love story, *Psycho* the horror/suspense masterpiece, and this in the middle, the exciting comedy/thriller which was the forerunner in many ways of the James Bond adventure style. The fandango cues do sound markedly worse than the rest of the album, but they are listenable, and it is great finally to have Herrmann's original recording of the "Overture," somewhat truncated and without the upbeat resolution in his concert version. Rhino producer Marilee Bradford explained to me months back how most of this album would sound great, but the fandango cues on the one disintegrating reel would be significantly less good, so the whole thing would be "like a beautiful baby just missing a finger or two." I asked if a baby with missing digits was really what she wanted people to think of when they heard her album, but she's done a killer job (with co-producer Bradley Flanagan). The packaging is beautiful—great notes and rare stills, see-through disc tray, the works—and though the source cues interrupt the flow, I don't think fans would want this classic score preserved any other way. 5

Also a must-have is Varèse Sarabande's splendid new recording of HERRMANN'S **Fahrenheit 451** (VSD-5551, 17 tracks - 34:18), by Joel McNeely and the Seattle Symphony. Some may be disappointed that the *Fahrenheit 451* suite is not longer, but it's just proof that if you take a great score and boil it down to the best 17 minutes, the result is a terrific listening experience. It's so good, it seems over far too soon—so you play it again. The heart-wrenching finale here includes the ending harp part mysteriously omitted from Elmer Bernstein's recording of it for a Milan album; when I die, I want someone to play this. The score overall is deliciously restrained yet expressive, for an ensemble of strings, harp and percussion. Also included are several pieces from 20th Century Fox films in an attempt to get them out before Fox releases the original tracks (see Chris Walsh's review elsewhere for contents). Fortunately, the performance is so solid that it validates the ambush artistically, at least, although it's a little pointless in how short the excerpts are. The packaging includes Kevin Mulhall liner notes plus a Matthew Peak cover and photos from the sessions. 4½

Intrada's new recording of **Julius Caesar** (Intrada MAF 7056D, 21 tracks - 53:43) brings a killer MIKLÓS RÓZSA historical score for the 1953 film to life via conductor Bruce Broughton and the Sinfonia of London, from reconstructions by Daniel Robbins. I appreciated *Ivanhoe*, Intrada's first Rózsas outing, but *Julius Caesar* seems written more to the composer's strengths: nobody does dark and brooding like Rózsas, even under dialogue, that's still so evocative and dramatic. His melodic style is so rich and pronounced—due in large part to his Hungarian background, maybe that's what didn't "do it" for me in the English setting of *Ivanhoe*—ditto the resultant harmonies. Mix in excellent new themes for Caesar and Brutus, and you have seemingly an endless stream of flowing, tempestuous music that both enhances the tragedy and darkness of the story and transcends it. Just little things Rózsas does, like add thirds to one of his typical suspense phrases, produces that kind of epiphany within continuity. This is a key musical achievement in film—writing music which reflects the dire mood on screen, and yet internally communicates much more, through its themes, dissonance, overall shape, etc. (Nowadays, it's replaced with an electronic drone, which provides the same mood but communicates nothing.) Barry is great at this; Rózsas is a master. *Julius Caesar* is musically sophisticated, dramatically astute, and exquisitely Rózsas; a terrific album. The booklet features liner notes by producers Tony Thomas and Douglass Fake, and session photography by Roger Feigelson. 4½

The new Yuri Temirkanov/St. Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra re-recording of SERGEI PROKOFIEV'S **Alexander Nevsky** (RCA Victor 09026-61926-2, 18 tracks - 50:54), produced by John Gorman, is sensational. Also check out the new laserdisc and videotape of Sergei Eisenstein's classic 1938 film using this new recording of the score, finally bringing it up to modern acoustics and then some. (Previous albums featured the re-arranged *Nevsky* cantata, not the actual film score.) If you're a fan of such scores as *Willow* and *Conan the Barbarian*, you are depriving yourself not to hear this. The film is a mythified, heroic account of Russians

uniting under Prince Alexander to defeat German invaders in the 13th century—good enough for Stalin when it was made, and full of stunning battle sequences which set standards for everything from *Spartacus* to *Braveheart*. The same goes for Prokofiev's rich music, which has been drawn upon by just about everyone. Actually, buy the new videotape before you get the album; the picture almost plays like a silent film when Prokofiev's score kicks in. 5

Doctor Zhivago is one of MAURICE JARRE'S most famous works—"Lara's Theme" truly does stick in your head—and it's been recently reissued (Rhino R2 71957, 45 tracks - 69:47) in an expanded 30th anniversary edition with fine sound and gorgeous packaging. It is worthy of recognition due to its sheer popularity—it's one my college roommate's all time favorites, the original album anyway—and is a sure buy for Jarre fans. However, it's now too long for a comfortable listen, and it's not one of my favorite Jarre scores to begin with (the Russian stuff wears thin). Still, a splendid archiving/packaging job, and I like the three gag versions of Lara's theme at the end (jazz, rock and swing; neat chord substitutions on the latter). 3½

The Paradine Case (Koch 3-7225-2 HI, 11 tracks - 50:49) is a new album of film-related piano concerti. Franz Waxman's title score is featured in a 12 minute "Rhapsody for Piano and Orchestra," arranged from cues to Hitchcock's 1947 courtroom drama, a typically expressive and romantic Waxman work. Next is Bernard Herrmann's 11 minute "Concerto Macabre for Piano and Orchestra" from *Hangover Square* (1944), an obsessive and maddening piece which has been recorded before. Making its world premiere debut, however, is a non-film work by Alex North, "Concerto for Piano & Orchestra with Trumpet Obligato," a wonderful, Gershwin-esque piece running 19 minutes, in three movements. Right from the outset North's modernistic style is readily apparent, deftly incorporating jazz in its tribute to mid-century bustling-city Americana. Closing out the album are five short non-film piano pieces by Waxman, "The Charm Bracelet"—kind of like Bartók's *Mikrokosmos* in that they were partly intended as "beginning" piano pieces—and a non-film, two-minute piano prelude by Herrmann from 1935. The 20-page booklet is loaded with info and photos, although the initial printings have a Franz Waxman photo where the Herrmann one should be, which is supposed to be corrected in subsequent pressings—collectible alert! 4

The new **Flight of the Navigator** CD (Super Tracks STCD 499, 12 tracks - 28:54) is a result of somebody wanting to start a specialty record label (John Alcantara at mail order dealer Super Collector) and this being the most available score with which to start. It's a throwaway ALAN SILVESTRI synth score from 1986 for the Disney movie with the time-displaced kid and his spaceship with the voice of Pee-Wee Herman. Don't expect another *Back to the Future* or *Predator*, it's a lot of synth noodling which sounds nothing like those scores. Silvestri does get around his limited keyboard arsenal pretty well, writing a main theme, hitting several moods, even approximating an orchestral feel at times. A few tracks are in full pop mode, better (in an '80s videogame way) in that at least Silvestri is working towards the electronics' strengths, not their excruciating weaknesses. Packaging by GNP/Crescendo's Mark Banning is colorful, and the booklet has liner notes by David Hirsch plus what appears to be a Silvestri press release, photo and filmography. 1½

I have seen Ridley Scott's **Legend** with both the Jerry Goldsmith score and the TANGERINE DREAM one, and in each case it stunk. This is an embarrassing, awful, incomprehensible movie. Tangerine Dream's U.S. replacement score was intended to make the film more accessible to younger audiences, but it only took a film that was boring and stupid, and made it boring, stupid and strange. And now, finally, to satiate *Legend* fans everywhere, the final shoe has dropped in the form of a CD to the Dream score (Varèse Sarabande VSD-5645, 11 tracks - 40:36), a straight reissue of the MCA LP. It's a noisy, clumsy synth effort by the German group, with dated new age timbres, and two severely '80s songs. I know it's a coveted favorite for TD fans, and I recognize the contributions of the group overall—their minimalist-influenced music to *Risky Business*, of all things, was superb. However, I'm sure they've done their hypnotic, Eastern-influenced shtick much better in other places. If it makes anyone feel better, I don't even care for the Goldsmith *Legend* score, which, while more expansive and developed, is equally hokey



in the film and a retread of the French stuff Goldsmith had earlier tapped with amazing skill in *The Secret of NIMH*, *Poltergeist* and *Twilight Zone: The Movie*. Varese adds a Matthew Peak back cover painting of Mia Sara, but their cover of Tim Curry's darkness-devil face is too dark and obscured. No liner notes, but that's okay, as Paul MacLean's excellent and lengthy text in the Silva Screen CD of Goldsmith's score cover TD's effort as well, and remain the only thing of merit to come from this movie. 2

What was *The Cold Room*? It's Maltin time! "Rebellious college girl reluctantly accompanies her estranged writer-father to East Berlin and finds she's entered a time warp, with a hidden dissident in a secret room next to hers and the Gestapo nipping at her heels." It was a 1984 made-for-cable movie, and Silva Screen has released MICHAEL NYMAN'S score (SSD 1043, 16 tracks - 35:11) all these years later. It's minimalist, of course, with a small ensemble of strings, piano and a few winds. Some of the best film music has borrowed on minimalist ideas (repetition of short phrases)—look at Herrmann, Thomas Newman, even Barry's suspense music. But when Herrmann comes in with a booming, descending phrase of parallel seventh chords, or Barry slams down thick minor brass triads, the effect is immediate—with Herrmann in something like *Obsession*, it's like the world's coming to an end. With Nyman's minimalism (Philip Glass's, too), the phrases are oddly neutral at first, innocuous and hokey, and only sink in after a while (the whole point of minimalism—the repetition is what causes the effect). Much of *The Cold Room* naturally and perfectly carries across the feeling being locked up, the claustrophobia setting in, the scenery not changing. It feels like an old *Twilight Zone* or a Ron Jones *Star Trek: The Next Generation* score where aliens were testing captured crew members or something, with a Nyman stamp to the orchestrations. (It's not the hardest thing to write either. Make up a 5-beat phrase, repeat it, transpose it, repeat it, etc.) Sound quality is not the best; packaging has no artwork from the program, just photos of some stupid optical-illusion wooden chair. 2½

DRG's Classic Italian Soundtracks

DRG in the U.S. has opened the floodgates of "Classic Italian Soundtracks," many available for the first time, and many more to come. The albums are produced by Claudio Puiano, vividly packaged with fold-out booklets, winding but informative Didier Deutsch liner notes, and picture discs.

I've just listened to 75 minutes of GOBLIN for the first and probably last time, on *Goblin: Their Hits, Rare Tracks & Outtakes Collection, 1975-1989* (32904, 27 tracks - 75:57), and have to ponder, is this a sham? A colossal joke? Can it really be a good thing that an Italian rock group in the '70s got together with Dario Argento and scored a bunch of low budget horror films? Apparently it is for a lot of people, who write me letters wanting nothing more than a *Dawn of the Dead* CD, and to those people I say, relax, I do not crap on your God. I am suspicious of rock musicians who get worshipped for seemingly banging around, fine on stage but not in film, perhaps the only area of semi-popular music where the composer is the thing, not the performer. But I'm equally tired of Hollywood's best orchestrators pumping out identical mock-symphonic scores, and there's probably more inventiveness in one minute of Goblin's synth-guitar-organ-drums-rock stalking music, which doesn't seem to acknowledge anything going on in the picture, than in dozens of those. This CD has a lot to offer die-hard Goblin fans, featuring the magic "previously unreleased" asterisk on many selections. Represented are mostly late '70s efforts: *Profondo Rosso*, *Wampyr*, *Patrick*, *Suspiria*, *La Via della droga*, *Chi?*, *Zombi*, *Buio Omega*, *St. Helen*,

Contamination, *Tenebre*, *Notturmo*, *Phenomena* and *La Chiesa*. Even for the scores that are already available, many previously unreleased cues have been used. Goblin's style is more sparse than I would have thought—when I think "rock group" I think traditional electric guitars and a driving, upbeat sound. This is more '70s art rock, with some jazz and even new age influences, the latter from the fact that synths were new at the time and people were so intrigued just by their sounds that they were happy to feature them plain and exposed. This is one of two CDs that somebody shows up with at your haunted house, saying he's got the perfect music to play for it, the other CD being *Halloween*. 3

The Horror Films Collection (32903, 23 tracks - 75:55) is similar—a gruelingly long album with some creepy and cool tracks. This low budget horror stuff went down the toilet in the '80s when synths came in (Goblin marks the transitional phase, when it went to rock instruments but was still interesting and new) and fortunately this collection spotlights mostly pre-1975 material. "Dario's Theme," a 1989 tribute composition to Argento by Marco Werba, is the only exception, but 16 minutes of Bruno Nicolai's 1970 *Il Trono di fuoco* sets the scene for acoustic menace and paranoia. George Gaslini's 1972 *La Notte dei Diavoli* (9:00) begins with an oddly beautiful and ethereal tune, then continues with more of the same bleak stuff. *7 Note in Nero* (1977, appropriately 7 minutes long) by Franco Bixio, Fabio Frizzi and Vince Tempera is more synth, but still good. *La Cripta e l'incubo* (1964) by Carlo Savina is a relatively early effort, not too far out but with hissy sound, around 10 minutes. Giorgio Gaslini has arranged *Profondo rosso* here into a 7:26 "20th Anniversary Special Suite" and it's pretty cool, with a creepy chattering laugh-box opening and closing and some Gerald Fried-like brass writing. The one track from *L'Isola misteriosa e il capitano Nemo* (1973) by Gianni Ferrio is a more lyrical Morricone-like composition; Piero Piccioni's 1972 *Il Monaco* is represented by an aggressive, interesting 6:36 suite, with good integration of keyboards; the 11:00 suite from Gino Marinuzzi, Jr.'s *Terrere nello spazio* has more of an old monster movie feel; and Riz Ortolani's 1976 *Passi di morte perduti nel buio* (2:40) features some cool, Coma-styled echoing keyboard hits. Overall, 95% of this stuff feels like filler by its very nature, but there are some neat moments, and it's also a keeper for next Halloween's haunted house. 3

A Maurice Jarre Trilogy (32906, disc 1: 22 tracks - 67:49; disc 2: 24 tracks - 66:02) is a 2CD set (in one jewel box) featuring *The Damned* (1969), *A Season in Hell* (1971) and an expanded edition of *For Those I Loved* (1983). Jarre's style is evident throughout, caught between dark instrumental colors, often evocative of locale, and what would otherwise be more flowing developments of the themes. His music for Luciano Visconti's *The Damned*, about the downfall of a well-to-do German family, is dark and hypnotic, thrashing away one moment, brooding the next, and playing with a waltz (for a cousin of Lara's, perhaps) the next after that. *A Season in Hell* is the lightest score of the three, ironic considering the title, with a lovely, lilting French theme for the two main characters, interspersed with a variety of different musical moments (a pattern in each of these scores) for the stresses their relationship undergoes. *For Those I Loved* is the story of a Polish Holocaust survivor and Jarre weaves an appropriately dark and powerful tapestry, often with an Eastern European flavor and making use of ethnic-folk forms. 3

La Voce della luna (aka *The Voice of the Moon*, 32912, 12 tracks - 32:38) is Federico Fellini's last film, from 1990. NICOLA PIOVANI scored Fellini's final three pictures, and here turns in an appropriately Fellini/Rota-esque effort. It's mainly variations on a pleasant and catchy, circus-like theme, set in various jazzy,

pop settings. The film is the wacky accounts of two, well, lunatics, and the music is probably much more interesting in its cinematic setting, bouncing off of Fellini's surreal imagery. As an album, it's a diverting and pleasant half hour. 3

Spaghetti Westerns: Volume 1 (32905, disc 1: 33 tracks - 75:43; disc 2: 34 tracks - 76:28) is a jam-packed compilation: *Shango*, *Quanto costa morire*, *Amore piombo e furore*, *Ed ora raccomanda l'anima a dio*, *Wanted Johnny Texas*, *Quei disperati che puzzano di sudore e di morte*, *Kid il monello del West*, *Deserto di fuoco*, *Carambola*, *Carambola flotto tutti in buca*, *Amico stammi lontano almeno un palmo*, *Giù la testa*, *Uno Straniero a Paso Bravo*, *Prega dio e scavati la fossa*, *La Notte dei serpenti*, *Requiem per un gringo*, *Vado vedo e sparo*, *Johnny West il mancino*, *Ray Colt & Winchester Jack*, *Sartana nella valle degli avvoltoi*, *Ancora dollari per i McGregors*, *La Collera del vento*, *Sella d'Argento*, *Franco e Ciccio sul sentiero di guerra*, *I Quattro dell'ava Maria*, *La Collina degli stivali*, *I 4 Dell'apocalisse*, *Occio alla penna*; music by Gianfranco Di Stefano, Francesco De Masi, Pino Donaggio, Franco Bixio, Marcello Gigante, Alessandro Nadin, Aristide Bascerano, Gianni Ferrio, Enrico Simonetti, Roberto Pregadio, Fabio Frizzi, Vince Tempera, Angelo Francesco Lavagnino, Riz Ortolani, Carlo Rustichelli, Piero Umiliani, Augusto Martelli, and of course, Ennio Morricone. Whew! Unlike Goblin horror music, I do find spaghetti western music inherently fun, and this collection (pillaged from the Cinevox archives) is an overwhelming assortment of, well, the good, the bad and the just mediocre. Some is stereotypically what it is—harmonica, guitar, small orchestra, etc.—and some of it skirts close to late '60s, early '70s easy listening. The uninitiated like me should find it a thorough sampler, the die-hards should be thrilled with the many previously unreleased tracks. Sound quality is variable; comes in the "clamshell" 2CD configuration. 3

An Ennio Morricone Western Quintet (32907, disc 1: 77:33; disc 2: 24 tracks - 79:13), meanwhile, features five spaghetti western scores by the genuine article: *Il mio nome è Nessuno* (*My Name Is Nobody*, 1973), *Occhio alla penna* (*A Fist Goes West*, 1980), Morricone's last western), *Giù la testa* (*A Fistful of Dynamite*, aka *Duck You Sucker*, 1971), *Tepepa* (*Blood and Guns*, 1969), *Vamos a matar compañeros* (*Compañeros!*, 1970). It's usually hard enough to track one of these down as a pricey import—to be able to buy them all at once is a gift. Oddly enough, they rarely feature the stereotypical harmonica, guitar and trumpet sound which Morricone more or less created, and which other composers beat to death on the above 2CD set. Perhaps that two of these films are spoofs, *A Fist Goes West* and *My Name Is Nobody*, has something to do with it; only one, *Duck You Sucker*, was directed by Sergio Leone. Instead, Morricone goes for lyrical, fully developed musical pieces, rarely synched to any visual action, often utilizing pop arranging conventions of the time. The music sure isn't conventional—grunting, whistling, burping, it's all fair game—but does go after a higher purpose than just recreating the typical "spaghetti western" sound. There's some boring stuff—the obligatory Morricone atmospheric cues which sound like someone turned the vacuum cleaner on—but still, five scores on two discs in one set, what a deal. In case you're wondering, it's all crammed on here by splitting *Duck You Sucker* between disc one and two. 4

From Japan with Good Packaging

Can you imagine how happy collectors would be if a record label did a 10-odd volume series of music by Goldsmith, Williams or Herrmann? That's what SLC have done for legendary Japanese composer Akira Ifukube, a la their previous series for Masaru Satoh. They sent me volumes 1 through 4, and although I am

totally unfamiliar with Ifukube (save for the classic *Godzilla* theme), I found each disc enjoyable on its own—I was also a little surprised at how a number of themes sounded like *Godzilla*, its BOM-bom-bom-bom rhythms and irregular variations thereupon popping up frequently. Vol. 1 (11 tracks - 39:10) features *Genrei No Hate*, *Jyakoman to Tetsu*, *Children of Hiroshima*, *The Saga of Anathan*, *Ashizuri Misaki*, *Wolf*, *Genji Story*, *Godzilla*, *Kuroobi Sangokushu*, *Onibi* and *Shirogane Shinhyu*; Vol. 2 (9 tracks - 39:25) has *Yagyu Bugeicho*, *Yagyu Bugeicho Sohryu Hiken*, *Syunkin Monogatari*, *Isumawaru Seisoh*, *Rodan*, *Kohjinbutso No Fuh-fu*, *Saigo No Dassoh*, *Chijyoh* and *The Mysterians*; Vol. 3 (7 tracks - 54:44) features *Varan the Unbelievable*, *Nikui Mono*, *Three Treasures*, *Battle in Outer Space*, *Aru Kengoh No Syohgai*, *Big Boss* and *Shinran*; and Vol. 4 (7 tracks - 65:17) features *Ohsakajyo Monogatari*, *Sakuna Damu Part 3*, *King Kong vs. Godzilla*, *Fudari Dake No Hashi*, *Buddha* (30 min.), *Shitamachi* and *Atragon*. The earlier films tend to be short excerpts in mono from the pictures themselves, sometimes with dialogue. With all the fuss about "ethnic scoring" some people may be under the mistaken impression that all non-white European music is pots and pans, whistles and drones—absolutely not true here. There's very little "ethnic" Japanese music, and what there is of it is either just incorporated into finely crafted orchestral settings—using the pentatonic scale, for example, or an Asian-sounding gong or harp. These scores date to the early '50s but sound little like "film music"—there's no gigantic romantic sweep or symphonic overtures. If anything, it uses a chamber-like sound and restraint found in many American film and TV scores in the '60s—like *Twilight Zone*, perhaps. As for the genre scores, they are the authentic, classic Japanese monster music, thrashing and banging around but always being music first, hitting on-screen action second. Packaging is great with many photos and Japanese notes. 4

Oddly enough, I didn't find *Godzilla: Symphonic Concert* (SLC SLCS-5029, 8 tracks - 58:57) nearly as listenable, even though much of it is the same music, in better sound, all by AKIRA IFUKUBE. The first two and the last three tracks are short versions of this or that theme, fun enough, but sandwiched between are three "Symphonic Fantasies," each around 15 minutes long, which are hard to get through. Maybe this is a case of extended concert versions kind of wrecking the effect; maybe this stuff is supposed to sound 40 years old, in mono, ponderous and apocalyptic; maybe a symphonic concert of *Godzilla* music is just too ludicrous an idea. I could never get into *Godzilla* films beyond just my fascination with their fascination of Japanese frustration and fear of The Bomb after WWII. When the music is removed in a concert setting (complete with applause), it takes away from both the leaden seriousness and the unacknowledged silliness that makes the original so much fun. 2 1/2

SLC also sent me *Sharaku* (SLCS-5062, 31 tracks - 37:38)—I don't know what this, I don't even know who the composer is, I can't even read his name because it's in Japanese and I'm a dumb American. The album is a combination of traditional Japanese music (yes, the pots and pans stuff) and orchestral underscore which is sometimes jazzy, sometimes modern, but mostly restrained, interesting and well-done. All of the tracks are very short. I'm at a loss. 2 1/2

TeeVee

Finally on CD, albeit a promotional one (try the specialty mail order dealers), is DENNIS MCCARTHY'S V: *The Final Battle* (DMC-001, 16 tracks - 52:28), his hasty rescues of parts two and three of the popular 1984 lizard-alien invaders TV mini-series. Genre fans should love it—it's from several years before his 8-year *Star Trek* gig and he shows no signs of the drug-ging he later received from those producers. Some of the cues scream early-'80s (pre-*Miami Vice*) television in their symphonic pop arrangements, particularly the balloon red dust-seeding cues, as does the electronic percussion which is ubiquitous. By and large it follows in the *Star Wars* symphonic scope and the action cues are terrific (with the same Holst-like rhythms McCarthy brought to his early *Star Trek* TV work and to *Star Trek: Generations*). It's so refreshing to hear him just belt out what he feels like, with the necessary percussion and brass to do it. He's a terrific arranger and works best when he has even a few themes to arrange—on *Star Trek*, after the producers basically outlawed themes, he had (and has) to resort to arranging *nothing* for shows on end. Here, his own lizard,

resistance and other themes are more than he needs to make memorable music, and he went on to score the 22-episode V series with basically the same pieces. Even on *Star Trek* through abysmal dubs he has created some strange and interesting string and horn effects; "Pop Goes the Lizard" here is a remarkably sophisticated and crazy, partially aleatoric piece. Packaging is slim but nice, sound quality is okay but with varying amounts of hiss; (both of McCarthy's series main titles are included (the first evidently as the "Finale"), but not the Barry DeVorzon main title which originally ran with the mini-series, although I don't know why anyone would want that. Great fun. 3 1/2

500 Nations is the recent CBS documentary on the plight of Native Americans, hosted and produced by Dances with Wolves himself, Kevin Costner. Score is by PETER BUFFETT, composer of the fire dance music in *Wolves*, on an overlong Epic album (EK 66990, 18 tracks - 60:24). It's well executed, mostly on synthesizer with lots of drums and a few live instruments and vocals. It embraces world music and new age synths in the way James Horner has on recent ethnic projects. Drums, drums, drums—drums are in, 10 or 15 years ago it wasn't this way, but it is now—trailers, action scores, everything has drums. Easy to write, immediate impact—add some drums. Anyway, it's appropriate here, and Buffett knows his craft; like various Narada TV documentary albums, the cuts tend to be fully rounded musical pieces. But they also tend to be more functional than developmental, and in utilizing world music fall into the film-music pitfall of being merely a shadow of the real thing—compromising the source material to be appropriate as background music, and compromising what might be better underscore to play up the drums. My roommate at school had a CD of real Native American music, and it sounded nothing like this. Anyway, a job well done from Buffett as far as scoring the documentary, and if it gets tedious as a record, it's because film music buffs are hardly the type to appreciate this kind of "world music artistry." 2

...Ditto for *The Way West* (Shanachie 6013, disc 1: 21 tracks - 55:07; disc 2: 23 tracks - 62:28) by BRIAN KEANE, for Ric Burns's six-hour documentary on the next-to-final frontier. Unlike *500 Nations*, *The Way West* does incorporate authentic Native American music, as well as original cowboy fiddle tunes transcribed from 78's. Keane's score draws on these elements in mostly a new age, sound-design way. It's definitely a performance-oriented score rather than a compositional one; solo keyboards, guitar and percussion take off on slow, long mood-setters. I guess it's done well. Sure lasts forever. 2

Hanna-Barbera Cartoon Sound FX (Rhino R2 71828, 97 tracks - 35:27) is an obnoxious half-hour of ba-wongs, hams, boinks, bronzes, sproings, kabongs and whizz klunks which anyone familiar with the banal commercial fodder that is Hanna-Barbera will find instantly familiar. My favorite is "Scrambling Feet," for any character running in place so as to make use of as few animation cels as possible. The "Comic Capers" by familiar H-B characters are lame, as are the birthday greetings and answering machine messages from Fred Flintstone, Quick Draw McGraw and the like—what a great way to make your friends hate you. But it's cool to have on CD so many familiar sounds, and no collection would be complete without the timeless, two-second classic, "Muttley Bites Dastardly on the Butt."

Thumbs up to Rhino's three volumes of **Tube Tunes** (see Andy Dursin's review for disc info and contents). These are great, if only for reference's sake—I haven't heard the *Dukes of Hazzard* theme in years. My favorite is Isaac Hayes's *Shaft*-ian "Theme from The Men." I still prefer T.V.T. Records' three *Television's Greatest Hits* discs, however, because they include more titles per disc (65, not 16, although with often abysmal sound) and have more of the older themes, some by big name composers. By concentrating on single versions, Rhino has gone after song-oriented tunes instead of more interesting (if lesser known) instrumentals, which can be found on the aforementioned T.V.T. discs. Unlike Andy, I think many of the themes to '80s shows are awful—trendy abuses of synth/rock innovations instead of that overblown, orchestral-with-pulsing-rhythm-section feel to many of the best themes of the '60s. '80s sitcoms and their themes are nostalgic to me, but I hate them (*Who's the Boss*, *Charles in Charge*, *Family Ties*, *Punky Brewster*—all the ones with kids). Great packaging and of-a-kind artwork with caricature covers from Rhino.

Kiddie Fare

I had to take my brother to see *Mortal Kombat*—truly terrible and boring, with a horrendous synth/techno/ethnic-drumming score by George S. Clinton (not the funk guitarist), but representative of a summer where the kiddie movies stink so bad, not even kids want to see most of them. (That is, except for *Babe*, which I hear is great and will be seeing soon.)

Best of the bunch is obviously **Pocahontas** (Walt Disney 60874-7, 28 tracks - 56:21) as ALAN MENKEN knows what he's doing on these animated musicals. I don't like musicals in general—it just seems too silly and explicit when everyone breaks into song, and I'm not a choreography buff. I sure don't like cute Disney animals—give me Tex Avery any day where Screwie Squirrel takes the sweet bunny with the long eyelashes, drags him behind the tree and clubs him, then tells the audience, "Aw, trust me, you wouldn't have liked him" (or something to that effect). But Menken is a good tunesmith, so the underscore in *Pocahontas* features catchy melodies imported from the songs, arranged in a lush, stock but just-right way, with a touch of Americana. Pop fodder, but it's a living. The album cover is ridiculously bland, with Pocahontas's skinny, model-esque face on a boring blue background. 3 1/2

A Kid in Arthur's Court (Walt Disney 60885-7, 22 tracks - 63:41) was reportedly awful, with the annoying *Rookie of the Year* brat going back in time for a wacky adventure. J.A.C. REDFORD's score is well crafted and symphonic but anonymous—there is nothing in it to indicate that any particular human being had a hand in making it. Eight orchestrators are listed, so maybe it was just a *Robin Hood* rush job. It has the expected Korgold fanfares, as well as oddly American touches for the intimate moments, and even some medieval-ish court-and-castle type music. Think of a soundly constructed Williams/Horner/Robert Folk kids score using that orchestral language very predictably. It wasn't torture like the below animal scores; not slushy, more upbeat. Parts of it could be grafted into *First Knight* and it would be worshipped as just as good; then again, most parts couldn't be. Nice performances by the City of Prague Philharmonic (Disney was being cheap) and a functional outing for the Redford-unit. 2 1/2

The kiddie pet-animal genre has become so insincere and formulaic that I find their soundtrack albums interchangeable and unlistenable. The demands for these films are too narrow for the music to be interesting to anyone besides critical regressives. Whether it's a kid and his monkey, dog, ape, panda, whale or whatever, the score has to be a broad, symphonic puff-piece with happy music for the boy playing with his dog/ape/whale/panda, and threatening, dramatic music for the dog/ape/whale/panda in jeopardy. Sometimes, we are treated to even worse synth music when the filmmaker has the idea that that's what kids like to listen to.

I was at a scoring session for *Free Willy 2* and it was a thrill to see BASIL POLEDOURIS at work—just the effort it takes to write and record a functional one-minute transition cue is incredible. I remember that the director was giving him a hard time over one particular cue; I was astonished that so much effort was being expended over something so irrelevant. As usual, Basil was accommodating and the guy was happy. However, after two *Free Willy* movies and one *Lassie* movie, it seems the composer is running out of things to say in a genre where there is nothing to say. These movies are for 11 year-olds (if that), and if the script isn't supposed to say anything not aimed at 11 year-olds, it's ridiculous to think the score doesn't have that same limitation. I'm not 11 years old, so I don't want to listen to *Free Willy* music. It's innocuous synth/orchestra fluff; the second it ever became more interesting would be the second that director in the sweater would do more than just kind of whine, "I don't know, it sounds a little too disco-ish now." This time around, there's only 10 minutes of score on the CD (MJJ/550 Music/Epic Soundtrax BK 67259, 11 tracks - 47:00), flowing into an instrumental version of Michael Jackson's "Childhood" which has nearly identical keyboard timbres. About Jackson's "Childhood," it isn't even as good as his throwaway "Lisa, It's Your Birthday" song from *The Simpsons*. The other songs are equally benign and useless, except for a blues piece by the Nathan Cavaleri Band, "Lou's Blues," which is pretty cool. I asked my mom to comment on the two renditions of Bob Dylan's "Forever Young": the one by Pretenders was acceptable, but the pop version by Robbie Jackson she called



Original Soundtrack Recording

THE FINAL BATTLE

Music By Dennis McCarthy



DENZEL WASHINGTON GENE HACKMAN

CRIMSON TIDE

Music Composed by Hans Zimmer



"Minnie Mouse at a bar mitzvah" and "a sin." No wonder kids listen to heavy metal and rap—all this other music for them sucks! 2

Born to Be Wild (Milan 73138-35705-2, 14 tracks - 39:00) features film/TV veteran (and current *X-Files* scorer) MARK SNOW doing everything it takes on this recent family film of a boy and his gorilla. Snow moves between synths and orchestra, small ensembles and large, "drama" and comedy with the skill of a master craftsman. Many of the orchestral passages are polished and large in a commercial, cut-and-dried Hollywood way—it should appeal to fans of Poledouris's *Free Willy*, some of Horner's kiddie efforts, and scores by composers instructed to rip off those efforts, for that's exactly what this is. Everybody's favorite African music expert, Lebo M, turns up for an "ethnic" track establishing the fact that gorillas come from Africa. 2½

Milan also released **Fluke** (73138-35720-2, 19 tracks - 56:20), which I expected more from since it's by an Italian (CARLO SILIOTTO) with a Morricone-like "composed, orchestrated and conducted by" credit. So, maybe it won't sound like Hollywood slush, right? Wrong. It is typically identity-less; it's constantly pretty and bouncing around, but if you were to ask, what defines this as being by any particular human being, there would be no answer. It's also too long—all technique and no personality. The dog-searching-for-its-family MGM film was evidently a throwaway somewhere. The liner notes say that director Carlo Carlei received critical acclaim on an earlier film, *Flight of the Innocent*, and this "enabled Carlei to fulfill his dream of making *Fluke*." Yikes. If I ever see *Fluke* and fall in love with it, I will eat my words, but for now this is the kind of generic soundtrack album not even soundtrack collectors will want to buy. 2

The one good kids movie I did see, although I don't have the album yet, is **Indian in the Cupboard**. It was a little underwhelming—more an ABC afterschool special than a summer blockbuster—but it was refreshing to see a movie that actually tried to teach kids some morals. While RANDY EDELMAN can be commercial on commercial films, he can be sincere on sincere films, and that was the case here—a nice effort, with the expected uses of Indian music, but in a way that didn't just match up with the Indian being on screen. There was also energetic, well-done "cowboy" music. I'm still disappointed that Miles Goodman's score was rejected, but things could have turned out worse.

Summer Movie Postmortem

Even *Variety* has owned up to the fact that this summer has been disappointing. There's no Steven Spielberg entry, no Harrison Ford film, not even a respectable Michael Crichton, John Grisham or Tom Clancy thriller (*Congo* wasn't respectable) for grown-ups. Instead there's been an abundance of genre outings, which would be fine if they were any good, and of this writing (late August) it's just a big dumping ground. At the beginning of the summer, I would have never believed that the films to see would be the Beverly Hills teen comedy (*Clueless*) and the talking pig movie (*Babe*). (David Kitay's score in *Clueless* is not a factor, but the film is clever and Alicia Silverstone is gorgeous, except her "Cher Horowitz" reminds me of too many people I know.) Still, scores have been well done, and there some good albums like *Batman Forever* and *Waterworld*. I've actually gone to see most of these, and have written about them in whatever detail I pleased. Ratings reflect the albums where I have them. As they say on the Internet, plot "spoilers" ahead...

Crimson Tide was an okay submarine thriller, two hours of familiar actors hunched together in claustrophobic quarters spouting Navy jargon, Tony Scott's

camera jammed in ultra tight, their faces dripping with sweat, one side illuminated emergency light-red, the other Jim Cameron-blue. The world didn't blow up in the end, surprise surprise, but the suspense was enough to impress people into thinking the movie was good. Through it all was HANS ZIMMER'S propulsive, synth/orchestra mix, *Backdraft* meets *Speed* meets *The Hunt for Red October* (except this time the choir, somehow electronically processed or possibly just electronic, sings a U.S. Navy hymn, not a Russian one). Zimmer sledgehammers in the urgency, operating on a level divorced from time in that he doesn't particularly catch action with musical development, yet drums are always pounding; and a level divorced from space in that his characteristic synth/orchestra fusion creates a single blend of soupy noise that doesn't impart the already overdone soundtrack with symphonic intricacies and above-ground classical sophistication. These guys are in a sub and it's just Hans's ten fingers (three or four times layered) playing along. I did sit in the theater and wonder how much better any other score would have been, anything that seemed composed away from a keyboard and did more to address the specific scenes; Zimmer tailors his tried-and-true style to the picture only with the aforementioned choir and a solo trumpet theme, blanketed over the film. But, Zimmer's music did "work," that overused word people invoke to defend lame music because it's not actively destructive.

As for the album (Hollywood HR-62025-2, 5 tracks - 60:17), apart from the main theme/end credits I found it a headache. The tracks are insanely long—two are 15-20 minutes each, equally unlistenable. It's just pounding out a mood of unease and tension, as well as dire seriousness, and while I can listen to 20 minutes of Jerry Fielding's tension, Zimmer's is created through bluntness, not intricacy. In an FSM interview last year, Zimmer bragged about how once he's done with a score, that's it, done, filed away, he doesn't want to listen to it again, and I'm with him as regards this one. Still, it was an overnight sensation on the Internet, and Zimmer fans should (and do) love it. 2½

Congo the movie represents the fast-and-furious Lucas/Spielberg blockbuster school totally out of control—a barrage of pointless events strung together with lame gags and one-sentence character motivations. *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (or more accurately, *King Solomon's Mines*) meets *Aliens* meets *Baby* meets the volcano from *You Only Live Twice* meets the Genesis planet meets a talking gorilla meets whitewater rafting meets a selfish industrialist meets bad accents—who green-lights these things? Our movie sucks—let's throw in a parachute drop and narrow escape from computer-generated lava. With *Congo* even indiscriminating movie-goers realized that there's nothing holding these rapid-thrill events together—the movie's throwaway emotional elements are meaningless, it moves along too fast for anything to matter, and there's something wrong when such massive loss of life occurs and nobody cares. Commandos slaughtering gorillas is not the same as bloodless killing of storm-troopers or aliens—it's sick, not fun, acknowledged in the film only by an awful one-liner. The hyperactive pacing elides all depth, leaving only the surreal image of a gorilla sipping a martini on an airplane. Films like these are the *Mystery Science Theater 3000* B-movie fare of the future, except nowadays the B-movies are A-movies. Furthermore, the film is too violent for young kids and too stupid for adults, and its advertising both uses the most infamous movie trailer voiceover cliché ("In a world...") and leaves obscure what the film's actually about. What garbage.

Various film critics came down on JERRY GOLDSMITH'S score for what they perceived as ripping off *The Lion King*, which as everyone knows is the genesis of all African music. We knew Goldsmith would use lots of drums, but he uses them well—the main,

traveling picture-postcard music is memorable, if redundant (the brass entrance reinforces my belief that everybody wants to be John Barry nowadays), the action music is energetic and pulsating, the cutesy synth fake-gorilla stuff is no better or worse than in *Baby: Secret of the Lost Legend*, and the jungle embellishments are impressive as they were in *Medicine Man*. With just an icy, high synth glissando, Goldsmith cuts through the sound effects and adds much to the jungle feel, although in a conspicuously hi-tech way. The pacing and economy of his score is remarkable and indicative of how excellent a craftsman he is. He holds the film together, and it's probably to the benefit of his music as music that this is all it needed—a mindless, programmatic coat of paint that's mostly surface gloss, but penetrates into the woodwork enough to give *Congo* more than it deserved and more than it would have gotten from any other composer. "Bail Out" is a perfect example—the pulsating rhythm is immediately established (compare with the opening of Dominic Frontiere's *Rat Patrol* TV theme, by the way), the characteristic explosion of brass and strings enhances the cut to the exterior, the "funny" music as Tim Curry jumps is just right and flows in and out of the rest of the cue. Being so commercial, the film also doesn't give Goldsmith, who's now more commercial himself than ever, any room to get into trouble with trying to figure out what is required of serious, dramatic film music nowadays. In a way he contributes to the confusion the film causes in that some of it is legitimately exciting, but as a whole is blatantly awful. He's so good at adding to the way it never stops for a second, and in this respect we have another addition to the curious list of film scores (by any composer) which are both excellent and bad—well done but artistically worthless. (See my Big Mac theory in the Mail Bag.)

I did enjoy Epic's album (EK 67266, 10 tracks - 33:39), in the same way I can enjoy a Big Mac. Because whether he's making Big Macs or gourmet meals, Jerry Goldsmith is one of the greatest ever, and I just wish he'd get the chance to make more gourmet meals nowadays, and when that happens, steer away from the streamlining in his work which makes it seem like no matter what he's doing, it's a Big Mac. 3

The nicest thing I can say about **Batman Forever** is that I didn't hate it. It was anonymous, insubstantial and noisy, but it wasn't boring. Just as the visuals were about an irritating primary color scheme (and obligatory hyperactive computer graphics), the soundtrack was about noise. Like in *Judge Dredd*, everything blended into an overwhelming Dolby Surround headache. That's what the *Batman* marketing phenomenon is about—and it works.

ELLIOT GOLDENTHAL'S score in the film became another ingredient in the two-hour migraine, but it did what it was supposed to. Unfortunately, most of what came through were the loud, blaring "gothic" parts, giving an impression not of pace and crispness, but pounding effects (hey, just like the rest of the movie)—even though layers of sophistication and cleverness were there just beneath the surface, i.e. hey, that dance number is the Riddler's theme, and oh, is that a threemin? Fortunately, everything is audible on the CD, a better ratio of racket to refinement showcasing the wit and intelligence we've come to expect from Elliot Goldenthal. The references to the TV show, the variations on different themes, and the elaborate orchestrations make the album fabulously entertaining and one of the best of the summer.

However, John Barry once said that his secret to scoring the James Bond films was that he always took them seriously—he never made fun of the character, even though Bond eventually got to be as much of a comic book as Batman. In *Batman Forever*, especially with the references to the campy TV series, one gets the impression that Goldenthal is making fun of the

character. There's no real harm done—I mean, who cares?—but it is another one of the things that shaves the edges off of *Batman Forever*, making it totally crass, commercial and forgettable. As flawed as it was, at least there was a point of view to Tim Burton's original *Batman*, and even though Goldenthal's gothic/operatic stuff is along the same lines as Danny Elfman's, their approaches to *Batman* are worlds apart.

Elfman's take on the Caped Crusader can be easily understood as Danny wanting to do a Max Steiner action/adventure score from the '40s—like one of those recently re-recorded by Marco Polo. The similarities abound: the music is incessant, of-a-piece, constantly mickey mousing (even and especially under dialogue) and repeating one main theme over and over. The orchestration, as unconventional as Elfman's self-taught style is, harks back to chattering trumpets and overwriting of the '40s. And like many old Max Steiner scores, by two-thirds of the way through it becomes tiring and repetitive—especially once they go up the cathedral and the waltz kicks in. However, there's no denying that Elfman captured something that sums up what *Batman* is all about—the gothic crime fighter of an era long since past—and that this tremendously aided the picture. (Note how the film itself is anachronistic in the use of certain cars and props, like big, old-fashioned microphones.)

Goldenthal's score, however, is more of a mix of styles in which Elfman's approach is but one ingredient. He writes his own *Batman* theme, problematic in that it's basically the same theme, but even less suitable for development. He didn't so much write a theme as he did a chord change. Elfman's theme was good for the big, operatic moments as well as the swift, mickey mousing action ones, adding to the feeling of identity to the movie and the integration of the music to the visuals. Goldenthal's theme, however, with its long first note, does not have an equivalent quick march version. When *Batman* spins around and kicks somebody, Goldenthal can't catch it with the theme, but instead has to use his characteristic brass clusters (which are admittedly still cool). When Goldenthal wants to bring in the theme, it has to be in a pounded-through, non-synched manner which covers a whole scene, adding to the movie's headache-factor (just as Elfman's waltz did in the original, and most of Elfman's score for *Batman Returns* did). In this respect I wish they had decided to keep Elfman's theme, not as much for continuity's sake but because it's more versatile, and I would have loved to have heard what Goldenthal did with it. Maybe they just didn't want to give Danny any money.

Other aspects of Goldenthal's score—the jazz for Nicole Kidman, the theremin and weirdness for Jim Carrey—were totally absent in Elfman's approach. They compromise the original vision of the '40s noir hero, as does the film, but Goldenthal does not come from a cinema background like Elfman; he's a classical musician from opera and theatre who sees pop culture differently, and his *Batman* approach is indicative of that. It's more a combination of opera, jazz, pop, movie and TV elements which he deemed relevant and had little problem blending into his own, highly skilled mix. In that respect Goldenthal served the film fine and provided for fascinating listening; it's at once a noisy Hollywood action score and a clever, artsy effort. Overall, Elfman's approach is still better *Batman* music and probably better film music, but Goldenthal's approach is fine in its own right, more diverse, and commendable in trying to do anything interesting at all. The album is terrifically entertaining—love that “Gotham City Boogie,” as much as it does poke fun at the character—and worth picking up. I don't know; readers, what do you think: to what extent is it important to take *Batman* seriously? $3\frac{1}{2}$

I read that Sylvester Stallone was upset at the R-rating *Judge Dredd* received, even after it was shorn to a hyperactive 90 minutes. Um, maybe that's because it's still full of dozens of graphic machine-gun killings. *Judge Dredd* was a lot like *Batman Forever*, a headache-inducing comic book of primary colors, gee-whiz computer graphics and unrelenting Dolby Surround—clear cut, somewhat archetypal, enjoyable but immediately forgettable. My brother and his high school companions thought it was cool, although the bro pleased me by noting, “It was just a lot of bad one-liners.”

ALAN SILVESTRI's large orchestral score was reminiscent of Stallone's last futuristic action vehicle, *Demolition Man*, in that it was almost entirely inaudible. As soon as anything starts moving, the soundtrack is deluged with noise—guns, gears, suits, ships, steps, they all blend together into this giant crunching sound.

Even the dialogue was buried at times. When are they going to let these movies breathe a little? Fortunately, 40 minutes of Silvestri's score is represented on Epic's album (BK 67220, 12 tracks - 63:37) along with five songs which I swear weren't anywhere in the movie except two which were in the end credits, playing to the deserted theater. Silvestri's score is new for him in that it doesn't just mickey-mouse the action or hammer away with percussion as in *Predator*—a movie of suspense and waiting, with only bits of action in between. *Judge Dredd* is all action, and Silvestri plays through it mostly with a broad, large-scale, heroic *Wild World of Sports*-like piece—straight-faced, but not dark and brooding like *Batman* (either the Elfman or Goldenthal version). In certain spots it even evokes a Miklós Rózsa rah-rah gladiator type sound. It makes for a nice bustling-metropolis effect in the opening sequence showing off Mega City, almost like the way people used to score New York; and when Dredd is introduced in his opening ass-kicking sequence, it's in the best vein of Polidouris's *RoboCop* (or maybe Rosenman's), as we get the obligatory close-up of the hero's foot descending from his vehicle.

Subsequent cues maintain this comic book tone, utilizing the main theme but also including a trilling-brass motif for the bad guys. Silvestri's rhythmic style is present in the pounding ostinato which serves as both the driving force of the main theme (lotsa snares) and as a general action motif. And as if things aren't larger-than-life enough already, there's a choir on some cues adding even more body. (Incidentally, I got the *Dredd* CD the same day I got *First Knight*, and playing through them back-to-back these choral sections had me confused as to which score I was listening to.) Overall, in the film this music was too quiet to make the best impression, and on the album it borders on generic, certainly not the first time we've heard this type of orchestral heroics. But Silvestri has captured a flavor just right for the film—too much either way and it could become too ridiculous or too dark and scary—without sacrificing musical coherence at least in the fun main theme. His fans should be thrilled with it, as he both sticks to his style (which has been a little less awkward and percussive since *Forrest Gump*) and avoids repeating himself. $3\frac{1}{2}$

I remember reading that a melodrama is a drama which requires no believable characters. Are astronauts believable characters? In *Apollo 13* they are humanized by doing astronaut things, having late '60s sideburns and wanting to go to the moon. Oh, and they have wives and kids, and come to think of it look like '80s movie actors. Anyway, it's still a good movie because it is such a great story—flying around the moon in a crippled spaceship, what more could you want? It is a melodrama, however, and that's because it is essentially—ta da, a disaster movie! The large civilian population is replaced by three astronauts (who we know live), something bad happens to them (exactly when, we don't know, but the camera zooming in on the wire about to go poof is a tip-off), and then they survive. Required believable characters: none. It's a perfect disaster movie because the fact that it's true eliminates the inevitable hokiness common to the genre (ever see *Marooned*?). One thing goes wrong after another seemingly at the whim of the filmmakers, but because it really happened, it's okay. Ron Howard executed the film with a minimum of awfulness; the zero-G photography was terrific, and the special effects were seamless, although they did have a hi-tech, computerized screen-saver gleam which will be rendered phony soon enough by the next breakthrough in effects.

This isn't to say the film isn't manipulative as hell—Opie was one bomb away from ending his directing career, and had to pull out the stops. Therefore, pushing more buttons than the astronauts is JAMES HORNER's score. It's another infuriating effort from the ever-underachieving Horner, in that it overtly rips-off everything but doesn't do anything wrong, because it doesn't dare to do anything. The main title is a boring trumpet anthem summing up American drive (duh), pretty invisible in the film. In fact the score is almost entirely invisible until the launch, at first making me anticipate a documentary-like approach which never materialized; maybe this is so that a dozen rock songs could be slipped in for five seconds each to fill the record and capitalize on the fact, a la *Forrest Gump*, that there were some great songs in the '60s, and a movie is a good excuse to sell them again. The launch cue then is admittedly uplifting, with Horner breaking out his main *Apollo 13* theme, which returns in the happy ending—it's bland but rousing, emblematic of

Horner's typical inability to come up with a good tune (*Glory* and *Honey, I Shrank the Kids* are catchy but stolen). It's so cynical; okay, need an inspirational theme, write any piece of junk, just add lots of timpani rolls and cymbal crashes. (I'm sick of timpani rolls and cymbal crashes—that's all people think a big inspirational theme is. It's like trying to cover up a lousy Big Mac by throwing on tons of ketchup.)

Once the disaster in space happens—or in fact for any point in the movie where something tense happens—Horner dredges up his old suspense licks. Up until this point I had been accepting the score, but the use yet again of themes from *Sneakers* actually dating back to *Aliens* and *Brainstorm* had me gasping at the gall of this guy. What nerve! He doesn't even try to change them, he just mixes and matches them—new situation, new combination. Yes, it works fine, but once again we'll never know what could have resulted from a real score which would have had thematic material created and developed over the course of the movie. Maybe this is the reason the only Horner score I've liked for years is *Sneakers*, because it featured so much relatively new material. Horner nowadays, when he isn't pasting one theme over an entire film like in *Legends of the Fall* or *Braveheart* (a style he figured out on *Glory*), just raids his back-catalog of things that go dum-dum, dum-dum, dum-dum, dum. (Add snare drums and repeat.) As music it's boring and I already don't want the album; the only halfway interesting cue was when the astronauts have to fire rockets and manually align their thingy for Earth re-entry, in which a frenetic piccolo breaks through the sound effects. (Sound in space—again! Howard apparently didn't have the courage to be as daring as Kubrick; he needed sound or lack of it with which to manipulate the audience, which is basically all the score does, too.) In some respects this is appropriate—even Williams's old disaster scores were loaded with dull, noodling-away odes to claustrophobia. However, since Horner uses these same licks all the time, it's less excusable.

It also seemed like many cues in the film were so underachieving as to be unnecessary. What is Horner's recycled shtick really adding? People are doing their business in mission control, either when things are good (patriotic space music) or bad (stupid recycled rhythm). Would it be clear that these scenes are either good or bad without the music? Or is the music what is making these scenes so obviously one way or the other? Ultimately it's somewhere half-way, where the mood is inherently what it is, and Horner is reinforcing it with half-interesting music. If this was the intent, it was well executed, and it is effective—when the astronauts made it, I felt great! But it is popular fodder, and will forever keep *Apollo 13* light years from being art like a *2001*. (I just cringed that I even thought of making that comparison. I love *2001* because the astronauts are such dullards.) One last thing: I don't know exactly which voice was Annie Lennox's, but that trip around the dark side of the moon—besides being compromised by a theme from *Sneakers*—may have been evocative in a slick “movie music” way, but it only put the score over the top. I have even talked to several non-sound-track people who specifically and spontaneously recollected that the music in *Apollo 13* was annoying. This could be the turning point for Horner where he has avoided typical, old-fashioned, internally interesting movie music and yet people still find it bad.

Anyway, it was clearly not in the cards for the *Apollo 13* score to be any sort of a factor except a constant mood-setter, and in this respect Horner did an excellent job with whatever he felt like (re)using. If that's the intentions of the filmmakers and composer, fine. *Apollo 13* is a very good film, but it is still a melodrama, and if it's true that music is just another character in a film, it's here no more developed, provocative, interesting, profound or even relevant than the other characters. I neither have nor want the CD.

Here's Mel Gibson's pitch to the studio for *Braveheart*: “Let's do a movie about this 12th century Scottish guy, a son of peasants, who's smart, handsome, brave, wronged by evil, romantic, tragic, unselfish, witty, noble, honest, an unbeatable warrior, a freedom fighter, handsome—did I say handsome already?—wanted by women everywhere, particularly princesses, capable of being caught only when betrayed, and then he dies like Jesus Christ, a martyr to his people.” Mel smiles. “And let's have him played by me!”

Such was *Braveheart*, a gargantuan ode to Mel which I found revolting and embarrassing, for that reason. Mel pulled off the directing okay—the sets, costumes, etc. looked “real,” and the battle scenes, with

their gouging and maimings, were enough to impress the squeamish. However, accurately representing 12th century Scottish peasants as muddy (except when they have to go bonk their motivational girlfriends in the hills—motivational in that they soon get offed and provide motivation for the hero to be moody for the rest of the movie and bat his blue Scottish eyes disdainfully) is not enough of a contribution to the cinema. Mel Gibson is no Stanley Kubrick, or even Kirk Douglas (and certainly not both). *Braveheart* is no *Spartacus*, and likewise JAMES HORNER is no Alex North.

First, the opening concessions to acknowledge that a lot of people like this score, it does "work" fine in the movie, and the album is selling like gangbusters. However, that last fact is due entirely to its fitting into the *Out of Africa/Dances with Wolves/Last of the Mohicans* formula where a noble, handsome guy is fighting relentlessly in an ancient, mythified time over a woman, there's slushy epic-romantic music, and consequently people (generally women) gobble up the album to relive the movie. Like *Legends of the Fall*, Horner's main contribution toward getting away from movie music clichés (see *First Knight*) is to make his music even more diluted, laid-back and bland. In the process, however, he only cements this giant mood-bomb as the new awful cliché. Once upon a time, epic movies were full of strident, developed music and movie reviewers didn't care, it was the accepted norm. Now, the accepted norm is that music just sits in the background and "understates" the drama. The audience feels somehow privileged that when people are being slain left and right the score is lying there, too, saying, "Isn't this awful that people are dying, can't you feel the sadness the main characters are going through?" Never mind that this was pioneered by Toru Takemitsu as far back as 1965 in *Ran*, and that Oliver Stone made a joke out of it with Barber's "Adagio for Strings" in *Platoon*—and at least that is a legitimate, excellent piece of concert music. Horner's cue for Mel's "Revenge," in contrast, is just a knock-off of the general idea, a polished regurgitation of Horner's own stupid trademarks (ethereal choir, pan pipes, etc.) and musically not far beyond the reach of any idiot who can hold down a drone on a keyboard. Credit Horner for having the skill to appropriate the convention which will be the most successful for him, but not for much more. (I can't wait until somebody spoofs this—see below.)

To demonstrate just how bad *Braveheart* is, it is necessary to compare it to two scores it draws from: Polidouris's *Conan the Barbarian* (musically) and Barry's *Dances with Wolves* (stylistically). *Braveheart* does have a nice theme, usually stated slowly and simply with symphonic instruments doubled on top of one another ad infinitum—a lot of unisons over a bass line. Thematically, however, it's like the string parts in the *Conan* love theme which go between the actual theme. Now imagine if *Conan* was scored almost exclusively with inflated, slow repetitions of that love theme bridge—no "Riddle of Steel," no "Riders of Doom," no "Orgy," none of that. Imagine all those scenes with just the love theme bridge lying there like road kill. It would kill the movie, just deflate it. Admittedly, the score to *Conan* would not be appropriate in *Braveheart*, but that is how underachieving Horner's score is.

As for *Dances with Wolves* (see my review of that, below), James Horner only wishes he were John Barry. But like many younger film music fans, he sees Barry only as being slow and repetitive; if he scored *Wolves*, it would be *Thunderheart*—people would still like it, but it would be infinitely worse and less successful. Horner ignores the constant melody that Barry puts into every cue, and also inflates his score with ethnic instruments whereas Barry wisely avoided that in *Wolves*. In *Braveheart*, the bagpipes, whistle, bodhrán drums and so forth establish in the first 30 seconds that we're in Scotland. From that point on, what is their purpose? To show we're still in Scotland? Are the bagpipes musically interesting unto themselves? No. They are just there for mood's sake, and consequently never do anything interesting because it's only the timbre that Horner wants (another nice side effect being that he doesn't have to bother doing much writing for them). Horner wants to call up the perfect, indeterminate musical atmosphere for Mel riding into the mist with his honey; fine, he's done that, but it's hardly something to get excited about. Also, to what extent does Horner literally want to make films easier to score? Certainly, he must be tired of writing a million notes as required by *Star Trek* or *Casper*. I get the feeling that he's only too happy to use drones, new agey ethnic junk and even pointless minimalism ("The Battle of Stirling") if

it works, is much easier to write, and is liked and accepted by people who don't know any better (the filmmakers) as somehow profound and different.

I, however, find it boring and manipulative, ruthlessly slamming home the only two elements in most film scores today, as insightfully laid out by Ross Care in a recent *Scarlet Street* column: dramatic/epic and benign/inspirational. (Gee, kind of like the movie.) Because it's so musically bland, I naturally find the album (Icon/London 448 295-2, 18 tracks - 77:58) unbearably long and awful, except for isolated moments of the main theme. (Incidentally, Horner did not necessarily orchestrate the score entirely himself as suggested by the credits; he hired Ken Kugler, who often works for Mark Isham, but for some reason ended up detailing the orchestrations to such an extent that he just gave himself credit.) However, I acknowledge that it's not entirely unmemorable and that a lot of people love it; I would be very interested to hear from such people. Write a response for the Mail Bag; please make it more in-depth than "Because it's beautiful and great, and you're an idiot!" 2 1/2

I meant to see *First Knight*, but its mediocre reception vanquished it from theaters before I had the chance. As an album (Epic EK 67270, 10 tracks - 40:13) JERRY GOLDSMITH'S score is much preferable to *Braveheart*, an exciting 40 minutes of castle romping and romanticizing marked by Goldsmith's style, which now seems a little naked without synthesizers. It's so attuned to the full-speed ahead basics of film scoring, and Goldsmith so knows what he's doing, that the following inevitable things have happened: the album is good, fans love it (the movie, too, probably because of the score), but, no fault of Goldsmith's, the movie and score have been ignored by the public and ragged on by critics. Not having seen the film I can only assume it was just kind of stodgy and un compelling, and with the score working at all thrusters to make it more potent, and therefore just more potently un compelling. Goldsmith has set himself up for one of those cruel disses by the press, the two-word dismissing crack a film score gets when a newspaper reviewer is on a roll: "thunderingly banal." That was what *The New York Times* had to say about Goldsmith's *First Knight*—and the previous week they praised "James Horner's rousing music" in *Apollo 13*. How can this be?

The answer lies in the creative bankruptcy that has resulted from over 60 years of orchestral film music, and around 20 since the second wave of it started with John Williams on *Jaws*, *Star Wars*, etc. When someone like Royal S. Brown criticizes *Star Wars*, it is because its after-effects are that a film like *First Knight* must have a large orchestral sound—it's what studios expect, it's what audiences expect, and when it's done well on a strong film referencing past cinema (like *Star Wars*) it's unbelievably powerful. But when you run into a film with more serious aspirations that doesn't quite come off, like *First Knight*, the score becomes a noticeable button-pusher which audiences don't like—it then becomes not Indiana Jones and the *Raiders* march, but generic, passé "movie music" that is "thunderingly banal," no matter how well it's done.

Unfortunately, because the big orchestral sound is a given, there aren't many options. James Horner has used public apathy about movie music to his advantage just as Jerry Goldsmith continues to fall prey to it. Consider *First Knight* and *Braveheart* the two (still very similar) styles allowed on a big epic today, excepting someone like John Barry who is an institution unto himself. Both are by A-list composers for basically the same subject matter: *First Knight* is the well done, active, evocative symphonic score, the direct continuation of the Hollywood tradition, and *Braveheart* is the one-step-ahead, quasi-symphonic, "subtle," new agey, droning ethnic suck-pie. Both are well-executed by talented composers, both have been well received by collectors (*First Knight* especially), and both are excellent for their films (even though I hated *Braveheart*). However, *Braveheart* plays it safe and doesn't dare risk critics' ire. Both are conceptually bad, for different reasons: *First Knight* for continuing the orchestral Hollywood style in a particularly dead-end way, and *Braveheart* for stripping away the clichés but offering nothing in return. If only either one of these gentlemen would tackle a picture with Horner's correct searching for a new path, and Goldsmith's correct confidence in music that says something, I'd be happy. (Then again, they would each need much better films—it took *Patton* to get the music for *Patton*.) Goldsmith is getting dissed now because of the shallow, leave-me-alone tastes of the public; Horner is capitalizing on those

tastes, but he will only be dissed later when people look back at these "epics" of the '90s and see how formulaic and worthless they really are. (He's not helping himself by reusing music from film to film and simplifying his writing to such an extent.)

See, public awareness takes time. It used to be that up-front orchestral music was the norm for disasters and cop thrillers, for example. Then, as styles changed, it took Elmer Bernstein on *Airplane!* and Ira Newborn on *The Naked Gun* to point out just how ridiculous those old scores could be. Now, nobody wants to use that music on the real thing because it's too much like making it a spoof (*Under Siege 2* being an exception). And even the spoof scores aren't funny anymore, on *Loaded Weapon* and the *Naked Gun* sequels, because they're making fun of conventions long since past. If there was a King Arthur spoof, it could be scored with the *First Knight* music, but it wouldn't be that funny—witness *Robin Hood: Men in Tights*. *First Knight* just falls in between as music that would be appropriate either for the real thing or a spoof, but not particularly ground-breaking in either. However, if someone did a spoof and featured an overly heroic character ridiculously slaughtering bad guys in slow motion out of anguished revenge to the strains of deadly serious shakuhachi and bagpipes, it would be hilarious. That will happen, and it when it does, film music will become that much more bankrupt, people will become aware of today's profound-today, gone-tomorrow conventions, and James Horner will have to try even harder to write music with no point of view. *First Knight*: 3 1/2

Also about Goldsmith, I finally saw his *Judge Dredd* trailer, which features just music, no sound effects or dialogue. It's electronic, but terrifically propulsive for this, the most commercial of all film music forms (since they're literally commercials). There are a handful of fine composers who specialize in trailer scores (notably John Beal), but Goldsmith punched out a top-notch, can't-catch-your-breath, lots-of-drums contemporary model for them on his very first try. Cool.

Many movies this summer have been bad, but at least competent. Not so with *Species*, a hilariously awful film about a runaway blond model with huge breasts who can transform into a lamer version of Giger's Alien, so as to showcase the usual upsetting phallus/orifice combinations, and reinforce the notion that all space aliens look like H.R. Giger's airbrushed fantasies. She's on the loose and the film is two hours of the good guys going around and finding gruesome corpses; they usually respond with a long, solemn pause and then a determination, "She's been here." *Species* was a true '70s disaster movie, starring Ben Kingsley as Michael Caine and being just as looney as killer bees ravaging an unsuspecting civilian population. I don't call films laughable just to sound like a cool critic, but this film had me in stitches. I now appreciate how well done something like the original *Alien* truly is.

To CHRISTOPHER YOUNG'S credit there is no overt borrowing from the *Alien* films, despite the story similarities and the fact that it's like the third million genre movie to open with spooky music over a starfield (see *Predator* and all three *Alien* movies). Young's main theme is along the same lines, but is humanized by voices—see, the alien this time is a girl. The score is recognizable as his style, despite its almost total immersion in the film; it's mostly suspense-oriented underscoring with louder shock value when needed and the expected amount of percussion, both live and synth. (A lot of the movie takes place in the city, and for characters walking around in the city you need drums, at least since *The Fugitive*.) Even though *Species* was a fairly conventional genre score, in many ways as invisible as *Apollo 13*, Young has not bulldozed scenes with his back-catalog, but has fit the nuances (such as they are), moods and suspense-shocks with his usual, commendable amount of finesse. This is still the same brief that most horror scores go by, but the distance between a Chris Young *Species* score and most horror scores is worth pointing out. I am happy he's working a lot this year, and has done such a big budget studio movie as *Species* (plus *Virtuosity* and the upcoming *Copycat*). I was disappointed that the film was so bad mainly for his sake, but it didn't seem to hurt at the box office. There's no soundtrack album of any kind, surprising since there was such an assortment of dance music put together for the club scenes by that Jellybean music supervisor guy—all that trouble for bad music, and no record to sell to the dance music crowd! Young is considering pressing a promo CD of his score; we'll mention it in FSM if it happens.



Also scored by YOUNG and with no score album is *Virtuosity*, with Denzel Washington after a bad guy who's escaped from a computer. Much like *Species*, there's little explaining what the bad guy can or can't do, or wants to do, and it was basically a reprehensible, awful movie; the best part was the brief clip from *Star Trek's* "The Enemy Within," and then seeing the music credit "Two in One by Sol Kaplan" after the two dozen techno offerings in the end titles. Young's score was a combination of techno-synth for most of the movie with orchestra towards the end. As usual Young's synth work is far better than most people's, actually utilizing existing techno songs and a Peter Gabriel tune in places and adding "score embellishments" on top. The orchestral cues are totally kick-ass, mixed well in the picture and pulsing with power. It's no secret that Young is a huge Jerry Goldsmith fan, and although he's since blazed his own path, admittedly here the Goldsmith influence is evident, just in the use of certain rhythms and ostinatos. It sounds like the best *Rambo/Total Recall*-type action music, but doesn't cop anything literally, and was terrific in the movie.

Nine Months was innocuous, but with nice enough statements about family and cute slapstick. There are worse movies to complain about. If I was the head of 20th Century Fox, I'd buy Chris Columbus a new car or something. **HANS ZIMMER's** score is likewise pleasant, if unambitious, with "emotional" clarinet solos and an unexpected classical touch, as if he's ripping off an old sonata I can't put my finger on. Maybe it's a kind of "rock-a-bye baby" lullaby allusion. The music worked well in the movie, sounding at turns like Zimmer's impression of a chamber music recital, generic uplifting Williams/Horner "movie music," and banal instrumental synth accompaniment to a Top 40 ballad. But, it's nice enough on disc (an easier listen than *Crimson Tide*), and again, there are worse things to complain about. The album (Milan 73138-35726-2, 10 tracks - 44:47) also includes three pop/rock selections used to predictable effect: "The Time of Your Life," "Let's Get It On" and "Turn Back the Hands of Time." Packaging is above average for Milan, with liner notes by Daniel Schweiger. Overall, the film and score are typical and dumbed-down, but with just enough sincerity for me not to hate them. **3**

BASIL POLEDOURIS's Under Siege 2: Dark Territory (Varèse Sarabande VSD-5648, 8 tracks - 27:49) sounds like really good music for a Marine recruiting video. Yes, it's mindless Seagal action time, and Poledouris goes along with the gag—it's energetic, and had me humming along by the end of the short album, in time for the seizure-inducing song. The patriotic opening is even closer to Copland's "Fanfare for a Common Man" than Horner's *Clear and Present Danger*—Basil, shame. Then again, Seagal probably went, yeah, that's perfect! There's also a tinkly satellite theme just like Goldsmith's in *Congo*—satellites are high and floating, so their themes are always high and floating. (I think it started with Goldsmith's space station cue in *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*.) Overall, it's noteworthy how similar this is to Poledouris's music to *Hot Shots: Part Deux*, which was openly a spoof. **2 1/2**

A Walk in the Clouds may not have been the romantic epic Alfonso Arau hoped, but even the critics liked **MAURICE JARRE's** score (Milan 73138-35719-2, 8 tracks - 35:10). It's gorgeous, expansive and lyrical, uniquely Jarre, who likes to state his theme and then repeat it in various, oddly modulating sequences—the effect is of this great tune cycling around, suspended in mid-orgasm, for lack of a better word. Although it's married to the subject matter here with a Mexican-styled theme and instrumentation, it's remarkable how Jarre's shtick works just as well in 1995 as it did in 1965, with very little change. He hasn't so much evolved compositionally as he has added different elec-

tronic and non-Western instrumentation to his palette. But, he's back to romantic orchestra here, and it's a gift that in an era of imitations, the genuine article is still around. The disc is sequenced well with just enough of the big stuff, two short Mexican source cues, and some of the requisite suspense/danger tracks, where Jarre as usual characterizes bad things happening with odd intervallic leaps and orchestral activity. Intellectually it would make sense—if there's danger on screen then the music should be falling into chaos, too—but emotionally it provokes an opposite response, that this music is not adequately communicating the seriousness of the situation. Barry's and Herrmann's cues are usually excellent in these situations for the way they set up repeating phrases; Jarre's stuff seems too out-of-control to build up the necessary tension. (Unfortunately, most composers today communicate this seriousness by having the music do nothing at all.) Anyway, if it's worked for 40 years, who am I to say differently? Great theme, lovely score. The uncredited liner notes are by Daniel Schweiger, reprinting the introduction to his Jarre interview this issue (or the other way around). **3 1/2**

The Net is one of those cases where from the second you heard **MARK ISHAM** was on the movie, you knew exactly how the album would sound (Varèse Sarabande VSD-5662, 4 tracks - 29:47). It's the computer hacker thriller starring Sandra Bullock as Julia Roberts, and the score has two modes: something mysterious and bad is happening, and relax, it's over. As usual on these bad re-edited movies, Isham was pressed for time and going by the album credits needed a small army to finish in time, using all the tricks in the book of how to write appropriate dramatic underscore without having to stop and write any kind of theme. Synths, orchestra, choir and even some jazz instruments are skillfully woven in, but so help me, and I'm usually good at this, I cannot remember a single note of music. Imagine *The Fugitive* mixed with *Jennifer 8* mixed with a half dozen other things without a single memorable musical phrase—in other words, the perfect '90s thriller movie score! Congratulations, Mr. Isham, I guess. **2**

I enjoyed *Waterworld* in an '80s big-bad-movie kind of way. It was confused and flawed, drab and obtuse, but free of Jim Carrey, McDonald's tie-ins, irritating primary colors, etc. (and it paid the price at the box office). Still, there were some neat images and concepts, the most clever being the treatment of the Universal logo. Like *Congo*, it fell prey to the Roger Ebert law that no movie with a hot air balloon can be any good. Also, physics was more than violated in this picture, physics was pretty much raped. Biology, too—gills?

JAMES NEWTON HOWARD's score was, all things considered, miraculous, but too concerned with holding the movie together to take advantage of the fantastic opportunity it had. In all the movies this summer, it's been a given what the score will be like: we know what *Batman* sounds like, we know what patriotic astronauts sound like, we know what Camelot sounds like, we know what an H.R. Giger alien slaying people sounds like. But for *Waterworld*—what does that sound like? It's an apocalyptic future, the world is covered with water, and a mutant loner is sailing its expanses drinking his recycled pee. That's new to me. Unfortunately, the score tells us pretty quickly that this sounds like—Africa. We see Costner in the boat, and Howard brings in nearly the same drum groove he used on *Falling Down*, where it actually had interesting implications. The score then goes on to be an assortment of tried-and-true tropes, mostly alternating between ethnic stuff for Costner surviving in the future (sailing across the sunset, killing a CGI shark) and huge Hollywood action music for his battles with the Smokers. Unfortunately, whereas in *The Fugitive* the larger moments could grow naturally out of the city beat, here the two styles are incompatible—it's one or the other. The action

music is often 4/4, as opposed to 5/8 in *The Fugitive* or *Outbreak*, suggesting *Indiana Jones* and the *Last Crusade* with its step-wise movement and regularity of phrases. (The atoll action scenes were tempted with *Outbreak* and *Terminal Velocity*, themselves rip-offs of temp-tracks.) There's also tender, new age keyboard textures for the little girl and the family stuff; apocalyptic *Batman*-like chords for the underwater city; Elliot Goldenthal-style brass clusters and orchestral banging for big, chaotic moments; an occasional choir, the associations of which aren't clear; and best of all, a rousing, Korngoldian, heroic theme which eventually carries over as a melody for the good guys, somewhat unifying things by the time it's over.

My favorite moments far and away are the action statements of the Korngold theme, appearing in only three tracks. Unlike the action sequences in *The Road Warrior*, the siege of the atoll in *Waterworld* is confusing and incoherent. Good action sequences depend on clear goals and specified danger—think of any mine car, truck or motorcycle chase in *Indiana Jones*, the speeder bike sequence in *Return of the Jedi*, etc. In *Waterworld*, there's stuff blowing up, but with the hero trapped in a cage, we don't follow the battle at all. Similarly, Howard's score plays up the action everywhere in a *Die Hard* way, but it's only when the Mariner does specific, heroic things—jumping around his cool boat—that Howard states the heroic theme and we really connect with the score and movie.

Another opportunity was lost by the fact that Howard is the second composer on the film; fans who stayed to watch the half-hour end credits saw that the music box theme (source music) was by Mark Isham, the first composer. It would have been a nice linking device had this theme been worked into the score; alas, Isham was canned when Costner fired director Kevin Reynolds in post-production. Dances with Fish first asked John Barry to do the film, who said absolutely not, then hired Howard because he liked *Wyatt Earp*. Judging by his two paragraphs in the *Making of Waterworld* book, Isham actually was trying to conceptualize what the future sounded like, but in an abstract, sound design way—hey, let's sample stuff underwater, that kind of thing.

In any case, Howard delivered a score that, if ultimately as cut-and-paste as the movie, features many differently styles done well. Again, that anybody could come in and do all these types of music, make them work as music and as film music, is incredible. The album has a lot to offer and, if conceptually vacant, makes for varied and meaty listening. (Also, it's not on the CD, but how about that heavy metal version of the *Peter Gunn* theme when we are introduced to the Smokers? Long live Mancini!) **3 1/2**

Related Material

No "ratings" for the following; they aren't necessarily score albums, but may be of interest to some people:

The Show Starts in 45 Minutes (TTR 0690, 10 tracks - 72:18) is a nice novelty item for the home theater crowd. It's from production music company Toby's Tunes (send \$16.95 plus \$2.50 shipping to 2325 Girard Ave S, Minneapolis MN 55405) and features generic orchestral music with the occasional Phil Hartman-like voice saying, "The show starts in 15 minutes," for example. The music itself is knock-offs of popular tunes—"Hooray for Hollywood," *Gone with the Wind*, etc.—with one bizarre piece sounding like *Jaws* on top of the *Peter Gunn* bass line. "Composers" are uncredited. It's nothing you want to listen to, but does succeed in its aim of giving home theater buffs purposefully non-specific "movie music" to play when having people over.

DON DAVIS has impressed with lush orchestral scores to TV's *Beauty and the Beast* and *seaQuest, DSV*, and

he recently got a new-music piece recorded by the Arditti String Quartet on their CD of **California Composers** (Albany TROY 159, 4 tracks - 50:20), except here he goes by his "serious" name of Donald. "Bleeding Particles" is a 13-minute piece for two violins, viola and cello (hence the term "string quartet," folks), blisteringly post-tonal and using "metered glissandi" and tripartite structure for its form. In other words it's the kind of modern atonal music that makes film music buffs scream bloody murder. But since Davis has written hours upon hours of symphonic music for various shows, it's great to see that this is one film/TV composer who does know "serious music" when it bites him on the ass. As much as people whine about classical music buffs not taking film music seriously, the answer is not to go around parading *seaQuest* as belonging in the concert hall, but to have more people like Don(ald) Davis who write for the concert hall and write for film (both very well)—eventually the serious art music crowd will accept these composers as of their own, and will accept their film output as evidence that film scoring is a musical form, too. Also on this disc are far-out, modern pieces by other California composers Stephen Cohn, Burt Goldstein and Dorrance Stalvey; booklet has notes by the composers plus photos of them.

The album to **The Bridges of Madison County** (Malpas/Warner Bros. 9 45949-2, 12 tracks - 45:33) is jazz standards performed by Dinah Washington, Johnny Hartman, Barbara Lewis, and Irene Kral with The Junior Mance Trio, plus two cuts (the same piece) of "Doe Eyes," which, like the main themes to *Unforgiven* and *A Perfect World*, was composed by Clint Eastwood and arranged by Lennie Niehaus. It's a pleasant piano-and-orchestra tune (used in the trailers) somewhat in the vein of those Satie pieces that Miss America contestants like to play. Warner has also put together a radio station "Words + Music" promo CD (PRO-CD-7635, 2 tracks - 23:01) of excerpts from the real album with Eastwood talking about them. It's interesting to hear him talk matter-of-factly, and articulately, about the way he composes a melody on piano and then turns it over to Niehaus. Real thought was given to making the original and existing music work together. People tell me the book was awful, the movie so-so, but this album should be successful.

The **Hoop Dreams** album (MCA/GRP MGD-4029, 13 tracks - 53:10) is largely a rap collection produced by BEN SIDRAN; the instrumental tracks are either sampled hip-hop drum-machine loops or unexpectedly relaxed and smooth small-ensemble jazz. It's an eclectic mix which probably won't interest soundtrack fans, but at least it never sounds like bad synth underscore even when that's essentially the purpose it serves; that the film is a documentary probably helped.

Little Odessa (Philips 446 391-2, 14 tracks - 48:37) is a collection of various Russian music, predominantly choral, by the likes of Boris Kravchenko, Georgy Sviridov, Serge Rachmaninoff, several others. It's excellent, of course, deep and evocative, very operatic, no doubt translating well to the art film, which stars Edward "T2" Furlong.

On the Waterfront on Broadway (Varèse Sarabande VSD-5638, 10 tracks - 50:36) is a jazz album by occasional film composer DAVID AMRAM (*Splendor in the Grass*, *The Manchurian Candidate*) for a new Broadway adaptation of the story. It's not a musical; the album is 100% instrumentals—good ones, too. Cohesive, polished, enjoyable—look into it.

BRUCE BABCOCK'S not-for-sale promotional CD **Orchestral Music for Film** (10 tracks - 63:12) is a fine collection of the composer's work mostly on such mystery-oriented television shows as *Father Dowling*, *Murder, She Wrote* and *Matlock*. He tackles just about every style along the way, from Victorian England to western to circus stuff—Babcock is one of those guys whose name you'll find as an orchestrator on hastily-written scores, and also on the list of every year's Emmy nominations. "London Orchestral Sketches" closes out his fine promo CD, an 11-minute demo composition of basically generic, situational film music.

Two MARK ISHAM jazz albums worth mentioning: **Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle** (VSD-5471, 19 tracks - 52:30) is from last fall, but was only recently sent to me by Varèse Sarabande, out of their disbelief of Isham's "winning" the worst composer award (with Brad Fiedel) in our 1994 Readers Poll. Many of Isham's subdued, moody, dramatic scores do not translate well to albums, but he is a terrific jazz artist

and his jazz-oriented *Mrs. Parker* album does translate well. Unfortunately, it's complete with poetry interludes by Jennifer Jason Leigh in the same unbearable accent she used in *The Hudsucker Proxy*. Also, *Blue Sun* is Isham's upcoming jazz album for Columbia. He has a following as a superb jazz trumpeter, and film music fans would be more forgiving and understanding of the disappearing acts his orchestral/synth dramatic scores do on CD after exploring his talents in this area.

The Sony Legacy "Mastersound" edition of **Dances with Wolves** (ZK 66817, 21 tracks - 64:14) is a rip-off—for \$35 you get the exact same JOHN BARRY album originally available for \$15, just fancier. There are three new tracks—"Fire Dance" by Peter Buffett, the Indian source cue previously available on a Narada album and sounding just like *500 Nations*; and two quasi-pop versions of "The John Dunbar Theme" and "Dances with Wolves" (i.e. "The Death of Timmons") as massaged by David Foster. These sound like my roommate's idea of a bad joke, taking the real thing and adding sampled drum beats on a Macintosh. The sound quality may be marginally better on the 24 karat gold CD, but gold CDs are a scam. What a useless reissue—remember Recordman's words, if it says "Collector's Edition" it isn't and never will be. I like that the track times are listed now, though.

There was probably a good economic reason not to include any unreleased Barry cues, but we don't have to like it. I would love to hear the film version of the buffalo hunt without the sounds of a million buffalo hooves. (The version on the album is Barry's original; Costner asked for a more "How the West Was Won" re-score.) *Dances with Wolves* still isn't a record I can listen to straight through—especially now with "Fire Dance" in the middle—but Barry did find another perfect film for his unique style. He sold that movie and his music is beautiful with and without it. For all the critics who said he turned the West into a picture postcard, he connected with what it's really about—this decent guy not particularly attuned to anything who finds a home among the Sioux. Any other composer would have done lots of dumb, irrelevant Indian drums. If James Horner did it, it would sound like *Thunderheart*, telling us for three hours that these are Indians (duh). The movie is a travelogue, John Dunbar is in awe of the land just as we are, and Barry's music is this great, unforced, serene tapestry of bountiful melodies. It's frequently synched very loosely to picture, ignoring another annoying convention of contemporary scoring which mandates that every single change on screen should be mimicked in the score. Barry was just coming off the illness which nearly took his life in the late '80s, and you'll notice some cues are even tracked verbatim in the picture, since he wasn't up to doing the whole film—and it works, because close synching for this movie is not important.

Early in the picture, in another cue not on the record (but who cares), John Dunbar and Timmons are taking a break from their travelogue to Fort Sedgewick. Dunbar goes out into this field of glowing, rippling wheat and just sort of turns around—Calgon, take me away, one of those moments. Barry starts his cue with a simple up-then-down line for flute, unusually busy for him, and then just brings in his low, hanging open brass chords—suspended in time and space. We wish we were there. It's a typical moment in this remarkable film and score, so simple but perfect. Barry is a genius for figuring out this formula, and many other composers today, particularly James Horner, are ruining their scores trying to imitate him. They only see the slow tempos, the sparse orchestrations, the big orchestra not doing much. They don't see the constant melody to make up for the lack of other elements, the method behind the madness as far as the simplicity and repetition. They turn out quasi-new age, boring, bad music, because you can't emulate John Barry. You can't appropriate just the slowness and played-through qualities, which as it is only work for Barry on certain films. You would have to try and totally become John Barry, and only John Barry is John Barry. Go buy the original *Dances with Wolves* album and save \$15.

Final Ramblings

I hope I haven't done one of those usual things where I use the same three adjectives over and over again. You know, like "dark," "complex," "sophisticated," etc. I promise not to write a column this long again.

Those upset about Eric Serra scoring *Goldeneye* instead of John Barry, please note: Barry turned it down, that's the only reason the producers hired someone else. I

don't know if it's because of a scheduling conflict or him not liking the script or what. According to Serra's agent, Richard Kraft (who also handles Goldsmith, Elfman, Polodouris, Shore, Shaiman, Silvestri, and many others), the rationale for hiring Serra is that John Barry has created such a distinct and legendary Bond sound, any A-list substitute would only be aping Barry. The result would either be embarrassing quasi-Barry, or a typical Hollywood action score which would turn the film into *Die Hard*, not James Bond (witness Kamen on *Licence to Kill*). With Serra, a French pop/rock artist who has scored films so far only for friend, director Luc Besson, you get a totally different, non-Hollywood sound that can truly push the series into the '90s, with the potential to be now what Barry's cool, explosive jazz was in the early '60s—fantastic and groundbreaking. If it stinks, at least it will be for the right reason.

After hearing this theory, and agreeing with the principle if not entirely the selection of Serra, I rented Besson's 1990 *La Femme Nikita*, the dark story of a woman forced into becoming an assassin for a secret French agency. I already liked some of Besson's *The Professional* (1994), both the film and score, and found a lot of *Nikita* equally enjoyable. Serra has a predilection for washing scenes over in moody synths—effective but boring (easy, too). Some people are fans of his more melodic keyboard style, used in *Nikita* for the emotional, reflective moments—that I didn't like at all (maybe I'm just not used to it); it's very European, like bad French accordion music or something. The stuff I did like is what many people find stupid—the hard, steady percussion and synth embellishments for the action scenes. With Besson, the action scenes are people waiting around, guns cocked, as the percussion samples go bum, PAM, bum-bum, PAM. I don't know how it will translate to Bond, but in *Nikita* it instantly gets across the tension and suspense, and also imparts, dare I say, "realism" of the underground violence. By the way, I dreamt a few days ago that I was Roger Moore in a Bond movie, and I kept on feeling really bad about myself for being such a lame James Bond.

Here are some films I recently saw with good scores:

Poltergeist by Jerry Goldsmith is a horror score above and beyond what anyone else might do, elevated by the lyrical Carol Anne theme and a magical, impressionistic touch, like Stravinsky crossed with Debussy. • *Life-Force* the movie is totally inept and proves how little Tobe Hooper had to do with *Poltergeist*, but Henry Mancini's score is great, especially on the expanded laserdisc version (watch it if you dare). The first 20 minutes were hacked up in the final cut, Mancini's gorgeous tone-poem discarded. You can hear it on the album as "The Discovery Suite," and both see and hear it (there's very little dialogue or sound effects) on the laserdisc. Mancini was a genius. • *The Outer Limits* has been re-run on TNT lately, and Dominic Frontiere's first season music is superior to the cheesy second season theme by Harry Lubin, spacey and modern rather than conventional and gothic. Frontiere's "The Man Who Was Never Born" music is mysterious and beautiful, one of three scores on GNP/Crescendo's fine album. It's too bad Frontiere's theme hasn't been used for Showtime's new incarnation of the series, which features an all-synth theme by John van Tongeren and Mark Mancina (Hans Zimmer's buddies), and synth scores by same, as well as J. Peter Robinson and Fred Mollin. • *The Hudsucker Proxy* is bizarre, like a deliberately bad movie. Carter Burwell's score is interesting, but it's the use of Khachaturian—credited, unlike some people—that is superb. The hula hoop sequence, when the little boy finds the hoop, is a sublime setting of that stereotypical "circus juggling" music and had me laughing out loud. • I recently had the great fortune of seeing *Jaws* on the big screen—the film was shot here on Martha's Vineyard 21 years ago and the Island theaters rented a beautiful 35 millimeter print as a novelty draw. People loved it—proof that people will pay to see a good old movie rather than *Judge Dredd* and all this crap. It was wonderful to see it in a packed house, the unaware screaming at the sight of Ben Gardner's white, wide-eyed face popping out of that boat, filling a huge movie screen rather than a teeny boob tube. (And then after the movie, I went and drove by Chief Brody's house.) And of course the score is sensational, one of John Williams's best. Perfect. •

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WANTED

Christine Davis (3540 Wessex Lane, Philadelphia PA 19114) wants to buy CDs of John Carpenter's *Dark Star*, *They Live* and *Prince of Darkness*.

Jason Foster (8400 Nathanael Greene Lane, Charlotte NC 28227; ph: 704-535-4850) is looking for CDs of *SpaceCamp* (Williams) and *Memoirs of an Invisible Man* (Walker); also wanted on LP or cassette: *Pottergeist* (Goldsmith) and *Top Secret* (Jarre). Dubs are fine. Write with asking prices.

Charles Hogue (5741 Pembroke Dr, New Orleans LA 70131) will pay top dollar for EMI CD of Ron Goodwin's *Battle of Britain*.

Rune Karolius (Fredly 1, 9300 Finnsnes, Norway) wants the following (mint cond.): *The Krays* (Kamen, preferably on CD, LP okay), *Edge of Darkness* (BBC CD single, Eric Clapton/Kamen), *Rita, Sue and Bob Too* (CD single, Kamen), *Watching You* (Duty Men) (BBC CD single, Kamen/Shahzoe), any *New York Rock and Roll Ensemble* records (non-soundtracks). Also: tape dub of Eric Clapton concert in the Royal Albert Hall with Michael Kamen and the National Philharmonic Orchestra, broadcast live by BBC Radio One on Feb. 9, 1990; issue #2 of *Movie Music* (or just a copy of the Kamen interview in that issue); anything rare Kamen-related (interviews, records, tape dubs of unreleased stuff, TV themes, information, anything).

Ingmar Köhl (Allbauweg 9h, 45138 Essen, Germany; scrub@hexe.zodiac.de) searches for *Soulman* on CD (pop album)—name your price.

Adam Lewis (4 Mahanayim St, Haifa 34481, Israel; ph/fax: 972-4-370054) wants on CD: *Body Heat* (Barry), *High Road to China* (Barry), 1941 (Williams), *The Last Starfighter* (Safan), *Young Sherlock Holmes* (Broughton). [There is no CD of *Young Sherlock Holmes*, only an LP and cassette.—LK]

Bob Micklewicz (7 Whittemore Terrace, Boston MA 02125; ph: 617-825-7583) is looking for all kinds of import, private, obscure and/or studio-only material including: *Captain Ron* (promo CD, N. Pike), *Essential Oils of the Orient* (industrial film score), *Pistolero dell'ave Maria* (Ariete ARLP-284, F. Micalizzi), *Restless Breed* (Chevron CH-3, R. Kraushar), *Sidelong Glances of a Pigeon Kicker* (promo LP, J. Williams). Want/sale/trade lists welcome.

Rick Neely (15138 Long Hole Ridge, Bristol VA 24202) is looking for CDs of *The Witches of Eastwick* and *The River*, LPs of *Lethal Weapon 1* and *China-town*, and a CD or LP of *Sex, Lies and Videotape*.

John Russell (9051 E 28 St, Tulsa OK 74129; ph: 918-254-4892) wants Hans Zimmer's score to *Regarding Henry* on CD.

Mike Shkolnik (638 Baxter St, Eugene OR 97402) wants on CD: *Solaris*, *Thirst* and *They Live*.

Scott Thompson (PO Box 57, Henagar AL 35978; ph: 205-845-7760) is looking for the black-and-white music-only promo disc to Horner's *Apollo 13*. Will pay or trade from extensive collection. Also looking for on CD: *La Baule*, *Les Pins* (Sarde, France), *Chouans* (Delerue, France), *Hoosiers* (Goldsmith, Japan), *Whales of August* (Alan Price, Varèse).

Bernard Tison (16 Bis. Ave G, Clemenceau, 94170 Le Perreux, France) seeks: 1) book: *Film Music & Narrative: Bernard Herrmann*, 2) Don Sebesky's *Contemporary Arranger's Workshop*, cassettes - course (in 30 lessons).

FOR SALE/TRADE

European Trash Cinema (PO Box 5367, Kingwood TX 77325) has for sale the import CDs *The Film Music to Jean Rollin Films*, *Stagefright* (Simon Boswell), *Cannibal Holocaust* (Riz Ortolani) and *Music to Three Jesus Franco Films*. All are \$22 each (includes postage). Each order gets a free issue of *European Trash Cinema* magazine.

Peter Kennedy (4825 Bayberry Dr, Cumming GA 30130-9414) has the following mint LPs for auction: *War and Peace* (Rota), *Trouble in Mind* (Isham),

Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse (Previn), *Diary of Anne Frank* (A. Newman), *The VIPs* (Rózsa, stereo). Send offer. Also has many movies on VHS for sale.

Amin Matalqa (615 Dunoon Dr, Gahanna OH 43230; ph: 614-475-6600) has for sale on CD: *Come See the Paradise* (Edelman), *Innerspace* (Goldsmith/songs), *Article 99* (Elfman).

Alex Philip (PO Box 40-0612, Brooklyn NY 11240-0612; ph: 718-855-7894) has used CDs for sale. For \$11 ea.: *Die Hard with a Vengeance* (Kamen), *Lethal Weapon 3* (Kamen, Clapton, Sanborn), *Mom & Dad Save the World* (Goldsmith), *Shining Through* (Kamen), *A Far Off Place* (Horner), *Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country* (Eidelman), *Carlito's Way* (Doyle), *Murderers Among Us: The Simon Wiesenthal Story* (Conti). For \$15: *We're No Angels* (Fenton). For \$20: *Rebel: Music from the Films of James Dean* (newly recorded, Tiomkin/Rosenman, 2CD set).

Sandy Smith (Box 813, Conway NH 03818; ph: 603-447-2110) has CDs for trade only including *Krull* (79 min.), *Ladyhawke*, *Pino Donaggio* (Varèse Club), *Jerry Fielding Film Music 2* and *The Living Daylights*. Send/call for a lengthy want and offering list.

Dan Sombor (4190 Bedford Ave, Apt 4J, Brooklyn NY 11229) has an array of homemade books on film music in his "Cinema Music Bookstore," send SASE for free catalog. Works include *Henry Mancini Melody Journal*, *John Williams Film Scores*, *The Animation Film Score*, *Film Marches Checklist*, many more; other covered artists include Michel Legrand, Elmer Bernstein, Sherman Brothers, etc.

David Wirth (235 Shaw Place, Park Ridge NJ 07656; ph: 201-391-1045; MaestroDMV@aol.com) has LPs for sale: *Witches of Eastwick*, *Jaws*, 1941, *Empire of the Sun* (Williams), *Back to the Future II* (Silvestri).

BOTH FOR SALE/TRADE & WANTED

Robert Knaus (320 Fisher St, Walpole MA 02081; ph: 508-668-9398) has for trade only *Lionheart*, Vol. 2 (Goldsmith). Will trade for either *Baby's Day Out* (Broughton, promo) or *Tail Spin* (Stone, promo). Wanted: *Jane Eyre*, 1941 (Williams), *Dad* (Horner), *Raggedy Man* (Goldsmith), *Stephen King's Cat's Eye* (Silvestri). Dubs are fine.

M. Lim (1255 University Ave #327, Sacramento CA 95825) has for sale the following CDs (all still sealed, but notched unless noted; add \$2 for postage, 50¢ for ea. add'l.): *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe* (Richard Robbins, not sealed but new, notched, \$9), *Le Mepris* (Delerue, etc., \$12), *La Ragazza di Bube* (Rustichelli, \$11), *Miklós Rózsa: Hollywood Spectacular* (Bay Cities, \$12), *MacArthur* (Goldsmith, \$10), *Fiorile* (Piovani, \$10), *Music from the Films of Audrey Hepburn* (not notched, \$12), *David Shire at the Movies* (sealed cassette, not cut-out, \$5), *Iron & Silk* (Michael Gibbs, not notched, \$13), *Kings Row* (Korgold, resealed but new, notched, \$10), *The Red Shoes* (Silva Screen, \$12), *Age of Innocence* (Bernstein), *Beau Hunks' Little Rascals Music* (\$13), *Stagecoach* (Goldsmith, Mainstream, notched, \$12), *Star Trek Vol. 1-3* (GNP/Cres., \$11 ea., \$30 for 3). Also, many sealed cassettes and other CDs. Write for free list (SASE please). Will replace jewel boxes at no charge. Also interested in corresponding with other collectors or even exchanging compilation tapes or dubs. Wanted on CD or tape (dub okay): *Man of Steel* cast album.

Myron Peters (1505 Suburban Dr, Sioux Falls SD 57103) has CDs for trade: *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?* and *Under Fire*. Wanted on CD: *Body Parts*, *Hot Shots*, *Omen IV*, *Regarding Henry* and *SpaceCamp*.

Michael Schelle (School of Music, Butler University, 4600 Sunset Ave, Indianapolis IN 46208; ph: 317-257-8757) has for sale dozens of rare, import and out-of-print CDs including *Hour of the Gun* (Goldsmith), *The Field* (Bernstein), *Eve of Destruction* (Sarde), *Phantom of the Opera* (John Addison) and *Hero and the Terror*. Call or write for list. Wanted: the Varèse *Bluebird/Red Sonja* CD.

Robert Smith (2641 Twin Oaks Ct #102, Decatur IL 62526) has the following available on CD: *All I Want for Xmas* (Broughton), *The Bear* (Sarde), *The Grifters* (Bernstein), *In the Mood* (Burns), *Man on Fire* (Scott), *Moon over Parador* (Jarre), *Suspect* (Kamen) and *The Witches of Eastwick* (Williams); on cassette: *Flesh & Blood* (Poledouris); on LP (remember those?): *Battle Beyond the Stars* (Horner), *Birdman of Alcatraz* (Bernstein), *European Holiday* (10"), *Greystoke* (Scott), *Midas Run* (Bernstein), *Monsignor* (Williams), *Ragtime* (Newman), *Young Sherlock Holmes* (Broughton). Extensive revised CD and LP list available now for SASE. Wanted on CD: *Cocoon*.

FILM SCORE MONTHLY BACKISSUES

Send to Box 1554, Amherst College, Amherst MA 01002-5000; postage free. U.S. funds only. Take all of 1993 (#30/31-#40) for \$20 (\$6 off!). Take all of '94 (#41-52) for \$22 (also \$6 off!). Most '93's are xeroxes.

#30/31, Feb./March '93, 64 pages. Maurice Jarre, Basil Poledouris, Jay Chattaway, John Scott, Chris Young, Mike Lang; the secondary market, Ennio Morricone albums, Elmer Bernstein FMC LPs; '92 in review. \$5

#32, April 1993, 16 pages. Temp-tracking *Matinee*, SPFM '93 Con. Report, *Star Trek* editorial. \$2.50

#33, May 1993, 12 pages. Book reviews, articles on classical and film connection. \$2

#34, June 1993, 16 pages. Goldsmith dinner report; orchestrators & what they do, *Last in Space*, recycled Herrmann; review spotlights on Christopher Young, *Pinocchio*, Bruce Lee film scores. \$2.50

#35, July 1993, 16 pages. Tribute to David Kraft; John Beal Part 1; scores vs. songs, Hermann Christmas operas; Composers Dictionary. \$2.50

#36/37, August/September, 1993, 40 pages. Elmer Bernstein, Bob Townson (Varèse), Richard Kraft and Nick Redman Part 1, John Beal Part 2; reviews of CAM CDs; collector interest articles, classic corner, fantasy film scores of Elmer Bernstein, more. \$4

#38, October 1993, 16 pages. John Debney (*seaQuest DSV*), Richard Kraft and Nick Redman Part 2. \$2.50

#39, November 1993, 16 pages. Richard Kraft and Nick Redman Part 3, Fox CDs, *Nightmare Before Christmas* & *Bride of Frankenstein* spotlights. \$2.50

#40, December 1993, 16 pages. Kraft & Redman 4, Re-recording *The Magnificent Seven*. \$2.50

#41/42/43, January/February/March 1994, 48 pages. Elliot Goldenthal, James Newton Howard, Kitaro and Randy Miller (*Heaven & Earth*), Rachel Portman, Ken Darby; *Star Wars* trivia/cue sheets; sexy album covers; music for westerns overview; 1993 in review. \$4

#44, April 1994, 24 pages. Joel McNeely, Basil Poledouris (*On Deadly Ground*); SPFM Morricone tribute report and photos; lots of reviews. \$3

#45, May 1994, 24 pages. Randy Newman (*Maverick*), Graeme Revell (*The Crow*); Goldsmith in concert; in-depth reviews: *The Magnificent Seven* and *Schindler's List*; Instant Liner Notes, book reviews. \$3

#46/47, June/July 1994, 24 pages. Patrick Doyle, James Newton Howard (*Wyatt Earp*), John Morgan (restoring Hans Salter scores); Tribute to Mancini; overview: Michael Nyman music for films, collectible CDs. \$3

#48, August 1994, 24 pages. Mark Mancina (*Speed*); Chuck Cirino & Peter Rotter; Richard Kraft: advice for aspiring film composers; classical music in films; new CAM CDs; Cinerama LPs; bestselling soundtracks. \$3

#49, September 1994, 24 pages. Hans Zimmer, Shirley Walker; Laurence Rosenthal on the Vineyard; Hans Salter in memoriam; classical music in films; John Williams in concert; Recordman at the flea market. \$3

#50, October 1994, 24 pages. Alan Silvestri (*Forrest Gump*), Mark Isham; sex and soundtrack sales; Lalo Schiffrin in concert; Morricone Beat CDs; that wacky Internet; Recordman on liner notes. \$3

#51, November 1994, 24 pages. Howard Shore (*Ed Wood*), Thomas Newman (*Shawshank Redemption*), J. Peter Robinson (*New Nightmare*), Lukas's mom; the music of *Heimat*, *Star Trek* Part 1; promo CDs. \$3

#52, December 1994, 24 pages. Eric Serra, Marc Shaiman Part 1, Sandy De Crescent (music contractor), Valencia Film Music Conference, SPFM Conference Part 1, *StarGate* liner notes, Shostakovichs Anon. \$3

#53/54, Jan./February 1995, 24 pages. Marc Shaiman Part 2, Dennis McCarthy (*Star Trek*); Sergio Bassetti, Jean-Claude Petit and Armando Trovajoli in Valencia; Oscar and Music Part 1; rumored LPs, quad LPs. \$3

#55/56, March/April 1995, 24 pages. Basil Poledouris (*The Jungle Book*), Alan Silvestri (*The Quick and the Dead*), Joe LoDuca (*Evil Dead*), Oscar and Music Part 2, Recordman's Diary, SPFM Con Report Part 2. \$3

#57, May 1995, 24 pages. Jerry Goldsmith in concert (again!), Bruce Broughton on *Young Sherlock Holmes*, Miles Goodman, 1994 Readers Poll, *Star Trek*. \$3

#58, June 1995, 24 pages. Michael Kamen (*Die Hard*), Royal S. Brown (film music critic), Recordman Loves Annette, History of Soundtrack Collecting Part 1. \$3

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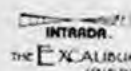
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